UNIV. OF
TORONTO
LIBRARY

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW.

VOL. CXXII.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE

P
LE
E

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OR

CRITICAL JOURNAL:

FOR

JULY, 1865. . . . . OCTOBER, 1865.

TO BE CONTINUED QUARTERLY.

JUDEX DAMNATUR CUM NOCENS ABSOLVITUR.

PUBLIUS SYRUS.

VOL. CXXII.

LONGMANS, GREEN, READER, AND DYER, LONDON.
ADAM AND CHARLES BLACK,
EDINBURGH.

1865.

21/2/07
8137

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/edinburghreview122londuoft

CONTENTS OF No. 249.

Page

ART. I.—The Life of William Warburton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester from 1760 to 1779; with Remarks on his Works. By the Rev. John Selby Watson, M.A., M.R.S.L.. 8vo. London: 1863, ... 1

II.—1. Traitement Moral, Hygiène et Education des Idiots et des autres Enfants Arriérés, &c. Par Édouard Séguin. Paris: 1846.

2. Remarks, Theoretical and Practical, on the Education of Idiots and Children of Weak Intellect. By W. R. Scott, Ph. D. London: 1847, . . . 37

[And other Works.]

III.—A New History of Painting in Italy, from the Second to the Sixteenth Century. By J. A. Crowe and G. B. Cavalcaselle, Authors of 'The Early Flemish 'Painters.' 8vo. 2 vols. London: 1864, . . 74

IV.—1. Novum Testamentum Græcè: antiquissimorum Codicum Textus in ordine parallelo dispositi; accedit Collatio Codicis Sinaitici. Edidit Edvardus H. Hansell, S.T.B., Lector Theologiæ in Collegio S. Magdalenæ Oxon. Vol. III. Oxonii e Typographio Clarendoniano, 1865. Londini apud Alexandrum Macmillan.

2. Discussions on the Gospels, in Two Parts. Part I. On the Language employed by our Lord and His Disciples; Part II. On the Original Language of St. Matthew's Gospel, and on the Origin and Authenticity of the Gospels. By Alexander Roberts, D.D. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Cambridge and London: 1864.

3. Novum Testamentum Græcè ex Sinaitico Codice omnium antiquissimo, Vaticanâ itemque Elzevirianâ Lectione notatâ. Edidit Ænoth. Frid. Const. Tischendorf. Cum Tabulâ. Lipsiæ: 1865, . . 103

V.—1. Traforo delle Alpi tra Bardonnèche e Modane: Relazione della Direzione Tecnica alla Direzione

Page

Generale delle Strade Ferrate dello Stato. Torino: 1863.

2. Rapport adressé à la Compagnie des Chemins de Fer du Nord de l'Espagne sur les Travaux de Percement du Mont Cenis. Par M. Noblemaine. Neuilly: 1861.

3. Notice Historique sur la Percée du Mont Cenis et les Nouvelles Machines de MM. Sommeiller, Grandis et Grattoni. Par M. Bonjean. Chambéry: 1863, 123

VI.—Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain. By George Edmund Street, F.S.A. London: 1865, . 143

VII.—1. Correspondence relating to the Affairs of China, 1862–4.

2. Correspondence respecting Affairs in Japan, 1864. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of Her Majesty, 1865.

3. The Siberian Overland Route. By Alexander Michie. London: 1865.

4. Report on Railroads in China. By Sir Macdonald Stephenson.

5. Our Interests in China. By Horatio W. Lay, C.B., late Inspector-General of Chinese Customs, . . 175

VIII.—Atalanta in Calydon: a Tragedy. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. London: 1865, . . . 202

IX.—Letters from Egypt, 1863–65. By Lady Duff Gordon. London: 1865, ... 217

X.—Titi Lucreti Cari de Rerum Natura Libri Sex. With a Translation and Notes. By H. A. J. Munro, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. Cambridge and London: 1864, 238

XI.—An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution from the Reign of Henry VII. to the Present Time. By John, Earl Russell. New edition. London: 1865, ... 257

CONTENTS OF No. 250.

Page

ART. I.—Extracts of the Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry from the year 1783 to 1852. Edited by Lady Theresa Lewis. 3 vols. London: 1865, . . 297

II.—1. Our Convicts. By Mary Carpenter. 2 vols. London: 1864.

2. Memoirs of Jane Cameron—Female Convict. By a Prison Matron. 2 vols. London: 1864, . . 337

III.—1. The Rock-cut Temples of India, illustrated by Seventy-four Photographs taken on the spot by Major Gill. Described by James Fergusson, F.R.S., M.R.A.S. London: 1864.

2. Life in Ancient India. By Mrs. Speir. London: 1856.

3. Journal of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society, No. XIV. January, 1851. Vol. VI., . 371

IV.—1. Carl Maria von Weber: ein Lebensbild. Von Max Maria von Weber. Leipzig: 1865.

2. Carl Maria von Weber: the Life of an Artist. From the German of his Son, Baron Max Maria von Weber. By J. Palgrave Simpson, M.A. London: 1865, ... 396

V.—1. Frost and Fire. Natural Engines, Tool-marks, and Chips, with Sketches taken at Home and Abroad, by a Traveller. By J. F. Campbell. Two volumes, 8vo. Edinburgh: 1865.

2. Ice Caves of France and Switzerland, a Narrative of Subterranean Exploration. By the Rev. G. F. Browne, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge; Member of the Alpine Club. London: 1865, ... 422

VI.—Œuvres Complètes d'Alexis de Tocqueville. Tomes VII. et VIII. Correspondance, Mélanges, Fragments Historiques et Notes sur l'Ancien Régime la Révolution et l'Empire, Voyages, Pensées, entièrement inédits. Paris: 1865, ... 456

Page

VII.—Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia (1862–63). By William Gifford Palgrave, late of the Eighth Regiment Bombay Native Infantry. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1865, . 482

VIII.—The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland. By John P. Prendergast, Esq. London: 1865, . . . 518

IX.—An Excursion in the Peloponnesus in the Year 1858. By the late Right Hon. Sir Thomas Wyse, K.C.B., H.M.'s Minister Plenipotentiary at Athens from 1849 to 1862. Edited by his Niece, Winifrede M. Wyse. With numerous Illustrations. 2 vols. imp. 8vo. London: 1865, ... 533

X.—1. The Principles of Nature: her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind. By and through Andrew Jackson Davis. Fourth Edition. 8vo. New York: 1847.

2. The Great Harmonia; being a Philosophical Revelation of the Natural, Spiritual, and Celestial Universe. By Andrew Jackson Davis. Fifth Edition. 8vo. 5 vols. Boston (U.S.): 1858–60.

3. Spiritualism. By John Worth Edmonds and George T. Dexter, M.D. With an Appendix by N. P. Tallmadge. Tenth Edition. 8vo. 2 vols. New York: 1854–5.

4. Experimental Investigation of the Spirit Manifestations; demonstrating the Existence of Spirits and their Communion with Mortals. By Robert Hare, M.D. Fifth Edition. 8vo. New York: 1858, ... 565

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

JULY, 1865.

No. CCXLIX.

ART. I. — *The Life of William Warburton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester from* 1760 *to* 1779 ; *with Remarks on his Works.* By the Rev. JOHN SELBY WATSON, M.A., M.R.S.L. 8vo. London: 1863.

THE name of William Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, stands high on the list of the curiosities of reputation. Many writers, famous in their day, are now forgotten, because the objects of their studies and their works lie stranded on some shoal of time, long left dry by the shifting currents of men's interests and speculations. Many others retain a barren name only because they had the good fortune to meet with opponents whose names posterity has not let die. We remember Cartwright and Travers because they engaged in controversy with Hooker; Salmasius, because he was scourged by Milton; and John Dennis, because he was pilloried by Pope. The 'Dunciad' and the 'Rosciad' alike have conferred this sort of immortality. Yet we have no reason to think that the names which survive because they have been branded were therefore the names of either blockheads or knaves. Cartwright we know to have been a learned divine; Salmasius, to have been a deeply-read scholar; Dennis, as his remarks on Addison's 'Cato' show, a shrewd and sensible critic, after the critical fashions of his day. But Warburton's reputation does not properly come under any one of these heads. He was not a profound theologian nor an accurate scholar, nor a sensible, though he was at times a shrewd critic. As a divine he is no more to be compared to Lowth than as a scholar or critic he is to be compared to Bentley. In matters of taste none but *Warburtonians* admitted his canons at the moment, and of *Warburtonians* we suspect few if any survive at the

present hour. Even in his lifetime, his name was better known than his writings. A name, however, he has left, and it may be worth while to inquire why that has survived, while the quartos and octavos which earned it are seldom taken down from the shelves. Where there is smoke there must be fire; where place and precedency have been attained even for a few brief years, there must have been a cause for them. What, then, was the cause for William Warburton's having once attracted the attention of his own countrymen, and in a degree also that of the learned throughout Europe?

A Life of Warburton has long been a desideratum in English biography, partly because he was so generally abused, and partly because he has been so extravagantly and at the same time so feebly praised by Whitaker of Manchester and Bishop Hurd. Hitherto by far the best account of him is that by the late Mr. D'Israeli in his 'Quarrels of Authors.' That, however, though instructive and entertaining, is little more than a sketch of 'great Gloucester,' and it is sometimes *paulo iniquior* to his real merits. Mr. Watson has performed his task with diligence and impartiality. He admires his subject enough to decline no labour in illustrating it; but he is too sensible of the imperfections of his subject to be its apologist. His analysis of Warburton's various works is the more useful, because the works themselves are not likely to be again consulted by either foes or friends. The theme, too, is better suited to Mr. Watson's powers than the Life of Porson was; for the great Greek scholar demanded more animation than his biographer possesses: whereas the great Ishmaelite of the eighteenth century, whose hand was against all men, and who was himself the butt of nearly every archer of the time, demands only diligence and discrimination, and of these qualities Mr. Watson has a due proportion.

William Warburton was neither merely a scholar nor merely a divine; but like a far greater man in all respects, like Richard Bentley, he embarked fearlessly on the sea of controversy, and though his course was devious, he planted his flagstaff on more than one shore which had been missed by former navigators. In his 'Divine Legation,' as in his 'Julian,' he threw out suggestions that wiser scholars than himself have since engrafted on fruitful stocks; and in his 'first work of importance,' as Mr. Watson terms it, but which he might have more justly called his most important work, he indicated, if he did not exactly follow, the path that has led tortuously yet finally to the comparative theological liberty of the present age. Of his scholarship and theology

we shall frequently have occasion to speak; but here we may remark, that if by the term *scholar* we are to understand a Bentley, a Porson, a Scaliger, or a Hermann, *that* Warburton was not; and if by the term *theologian* we are supposed to mean a Jewel, a Hooker, a Taylor, or a Barrow, to that name also Warburton is not entitled. They stamped with their own image and superscription the sacred literature of their respective ages. He had no pretensions to the eloquence either of the pulpit, or of the 'Apology,' the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' or the 'Liberty of 'Prophesying.' As little can Warburton claim to have been such a shepherd of the flock as Leighton, Ken, or Tillotson. Preaching he disliked, diocesan business was as little to his taste. The one interrupted his studies, the other ruffled his temper. His pen was in fact his crosier; his flock, the learned public. He wrote with his wonted asperity against those who believed too little and those who believed too much—against Papists and Methodists, against Socinians and Deists, but he made no attempt either by pulpit or pastoral arts to win them back to the Anglican fold. So busy a man as he was cannot be said to have indulged 'in the fat slumbers of the Church;' yet the Church does not reckon in Warburton, whether as deacon, priest, or bishop, such a steward or minister as Paul would have approved. As a layman he might have composed any one of his many volumes or of his yet more numerous tracts; as a clergyman, the diocese of Gloucester was poorly furnished indeed if it contained no abler preacher or more active parish priest than its bishop. Indeed, among the regular luminaries of the time, whether scholars or divines, he moved like a comet, in an orbit of his own; and like a comet also, though he perplexed his contemporaries with fear and wonder, he blazed for a season only.

It is commonly said, apologetically, that the lives of scholars present few incidents for either biographers or readers. This, however, cannot be said of Warburton, and Mr. Watson judiciously opens his narrative without any apology of the kind. 'Though the writings of Bishop Warburton,' he remarks, 'produced no permanent effects either on literature or 'theology, yet the variety of subjects of which he treated, the 'display of intellectual energy in his pages, the number of 'eminent persons with whom he was brought into contact, and 'the scornful defiance with which he answered all that op-'posed him, render his life a career that cannot be surveyed 'without interest.'

William Warburton was born at Newark in December 1698. His education has been called desultory, but, so far as

we can discover, it differed little if at all from the education of other lads of the time. For then the great foundation schools were reserved, with few exceptions, for the sons of noble and opulent houses, while the sons of the middle orders went to the nearest grammar-school, where the master might be a sound philologer like Dawes or Johnson of Nottingham, or a dunce like the tutor of Roderick Random. Warburton learned his accidence at a private academy, and to construe his Corderius, his Nepos, and 'such like branches of learning,' at the grammar-schools of Oakham and Newark. It may be presumed that he endured few or none of the hardships that rendered school life so painful in retrospect to Cowper, and that ultimately prompted him to write his 'Tirocinium' with much of the spirit and somewhat of the prejudice of Charles Churchill. For Warburton's first schoolmaster was his own brother-in-law, and his third his cousin and namesake. If they spared the boy out of respect for the family blood, it is by no means certain they did not spoil the man. Moderate flagellation might perhaps have taken some of the conceit out of master William. No early omens ushered in the future meteor of the literary firmament. One of his masters described him as 'the 'dullest of all dull scholars,' and could scarcely be made to believe that from so thick a skull came forth 'The Divine 'Legation!' Another said that he 'loved his book and his 'play as other boys do.' We could desire in this case to have the evidence of a boy from Oakham or Newark school. We suspect William to have been a bully.

His father was an attorney, and Warburton minor was destined to earn his bread by drawing wills and leases, and by 'hearing, consulting, and advising.' This, his early profession, was not forgotten by the foes he made in later years, but it is uncertain whether he practised the law after his apprenticeship expired. Rumour said that for a while he was a wine-merchant in Southwark, but, as sometimes happens, she was either misinformed or lied. The best-attested fact in his early history is that none of his kin, friends, or acquaintance formed any expectations of him, whether for evil or for good.

To have been bred an attorney and reputed a wine-merchant argues that the Warburtons, in 1698, inscribed their name among neither knights nor esquires; but if a decayed, they were an ancient house. They came into England with the Conqueror. Hudard or Odard may have heard Taillefer intone the Song of Roland to the Norman vanguard at Hastings. Sixth in descent from this Hudard, Sir Peter Dutton settled at *Warburton*, in Cheshire, and took the name of his abode.

One of the Duttons de Warburton was sheriff of Cheshire, and a knight of Henry VII.'s body-guard; another son of the sheriff's was Judge of the Common Pleas; a third was created a baronet in 1660. Sir Peter Warburton, the last baronet of the family, died early in the present century. There is no evidence of Warburton's having ever boasted of his family tree, even when most pressed by the hunters; and this is to his credit, for he was not remarkable for humility. The civil wars turned one branch of the Warburtons into attorneys. They were Cavaliers, and paid the usual price for taking the loser's side. The future Bishop was the third of his race entitled to sign himself 'gentleman' by Act of Parliament.

Whatever opinions his friends may have entertained of him, Warburton himself was not without premonitions of his own possible career. He may not have aspired to a mitre or even a stall, but he saw in the Church the goal for which he sighed—independence and leisure for a literary life. 'I know very 'well,' he said to friends taxing him as a dull uninventive companion, 'what you and others think of me; but I believe 'I shall one day or other convince the world that I am not so 'ignorant or so great a fool as I am taken to be.' Ignorant, in comparison with his associates in Newark, Warburton cannot have been even then, since to read and to meditate were his delight from his earliest years. He had begun, as Bishop Hurd learnt from him, while studying the law with Mr. Kirke, 'to manifest an extraordinary love of general reading: he found 'means to enlarge his acquaintance with the authors he had 'commenced at school.' He seems to have given some attention to mathematical and scientific studies, and before his clerkship was ended he had laid the foundation of the vast though irregular structure which he afterwards reared. As soon as his reading took a theological turn, he found an able and zealous assistant in his cousin William, his former master at Newark Grammar School. Of this assistance, which he partly repaid by serving him as under-master, he always spoke with gratitude, and he commemorated the learning and abilities of his kinsman in a long Latin epitaph. Four years after he had abandoned the law he took deacon's orders, but he seems to have been in no hurry to take the next step, since four years more expired before he was ordained priest. Neither the parish nor the cure which he served is known; but he was soon to obtain something far better than a curacy—a patron able and willing to advance him.

Sir Richard Sutton, a Lincolnshire baronet, had wit or luck

enough to be employed as a diplomatist, and had been sent on a mission to Constantinople. His acquaintance with Warburton seems to have begun in the latter's chrysalis stage of attorney's clerk. It was improved by his *protégé* dedicating to him his first publication, entitled 'Miscellaneous Translations in Prose 'and Verse, from Roman Orators and Historians.' The name and virtues of the Suttons were, as the manner then was, duly emblazoned in a dedication that reads and is arranged like an epitaph. Priscian's head is more than once broken in this lapidary composition. Ten years afterwards, indeed, he had acquired considerable command of the Latin language, but he always wrote it in a fashion that would shock a fourth-form boy at Eton, and 'have made Quintilian stare and gasp.' Of the translations, those in prose were only better than those in verse because those in verse were as bad as they could be. He should be a book-hunter luckier and more keen-scenting than Monkbarn's hero, 'snuffy Davie' himself, who could now find this volume on a stall. Even the memory of it would have perished utterly, for the author cast it off, had not Dr. Parr, in a fit of spleen against Bishop Hurd, maliciously reprinted it in his quarto of 'Tracts by a Warburtonian.' The dedication, however, served its purpose; Sir Richard Sutton either did not detect or did not resent the blunders of the Latin or the baldness of the English, and procured for Warburton the small living of Greasely, in Nottinghamshire, which, we conjecture for the 'use of studious youth' in orders, Mr. Watson states to be now 'worth about 134*l.* a year, and in the gift of Lord 'Palmerston.'

Biography is never more usefully employed than when it can record the formative period of the lives of men set apart for distinction. Horace has lifted the curtain from his own boyhood; of Petrarch, Erasmus, and Luther, thanks either to their own industry or vanity, or to the curiosity and zeal of their friends, we know nearly all we can reasonably desire. Milton's years of 'ceaseless reading;' Gray's seclusion with his Virgil; Newton's meditations on his farm; Gibbon's studies at Lausanne and Petersfield; Wordsworth's early communings with nature; Chantrey's and Wilkie's prolusions with sticks blackened in the fire upon the whitewashed walls of a cottage, have braced the nerves and cheered the spirits of many a student and many an artist while obeying the instincts of their being amid difficulties, discouragement, and disappointment. But Warburton has not left even a sketch of himself at this period, nor did any of his friends think it worth their while to inquire into and put on record his

early habits or pursuits. That he had always a voracious appetite for learning there is no reason to doubt; his writings attest, his family and associates record, his close addiction to study, and an ill-natured pen confirms these family and friendly traditions. Churchill, with much venom, if with some truth, writes of him:—

> 'A *curate* first he read and read
> And laid in—while he should have fed
> The souls of his neglected flock—
> Of reading such a mighty stock,
> That he o'ercharged the weary brain
> With more than she could well contain,
> More than she was with spirit fraught
> To turn and methodise to thought.'

The rebuke came with an ill grace from one who, though he possessed some rugged virtues, set a good example to others neither while he wore, nor after he had cast off, his gown and cassock. And we ought to bear in mind that such neglect of duty was at the time a rule with few exceptions. The Anglican Church, in the eighteenth century, contained some bright examples of learning and holy living, but it was not generally conspicuous for its cure of souls. While Warburton was 'hiving knowledge with each studious year,' the majority of his clerical brethren were, if in London, attending levées, or, if in the country, hunting with the squire in the morning, and drinking the squire's October in the evening. Of parsons not so highly favoured, the tavern was the club, and the squire's lawyer, bailiff, and huntsman were the companions. Clerical zeal appeared in abusing Wesley and Whitfield; clerical learning in sermons which sent the hearers of them to sleep; and clerical charity in thinking no evil of such as resorted to the parish church on the day of rest and frequented the parish alehouse on the days of labour. We do not apologise for Warburton's deficiencies as 'steward and minister;' but if it is not well to leave the sheep in the wilderness, even that is better than leading them to the tavern.

It is not certain whether he ever resided at Greasely, which, indeed, he held little more than a year. In June, 1728, Sir Robert Sutton presented Warburton with the living of Brant-Broughton, near Newark, 'of the value of 560*l.* a year; and 'in 1730 he was appointed by the Duke of Newcastle, pro-'bably through the same friendly baronet's influence, to the 'living of Frisby, in Lincolnshire, worth about 250*l.* a year,' which he continued to hold, though never residing on it, until 1756. He was now a rich man, for his wants were few and

his habits were almost eremitical. In his parsonage at Brant-Broughton were spent Warburton's happiest days. He was enabled to offer his mother and sisters a comfortable home; he enjoyed almost unbroken leisure for study, and he, for a while, awakened none of the animosities which embittered his later years. In any review of Warburton's character it is always agreeable to regard him apart from authorship. It was said of Garrick:—

> 'On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting;
> 'Twas only that when he was off he was acting.'

The reverse may be said of Warburton. Before the public he was violent and supercilious to a degree beyond that of Joseph Scaliger, and in a measure scarcely exceeded by Scioppius. His scolding in English was on a par with their railing in Latin. Nor did he disdain petty tricks or mean advantages, when by employing them he could get the better of an opponent or appease his own hunger for praise. In private with his friends he was natural, easy, unpretending, as ready to listen as to talk, as willing to receive as to impart knowledge. In the family circle he was a pious and loving son, a kind and liberal brother a fond if not a discreet father, and an indulgent, his enemies averred an obedient, husband. He describes himself as melancholy in temperament, but we suspect that his sedentary habits, though he was one of the most abstinent of men, had much to do with his occasional fits of depression. His family not liking, or perhaps not daring, to abridge his studies, were wont to employ little arts for his benefit. 'Fearful 'that such continuance of study must at length bring on 'disease, his mother and sisters would sometimes invite themselves to take coffee in his library with him after dinner, and 'contrived to make their stay with him as long as possible; 'but when they retired they always found that he returned 'again to his books, and continued at them till the demands of 'sleep obliged him to retire.'

We must not quit Warburton's family circle for the stormy region of his literary life without some notice of his extraordinary theory of what constitutes a good wife, and also some account of Mrs. Warburton. Just a year before he quitted Brant-Broughton he married Miss Gertrude Tucker, the favourite niece of Ralph Allen of Prior Park, near Bath. The name of Allen was known to contemporaries by his improvements in the management of the cross-posts, and lives with posterity through his having furnished Fielding with the original of Squire Allworthy, and by Pope's couplet embalming his real name,—

'Let humble *Allen*, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.'

Pope, when he introduced Warburton at Prior Park, meant only to provide his sturdy henchman with a useful friend and an occasional home; but he actually purveyed for him a wife and a mitre. Allen, by his influence at Bath, had made the elder William Pitt member for that city, and Pitt returned the favour by making Allen's friend, and then nephew by marriage, first Dean of Bristol and afterwards Bishop of Gloucester. Pope, again, saw a certain fitness of things in connecting the ex-farmer of the cross-posts with one whom alone among critics he held in honour; and after persuading Warburton to propose, he induced the uncle and niece to consent. Mr. De Quincy admits the fact that William Wordsworth married, but refuses to believe on any testimony that he ever courted Mary his wife. We are not told whether William Warburton was hard to persuade to do what his adviser never did, or whether Pope did the courting for him. He was not, however, one of those who as having eyes see not, since he described the lady to Bowyer the printer as 'one of the finest 'women in England,' adding an antithesis becoming 'The 'Divine Legation,' 'to whom to offer up his freedom was to be 'more than free.' But had Miss Gertrude Tucker seen in time a letter of Warburton's written fifteen years before to Dr. Stukeley, she might have paused, and few would have blamed her for pausing, on the very threshold of Hymen's temple. The letter, at least the extract from it given by Mr. Watson, is so extraordinary—so truly *Warburtonian*—that we cannot deny our readers the pleasure or the surprise it will afford them:—

'You must know, my good doctor, that I regard woman in her natural state as one of those odd pictures that I have formerly seen at Oxford, which they use for a very pretty experiment in optics. They produce you a board, on the plane of which is thrown together a great number of colours, *as it appears*, with the utmost confusion and disorder, the most *visible* work of chance. But by applying to it a cylindrical steel mirror, there immediately rises on its bosom a beautiful reflected form in all the justness and artifice of design. A woman is this coloured table; in whose capricious and variable fancy discordant and monstrous ideas are, by the force of the passions, whimsically daubed on at random, which present no mark of the workmanship of the great plastic nature. But if, happily, a prudent husband be applied, he does the business of the cylinder. The scattered lines are now reduced in order; an elegance of design arises, and the reflected union of colours and harmony of light and shadow speak the workmanship divine.'

Budæus studied as usual on his wedding-day; an offended fair one bade Rousseau 'Go and study your mathematics, for 'in love-making you are an idiot;' and Gibbon took an eternal farewell (as he thought) of Mdlle. Susan Curchod as coolly as if he had been discharging an incapable cook. John Kemble, after the curtain fell in the evening, forgot that on the morning of the same day he had acquired a wife and also a mother-in-law; and Richard Porson spent the evening of his wedding-day with a learned friend without communicating to him the recent existence of Mrs. P., or stirring from his chair until the chimes rang midnight. Whether the Cymon of Brant-Broughton had been reclaimed from rusticity by the Iphigenia of Prior Park, and therefore recollected at the proper season he was no longer sole and single, we are not told. The match, however, appears not to have been an ill-assorted one. There were indeed scandals at Bath about Iphigenia; but inasmuch as Horace Walpole is one of the circulators of them, and the city of Bladud was then, whatever it may be now, *the* School for Scandal, we shall imitate Mr. Watson's discretion and not inquire too curiously about a certain Mr. Thomas Potter, who though he were son of the Primate of England, even of him who wrote 'The Antiquities of Greece,' was also one of the monks of Medmenham Abbey in the days when John Wilkes was Lord Abbot.

Of this marriage the issue was a son, who died of consumption in his twentieth year. Warburton's schemes for his son's profession are characteristic of the man, and betoken a slender amount of respect for his own calling. 'Being asked,' Mr. Malone has told us, 'to what profession he should devote his son, 'Warburton said he would determine according to his ability. 'If he proved himself a lad of good parts, he should make him 'a lawyer; if but mediocre, he should breed him a physician; 'but that if he turned out a very dull fellow, he should put 'him into the Church.' Dr. Parr once delivered himself of a very similar triad:—'Of the three professions physicians are 'the most learned, lawyers the most entertaining—then comes '*my* profession.' Truly, 'our common mother,' as she is sometimes styled by more devout or discreet members than either of these most learned doctors, is very little beholden either to Warburton or 'the Warburtonian.'

Of the eighteen years (1728–46) spent in the retirement of his parsonage, varied by occasional visits to London and to Prior Park, where there was a well-stocked library as well as abundant leisure, the principal fruits were 'The Alliance be-'tween Church and State' (1736), and the first two volumes of

'The Divine Legation,' published in 1737 and in 1741. It is much to Warburton's credit that, although he was naturally impetuous, eager for distinction, and conscious not only of his own powers, but also of his unusual stores of book-knowledge, he did not hurry into print. He was nearly thirty-eight years of age before he published any independent work of value in itself, or weight with the public. All he wrote previously to the appearance of the famous 'Alliance' would have been long since forgotten, as their author desired it to be, but for the officious zeal or malignity of Dr. Parr. That pompous and prodigious pedant did more to injure Warburton's reputation by his unseasonable and uncalled-for panegyrics than two-thirds at least of his assailants.

Warburton pursued so devious a course in his literary career, that in order to be intelligible we must divide our brief sketch of it into distinct epochs, no less than if we were describing the vicissitudes of peace and war as they succeed or interlace one another in the pages of history. We shall accordingly divide the Warburtonian acts and wars into three principal heads:—(1) 'The Alliance of Church and State,' for which he was deservedly praised as a bold and original thinker, a forcible and logical if not an elegant writer, and a divine who, insisting on the necessity of an establishment, refrained from extravagant assertion of the power of the Church. (2) 'The 'Divine Legation,' for which he was both deservedly praised and censured—praised for his energy, ingenuity, and multifarious reading; censured for the rashness of many of his speculations, and for his generally ferocious and sometimes unfair defence of them. (3) His connexion with Pope and the 'Dunciad,' which will ever remain among the curiosities of friendship as well as of literature. Eight years after his presentation to Brant-Broughton, Warburton published his first important work. His name survives principally in connexion with his more ambitious one, 'The Divine Legation,' but the benefits he conferred on his own times and posterity must be sought in 'The Alliance between Church and State.' It came forth without a dedication, a singularity which did not escape the lively author of the 'Canons of Criticism,' who thus writes of it in an appendix to that sharp diatribe:—'The first edition 'of "The Alliance" came out without a dedication, but was 'presented to the bishops; and when nothing came of that, 'the second was addressed to both the Universities; and when 'nothing came of that, the third was dedicated to a noble Earl, 'and nothing has yet come of that.'

The Puritans had maintained that the magistrate had no

concern with religion, because the Church and the State were two distinct societies, independent of each other. Hooker, in opposition to this opinion, had asserted that the State in every society was supreme over the Church, and consequently that the magistrate had a right of control in religious affairs, because the State and the Church were only different members of the same body politic. Selden and Hobbes nearly coincided in opinion with Hooker, in requiring from the Church strict obedience to the commands of the State. Warburton differed from the Puritans, from Hooker, and from Hobbes and Selden. He regarded Church and State as two contracting parties who had formed a voluntary alliance with each other for their common advantage. He adopted, it would seem, the French theory of the *contrat social* between those who govern and those who are governed. Any satisfactory analysis of 'The 'Alliance' would far exceed our limits, and the readers of Mr. Watson's volume are provided with one full, clear, and sufficient. We can merely afford to notice such points in Warburton's theory as mark his liberal, and for the time bold views of the relations between the temporal and spiritual powers. 'I 'know,' said Burke in 1774*, when he was at the zenith of his intellect, 'I know the map of England as well as the noble 'Lord, or as any other person; and I know that the way I 'take is not the road to preferment.' 'You know,' writes Warburton to Stukeley in January 1739–40, 'how dangerous 'new roads in theology are by the clamour of the bigots against 'me.' The cause of their clamour is shown in the following passages from Mr. Watson's abstract of 'The Alliance.' First, he maintained that, at whatsoever time the State entered into this supposed compact, it looked out providently for the strongest or most numerous among the existing churches or sects, and with that it allied itself, granting to less numerous or less robust religious societies the free enjoyment of their opinions and forms of worship. Complete toleration, however, could not be granted, since there are sects disposed to injure the State-religion; and inasmuch as the magistrate had agreed and promised, in return for the acknowledgment of his superiority, to protect the Church in her acts and support her authority, such dangerous or restless sects must be curbed and bound over to good behaviour.

Here were unpalatable conditions for a certain order of churchmen, and for certain classes of dissenters. The one could not brook what they must consistently with their prin-

* Parl. Hist. vol. xvii. p. 1269.

ciples regard as an assumption by the State; the other could as little endure what in their eyes was an arbitrary exclusion. Shall the Apostles and their successors, said the High Churchmen, hold their doctrines at the will of Cæsar? Shall we, said the excluded dissidents, be treated like 'dogs and sorcerers,' because we account your creeds, articles, forms of ordination, vestments, and ceremonies as the ordinances of men or the corruptions of Babylonian Rome?

Yet more unsavoury to some prelates was the tenet, that, if the religious society which had allied itself with the State dwindled in number or declined in power, then the 'alliance' became naturally void. Such voidance was inseparable from the very nature of the supposed compact. For if the Church, owing to desertion or depletion, became unable to promote virtue and good order in the community, and to support the civil jurisdiction, as she had covenanted to do, then the State was free to make a new election of her spiritual partner. Here Warburton treads upon 'ignes suppositos cineri doloso.' The excluded might indeed view this contingency with favour. The whirligig of time might bring its revenges, and an assembly of Westminster divines once again sit around the table of Convocation. But in days when Wesley and Whitfield were adding thousands to their herds, how might it fare with the Established Church flock? If the wolves of dissent carried off too many sheep, the shepherds might once more, as in 1642, be turned adrift in the wilderness. If the State for its own sake must discard a sleeping and adopt an active partner, might not the successors of the Apostles once again be reduced to primitive simplicity, walking where once they rode, and sitting at meat with Lazarus instead of Dives?

In another clause of the compact, there was, however, a barrier against this contingency—a provision against the danger of establishing a church on the principle of counting noses. For 'one reasonable method of restricting the religious societies 'or sects, not in alliance with the State, from injuring that 'which is allied with it, is the establishment of a test-law, by 'which the dissenting bodies are excluded from those offices of 'honour and power in which they might exert influence to the 'hurt of the allied society.' This argument Warburton supports by decent and specious precedents. 'Such a test-law 'had been very judiciously introduced in England, in the reign 'of Charles II., as a security to the Established Church against 'the Puritans.' James II. had insidiously proposed to abolish it, not that he loved dissent, but because its abolition would take the yoke off the neck of the Romanists. No monarch of

the time was so friendly to complete toleration as William III., yet, both as Prince of Orange and as king, he was averse to abolishing tests. It would be unfair to blame Warburton, in 1736, for not viewing this question of test-law with the eyes of men living in 1828. We can afford him credit for toleration, even though he considered it expedient or necessary to fence the Church with oaths and disabilities. The next clause of 'The 'Alliance' we shall cite is perhaps the most important of any in this remarkable treatise, and certainly proves him to have been before his time in his conception of the relations between Church and State. We again avail ourselves of Mr. Watson's concise and lucid abstract:—

'The superior courts must always be the civil, and appeals must be allowable to them from the ecclesiastical, otherwise the ecclesiastical courts would form an *imperium in imperio*, and might erect themselves into tyrannies. And, though the magistrate does not confer the ecclesiastical character (for, if he were to confer it, the Church would be, not allied, but incorporated with the State), yet no ecclesiastic is to be allowed to exercise his functions without the magistrate's approbation and license. Nor can the Church, as a body, enter into any business, even in the convocations which they may hold, without express permission from the civil power.'

To make the holder of such opinions a bishop was a great feat for the eighteenth century, and would have been an impossible one for the seventeenth. These were his private as well as his published sentiments. In 1762 he writes to Pitt, and he had then been nearly two years on the bench:—'My 'opinion is, and ever was, that the State has nothing at all 'to do with errors in religion, nor the least right so much as to 'attempt to repress them.'*

Bishop Horsley was delighted with the book; Bishops Hare and Sherlock warmly applauded it. 'The Alliance' came to be talked of at Court, and Warburton narrowly missed preferment for which, if he were no better a courtier under George II. than he describes himself as being under George III., he would have been unsuited. Queen Caroline, in her unmarried days, had sat at the feet of Leibnitz, discussing with him the perfectibility of man and the providential scheme of the world, and retained as a wife her taste for such sublime speculations. Her intimacy with Dr. Samuel Clarke had led Tories, clergymen, and the elder ladies of her Court to regard her as an Arian at least, if indeed she were not worse. Hare had promised the author of 'The Alliance' a good word with the givers of good things.

* Chatham Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 190.

'Her Majesty (Mr. Watson says) chanced one day, in the autumn of the year 1737, to ask the Bishop if he could recommend her a person of learning and ability, to be about her and to entertain her at times with reading and conversation. The Bishop named the author of "The Alliance between Church and State." The recommendation was graciously received, and the Bishop was expecting every day to hear the favourable result of it, when the Queen was suddenly seized with an illness which carried her off in the midst of November.'

Three bishops approved the book; not so the clergy in general. Their displeasure, however, did not lead to strife, for Warburton was then little known, and had not yet provoked the hostilities that occupied and embittered the remainder of his days. But at a later period, when he had irritated nearly every one of mark in letters, besides nettling a host of dunces, 'The Alliance' was not forgotten. His shrewd antagonist Edwards, the author of the 'Canons of Criticism,' made merry with the ideal compact between Church and State, in a poor sonnet and in some stinging prose. The book, however, was too good to be hurt by mere slingers and archers. 'Si sic omnia,' Warburton might have been what he aimed at becoming, one of the most effective champions of sound yet liberal opinions. It is much to his credit to have been aware, while composing it, that the book was not likely to gain him preferment. Writing to his friend Stukeley, in 1735, he calls the subject of it 'a ticklish subject,' adding, with his usual self-complacency,

'Res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.'

We now pass on to the work with which his name is inseparably connected. Should our estimate of 'The Divine 'Legation' appear below its merits, or irreconcileable with the fame it once enjoyed, it proceeds from no want on our part of admiration for Warburton's genius and attainments. Setting aside, for the present, objections to its narrow basis and paradoxical argument, we believe that no scholar of the time could have conducted that argument with equal vivacity, or sustained it with such opulence of illustration. Like enchanters in Eastern stories, Warburton casts his spells on the sands and the clouds, and from such shifting and unsubstantial materials builds a palace wherein the wayfarer reposes for the night; but when in the morning he looks around him,

'The palace and the groves are seen no more,
He stands amid the wilderness alone.'

Even before he had given the last touches to 'The Alliance,'

he had conceived the idea of 'The Divine Legation.' A proud and happy man was he when the vision first opened upon him. 'Sistimus: hic tandem nobis ubi defuit orbis.' Here was a theme in comparison with which that of 'The Dissertation on 'Phalaris' was poor and trivial, and Cudworth's 'Intellectual 'System' a mere episode in philosophical theology. Here was a subject grand in aspect, elastic in texture; a home at length for his devious reading; a magnet to attract his swarming paradoxes; a hidden treasure, of which he alone among the sons of men held the key.

A warm admirer of Warburton, long after the grave had closed upon his labours, says that 'to the composition of this 'prodigious work'—the epithet is not ill chosen—'Hooker and 'Stillingfleet could have contributed the erudition; Chilling-'worth and Locke the acuteness; Taylor an imagination even 'more wild and copious; Swift, and perhaps Eachard, the sar-'castic vein of wit;—but what power of imagination except 'that of Warburton could first have amassed all these materials, 'and then have compacted them into a bulky and elaborate 'work so consistent and harmonious?' This panegyric has but one fault—it is incorrect from beginning to end. Warburton's reading was enormous; his vigour both in thought and words was extraordinary; his logical powers were remarkable; and he was unquestionably endued with keenness of vision and sharpness of wit. Some of his guesses—that of the true law for interpreting hieroglyphics, for example—were eminently happy, and have since been partly confirmed by research and better knowledge; and some of the principles he announced or maintained were in advance of his age. So far we go with his admirer, but we protest against the terms of his panegyric. For 'erudition' we propose 'multifarious read-'ing,' a very different matter. 'Acuteness' he possessed in no small measure, but his was not the eagle eye of a Scaliger or a Bentley, piercing the mists and integuments of error, and surprising dark places with light, so much as the faculty of seeing in twilight, and often of fancying that he saw. 'Taylor's imagi-'nation' is to Warburton's what the robe of a king is to a robe of motley; and as to wit like 'Swift's or perhaps Eachard's,' Warburton was rather humorous than witty, and more coarse or grotesque than humorous. We deny not that he 'compacted a 'bulky and elaborate work,' but the epithets 'consistent and har-'monious' are about as applicable to 'The Divine Legation' as witty and humorous would be to the Thirty-nine Articles. That celebrated work was founded on paradox, and paradox was the Cleopatra which always ensnared its author. Paradox was as

much a portion of his intellect as bones and muscles were of his body. A fact, a theory, an hypothesis that presented itself to him, or which he could present to others, under some strange and startling shape, or was of so elastic a nature as to bend and wind through infinite analogies, he took at once under his protection. But theories, laws, and facts that demanded scientific method, or involved accurate learning, were as unpalatable to him as a Samaritan to a Jew.

Warburton's admirer has omitted one commendatory epithet which he might justly have employed when writing of 'The 'Divine Legation,' and that epithet is 'amusing.' They who take up that work for the first time, expecting to find it a dry theological argument, will be much and agreeably disappointed. Johnson said truly when speaking of it, 'The table is always 'full, sir. He brings things from the north and the south, and 'from every quarter. In his "Divine Legation" you are 'always entertained. He carries you round and round with-'out carrying you forward to the point, but you have no wish 'to be carried forward.' If one be not particular about the premises or coherence of the parts—conclusion there is none—it is a singularly 'amusing' work. Often perverse and always paradoxical, Warburton is never dull, except in his sermons. He abounds in agreeable surprises; keeps the reader in continual suspense as to what the writer will think of next; whirls him about in currents of analogies; blinds him with the speed and brilliance of his illustrations. Nor does the Bishop restrict himself to Moses or the pagan philosophers. Modern and recent authors on nearly every question of Church or State pass under review or are caught in the meshes of this vast dragnet. 'The Divine Legation,' says Lowth, 'it seems, 'contains in it all knowledge, divine and human, ancient and 'modern: it is a perfect encyclopædia, including all history, 'criticism, divinity, law, politics, from the law of Moses down 'to the Jew Bill, and from Egyptian hieroglyphics to modern 'rebus-writing.' 'In the 2,041 pages of the unfinished "Divine '"Legation,"' observes Gibbon, 'four hundred authors are 'quoted, from St. Austin down to Scarron and Rabelais.' The digressions are out of all proportion to the main argument. The author makes, where he cannot find, occasion to deviate from the straight path. His work is the most extraordinary of literary kaleidoscopes—a turn of the wrist conveys the reader from Thebes and its hundred gates to Whitfield's Tabernacle in Tottenham Court Road; from the Tabernacle to the shrine of the mighty mother at Eleusis or at Sais; from the shrine of the ineffable mystery to Rehoboth or Ebenezer Chapel; from

the Chapel, in a dingy alley of London, to the groves of Academus or the wilderness of Sinai.

They, on the other hand, who take up 'The Divine Lega-'tion' in the hope of understanding better either the Jewish or Christian dispensation, will be greatly, but not again agreeably, disappointed. It neither justifies Moses for omitting from his law a future state of rewards and punishment, nor corroborates Paul or the Evangelists for asserting it. It is a mighty maze without a plan; a huge storehouse of miscellaneous learning and unconnected or even spasmodic thought. Coleridge aptly characterised the author of it as 'the idea-less, 'thought-swarming Warburton.' The further we advance from the beginning, the further off the end of the argument appears. Its windows exclude the light; its passages lead to nothing. Although the 'Ecclesiastical Polity' remains a fragment, and although its later books have probably been tampered with, we can discern through its stately exordium what would have been the nave, the aisles, the corridors, of which that exordium is the portal. The 'Apology' of Jewel, though laden with obsolete ornaments from the schoolmen, does not bewilder us by an eccentric ground-plan. The 'Liberty of 'Prophesying,' though written in haste, and when its author was far away from books, is scarcely less orderly in its course, or less lucid in its arrangements, than if Taylor had been sitting at his parsonage at Uppingham, far from the noise of war, and surrounded by the Fathers and the Schoolmen, and the tall folios with which Rome, Geneva, Lambeth, and Westminster waged their dogmatic wars. Warburton, however, could not move on the 'solemn and sequacious' line of his great precursors. He was indeed the Phaethon of controversy, and his coursers were scarcely more obedient to his rein than were 'Pyroeis, Eous, et Æthon' to that of the son of Clymene.

> 'Expatiantur equi; nulloque inhibente per auras
> Ignotæ regionis eunt: quaque impetus egit
> Hac sine lege ruunt, rapiuntque per æthera currum.
> Et modo summa petunt, modo per decliva viasque
> Præcipites spatio terræ propiore feruntur.'

It is characteristic of the author and his work, that while the main object of it attracted little attention, when it did not awaken grave suspicions of his faith, the episodes excited lively interest. Among these the inquiry into the nature and design of the 'Eleusinian Mysteries' was just the sort of lure that Warburton's ever-swarming fancy was certain to catch—the gloaming light in which he delighted to walk. The subject was without beginning or end. Any passage of almost any

writer, whether he had composed an Orphic hymn or a philosophical dialogue, whether he were a ritualist or a lawgiver, might be strained or coaxed into an illustration of the great secret. Seneca was not too heavy, or Plautus too light, for an auxiliary. There seems, indeed, to have been a sort of craze * in the last century on the theme of mythological enigmas—a craze that passed over the houses of the true Israelites in philology, such as Bentley, but terribly vexed such Egyptians as Bryant and Warburton. A treatise on Pagan theology would have interested the learned only, and after a while have reposed on the shelves with the volumes of the 'Abbé Banier' and Gébelin's 'Monde Primitif.' But Warburton's aim was to astonish learned and unlearned, Greek and barbarian, throughout Christendom. The attempt to solve the great mystery must accordingly be engrafted on a stock in which even Turks and Jews, no less than Christians, had an interest—the doctrine or the theory of a future state. Pan accordingly lent to Moses his wreathed horn. The books of Leviticus and Deuteronomy were familiar to the faithful and the infidel. Their author, indeed, had no particular fellowship with Cybele or Ceres, with the pure theism of the Dorian Apollo or the orgiastic rites of the Eastern Iacchus. But that mattered little. Moses was a legislator and a ritualist; his religion, like the composite creeds of Chaldæa and Egypt, had an inner shrine; it veiled under concrete forms abstract truths, and had fed equally the dreams of the Rabbins and the speculations of Philo and the Alexandrian sages. The most ancient form of theosophy, it still affected, and even in some degree shaped, the sacred and secular polity of the civilised world. Here, then, was an argosy, freighted with wares of every kind, from the gold of Ophir to the beads and toys which delight the children of nature, awaiting a pilot bent to explore the islands of Alcinous or the great continent of Atlantis. If there be among our readers anyone disposed to investigate the questions which occupied Warburton in the last or Creuzer in the present century, we recommend him, before he plunges into the fog and swamps wherein they floundered and groped, to study so much of Lobeck's 'Aglaophamus'—it is only one of three sections of his book—as relates to this theological or mythological

* Eschenbach in his Preface to the Argonautic Hymns says, with reference to the Mysteries, 'In abyssum quendam mysteriorum de-'scendere videbar, quum silente mundo vigilantibus astris et luna 'istos hymnos in manus sumpsi.' A becoming prelude to speculations on moonshine.

arcanum. If, after so reading, he perseveres in the search, we shall applaud his patience and envy his leisure.

Never, probably, did a work intended to rank among the propugnacula of revealed religion end more lamely and impotently. The seventh and eighth books, though the materials for them were collected, were never written. The ninth is not merely incomplete, but also a mere patchwork of feeble sermons and expiring paradoxes. It is impossible not to sympathise with the author in the disappointment he felt and owned to friendly ears. When in good spirits and yet hopeful of extricating himself from the labyrinth he had so ingeniously constructed, he wrote:—

'You judge right that the *next* volume of the D. L. will not be the LAST. I thought I had told you that I had divided the work into three parts; the first gives you a view of Paganism, the second of Judaism, and the third of Christianity. You will wonder how this last inquiry can come into so simple an argument (!) as that which I undertake to enforce. I have not room to tell you more than this—that after I have proved a future state not to be, in fact, in the Mosaic dispensation, I next show that if Christianity be true, it could not possibly be there; and this necessitates me to explain the nature of Christianity, with which the whole ends.'

The end never came, but many things came that harassed Warburton's days, and exhausted his intellect. Far from being accounted a champion of the faith, he was suspected of being its assailant. His temerity shocked many pious minds, and surprised even infidels. Dr. Balguy, who admired and did justice to Warburton, confessed to him that 'there was one 'thing in the argument of "The Divine Legation" that stuck 'more with candid men than all the rest—how a religion, 'without a future state, could be worthy of God!' Churchill, who neither did him justice nor admired him, writes:—

> 'To make himself a man of note,
> He in defence of Scripture wrote:
> So long he wrote, and long about it,
> That e'en believers 'gan to doubt it.'

Warburton laid the blame of his failure on the clergy. 'If 'indeed the published volumes of the D. L. be so weak and 'mischievous as they suppose, I will not add to the offence 'given them by adding any more.' In a letter to Birch—'busy 'Tom Birch,' as Johnson called him—he paints his feelings more sincerely:—

'I was so disgusted with an old subject, that I had deferred it from month to month, and from year to year.' 'Distractions of various kinds, inseparable from human life, joined with a naturally

melancholy habit, contribute greatly to increase my indolence. This makes my reading wild and desultory; and I seek refuge from the uneasiness of thought, from any book, let it be what it will. By my manner of writing upon subjects, you would naturally imagine they afford me pleasure and attach me thoroughly. I will assure you NO.'

The builder of Babel folded his hands with a painful sense of having laboured in vain.

In this unlucky ninth volume Warburton, never very consistent, surpasses even his former caprices. In one passage he says that St. Paul was not the author of the Epistle to the Hebrews—in another that he was. He explains a verse in that Epistle on the subject of Moses and the Tabernacle, otherwise than he had explained it in an earlier volume of the same work. He even contradicts in the concluding book the general argument of 'The Divine Legation' as he had stated it in the first. These, indeed, are symptoms of the *distractions* of which he complains. But what were those distractions?—not anxiety for the morrow, for his means were sufficient; nor domestic infelicity, for if Mrs. Warburton occasionally teased him, and she was but mortal and a wife, such 'affliction'—we suggest, but do not affirm its existence—'endured but for a moment.' She was no Mrs. Hooker, leaving him, when she was gadding abroad, to rock the cradle at home; no Mrs. Casaubon, perennially adding an arrow to his quiver; nor a Mrs. Albert Durer, rating him for indolence while he was worn with labour; nor was she a learned dame, like the blue-stocking in 'Juvenal,' sleepless herself, forbidding her husband to slumber:—

> 'Quæ, quum discumbere cœpit,
> Laudat Virgilium, perituræ ignoscit Elissæ,
> Committit vates et comparat.'

Neither had he reason to complain of desertion or disloyalty on the part of friends, although he sorely tried their patience. His distractions may therefore be ascribed partly to the having discovered that it is easy to start a paradox, difficult to pursue, yet more hard to defend, and impossible to conclude it; and partly, as Mr. D'Israeli suggests, to 'the controversies he had 'kindled, and the polemical battles he had raised about him. 'However boldly he attacked in return, his heart often 'sickened in privacy; for how often must he have beheld his 'noble and his whimsical edifices built on sands which the 'waters were perpetually eating into!' Perhaps also Pope's dying injunction to proceed with 'The Divine Legation' weighed upon his spirits. 'Your reputation,' said his illustrious friend, 'as well as your duty, is concerned in it.'

The basis on which the 'magnum opus' rested may be exhibited in somewhat of a syllogistic form. The *major* proposition is, that no religion, unless it have a divine origin, can afford to dispense with the doctrine of future rewards and punishments; the *minor* is that the Mosaic dispensation does not contain that doctrine; the *conclusion* therefore is that it must be divine, since otherwise it must have included 'compensation.' A hearer of one of Dr. Parr's sesquipedalian sermons, being asked her opinion of it (the critic was a female well stricken in years), irreverently replied that 'the learned doctor went on *riddle-* 'rambling as usual.' Perhaps, had she been among Warburton's readers, she might have coined that expressive epithet some half a century earlier. For the supposed syllogism reads very much like the riddles that used to be propounded in 'The 'Lady's Magazine;' and of Warburton's rambling propensities we have already spoken. Certain awkward consequences attended upon the title itself of the 'magnum opus:' 'The 'Divine Legation of Moses demonstrated—*from the omission of* 'a future state.' All other ancient religions, however false, cruel, 'earthly, sensual, and devilish' they may have been, make a moral provision for mankind—the prospect of final compensation for good or evil works done in the flesh. Was the Hebrew legislator then less considerate than the founders of the ancient and elaborate religions of Indostan,—than the Sabæans of Chaldæa,—than the polytheists of Egypt,—than the priests who promulgated, or the philosophers who adopted, that compensatory tribunal in Hades, whereon the judges of the dead sat in perpetual assize? Did Moses, like the Sadducees centuries after him, deny a resurrection? Did he purposely or ignorantly deprive death of its terrors on the one hand, of its consolations on the other? We can understand, though we no longer feel, the amazement excited by the Warburtonian paradox at the time. We believe him to have honestly purposed to entrench Christianity with new bulwarks; but the works he raised in its defence had an unfortunate resemblance to curtains, counterscarps, and ravelines intended for attack.

Thirty years after Warburton had astonished the learned world, and disgusted the admirers of Virgil, by representing the Sixth Book of the Æneid as an adumbration of the Eleusinian mysteries, a young author, but even then a ripe scholar, 'with 'one sling of his victorious arm,' smote that airy suburb of 'The 'Divine Legation' to the ground, and exposed the frail character of the entire structure. The immediate provocation to Gibbon came not from Warburton, but from Hurd. In 1755, Jortin had published 'Six Dissertations on various Subjects;'

the last of them being entitled 'On the State of the Dead, as 'described by Homer and Virgil.' In this 'Dissertation,' he presumed to recommend 'diffidence' and 'civility' to Warburton. We know how it fared with the envoys of the King of men when they preached forgiveness of wrongs to Achilles; and how with Hotspur when commanded by Bolingbroke 'to 'send his prisoners.' We may imagine accordingly how Warburton felt at this recommendation. Aristarchus himself was indeed silent, for he had now a Patroclus at his beck ever ready to don his armour and to drive his chariot against overweening Trojans. Hurd replied in a seventh Dissertation, which he entitled 'On the Delicacy of Friendship,' and which Gibbon does not scruple to call a 'base and malignant "essay."' The pamphlet of Hurd, and the 'Critical Observations' of Gibbon, were both published anonymously; but no one at the time doubted —indeed it was hardly concealed—the authorship of the one, though few guessed or cared to inquire about the authorship of the other. At this day the episcopal sneers will interest no one who does not feel some interest in Warburton also. But the 'Observations' are still remembered among the prolusions of the 'Decline and Fall,' and fully merit the warm, but not extravagant, praises bestowed upon them at the time by Hayley. Never perhaps, if we except the historian's 'Vindi-'cation' of himself, was there a more complete refutation of an ingenious but unsound theory. Gibbon allows that 'the learn-'ing and the abilities of Warburton had raised him to a just 'eminence;' but they were not such as to confer upon him a right 'to reign as dictator and tyrant in the world of literature.' In cooler moments Gibbon regretted, with feelings that became him—and it had been well for Warburton could *he* have been capable of similar signs of grace—'the contemptuous treatment 'of a man who, with all his faults, was entitled to esteem.' His arguments were never answered. 'The Bishop of Gloucester 'and his party maintained a discreet silence'—a discretion the more signal because it was so rarely exercised.

We now come to Warburton's intimacy with Pope. The history of it requires a short preface. In the year 1726, on one of his visits to London, Warburton became acquainted with several literary characters, then not obscure, but long since for the most part wholly forgotten. Of these the chief were Dennis, Theobald, and Concanen. He had better, so far as concerned his prospects of favour at the court of Twickenham, have consorted with the horned fiend than with any of these. Of his brief connexion with Theobald we shall speak presently. Of Dennis it is scarcely necessary to speak at all; his name

having, like that of Zoilus, become almost proverbially significant. So long as

> 'Fish in streams or birds delight in air,
> Or in a coach-and-six the British fair,'

so long, thanks to Pope—assisted by his Aaron and Hur, Swift and Arbuthnot—will the name of John Dennis and his 'frenzy' be remembered. Of Concanen, the celebrity is as the celebrity of Bavius and Mævius. Yet once all men knew him as among the divers in the mud of Thames—

> 'True to the bottom see *Concanen* creep,
> A cold long-winded native of the deep.'

There is no positive evidence, as Mr. Watson remarks, that Warburton at any time was in league with Pope's enemies; but here was worshipful society for one destined to stand so high on the list of Pope's friends. He had, indeed, two very narrow escapes from shipwreck. Could Pope have been warned in time of these, as he would have deemed them, 'scurvy com-'panions'—could Samuel Johnson have peeped into some of Warburton's letters about the year 1735—Warburton, instead of editing and annotating the 'Dunciad,' would have figured in it, and Boswell have chronicled one more fulminating epigram. Deorum injuriæ Diis curæ. Divines may fall out; a Jortin may expose false concords or false quantities in Latin; a Lowth may pierce a sevenfold shield of brass with his ironical lance. But at such holy wars the profane vulgar laugh for a moment and forget them in an hour. Not so when Pope brands or Johnson knocks down. But fortune befriended Warburton—he had the knack of slipping inconvenient knots. He discarded Theobald; he ceased to correspond with Concanen; he gave Dennis the cut direct. Spared by Pope, he was reserved for Churchill; but no one now reads 'The Duellist,' and a few persons still read the 'Dunciad' and 'Boswell.'

Pope and Warburton met for the first time on the 6th of May, 1740. The poet had expressed a wish for a visit from the divine, 'to whom,' he said, 'he really had more obligation 'than to any man,' and the divine gladly undertook to make his bow at Twickenham the next time he went to town. The 'obligation' was Warburton's defence of the 'Essay on Man' against the strictures of 'German Crouzaz,'* who had denounced it as 'a noxious system of fatalism.' Pope, not being a Calvin-

---

* '—— and dashed through thin and thick
On *German Crouzaz* and Dutch Burgersdyck.'
(*Dunciad*, iv. 197.)

ist, but a Catholic, winced under this charge, and perhaps said in his heart that the counsels of Bolingbroke, who had furnished him with the system of ethics, were as the counsels of the evil one. When, however, such an Ajax Telamon as the author of 'The Divine Legation' showed that the doctrines of the 'Essay' could, after certain manipulations, be reconciled with those of the Gospel, or at least of the Church, Pope dismissed his fears and took his deliverer to his heart. Writing to him again from Twickenham (September 20, 1739), he says—

'I received with great pleasure the paper you sent me, and with far greater the prospect you give me of a nearer acquaintance with you when you come to town. I shall hope what part of your time you can afford me amongst the number of those who esteem you, will be past rather in this place than in London, since it is here only I live as I ought, *mihi et amicis*.'

Warburton, on his part, was not wanting in smooth speeches. He is said to have addressed his host at their first meeting in these words:—'Your wit gives a splendour and delicacy to 'your sublimity, and your sublimity gives a grace and dignity 'to your wit.' He must have imagined himself inditing one of his famous 'dedications'—of which Churchill said they 'must make—the heart of every Christian quake'—when he addressed such turgid bombast to the most compact of writers. Pope, however, proved to be not more particular about English compliments than Sir Richard Sutton had been about Latin ones, or perhaps thought that the Gargantua of learning was not bound 'to deliver himself like a man of this world.' That Pope was sincere in his admiration for Warburton there is no reason to doubt, and as little reason for supposing Warburton to have been 'the tremendous companion' this clumsy compliment indicated. Hurd, than whom no one had better opportunities for knowing the style of his ordinary conversation, and who, if rather a precisian, was a man of learning and discernment—says that 'in mixed companies Warburton was 'extremely entertaining, but less guarded than men of the 'world usually are, and disposed to take to himself a some-'what larger share of the conversation than very exact breed-'ing is thought to allow.' 'Yet few,' he believes, 'wished 'him to be more reserved or less communicative than he was; 'so abundant was the information or entertainment which his 'ready wit and extensive knowledge afforded them. In pri-'vate, with his friends, he was natural, easy, unpretending; at 'once the most agreeable and the most useful companion in the 'world.' A glance at the usual circle at Twickenham may

help to show that Warburton was to Pope what Hurd says of him in general—a useful as well as an agreeable guest. Although not a profound scholar, Pope was a person of much reading, and accordingly well able to appreciate and to enjoy the varied erudition of his new acquaintance. Of his earlier friends Arbuthnot was the most learned; Swift and the 'all-'accomplished St. John,' powerful as the one was with the pen, and eloquent as the other was with pen and tongue, were each of them too much absorbed by politics to have much leisure for books; Gay was more a child than a man of genius, and Addison, perhaps a better scholar than any of these, was not one of the Twickenham coterie. There was, therefore, a vacancy in that brilliant circle which Warburton was well qualified to fill, and the real services, as well as the willing homage he rendered to Pope, recommended him at first, and before long endeared him to his illustrious friend.

Yet their intimacy is not without its mysteries. 'Mr. 'Warburton,' we are told in Spence's anecdotes, was, in Pope's judgment, 'the greatest general critic he ever knew—the most 'capable of seeing through all the possibilities of things.' Can this have been seriously meant by the author of the 'Essay on 'Criticism?' Of Pope's confidence in his friend there can be no question. At his instigation Pope added a fourth book to the 'Dunciad,' and made him his literary executor and legatee. He was awed by Warburton's erudition and enlivened by his active and versatile conversation. But can we believe that he really admired Warburton's style, or that so shrewd an observer failed to detect his literary character? For Pope, however superficial in Greek, had a very exact knowledge of the niceties of the Latin poets, and must surely have been aware that while Warburton's acquaintance with either Latin or Greek writers was unsound, his taste was on a level with a bullock-drover's. The causes which may have led Pope to regard 'The Divine Legation' as a *μέγα θαῦμα* of erudition are obvious. He wondered with the wonder of a savage or a child, because he was nearly as ignorant as a child or a savage of much that 'The Divine Legation' contained. We cannot help suspecting that as Warburton began their acquaintance with good service and extravagant compliments, so he continued to flatter, if not to fool, Pope to the top of his bent. On the other hand, Pope perceived that this literary leviathan might do him yet more service as a buckler or a bravo against his enemies. At a time when the earlier books of the Dunciad had nettled and stung whole coffee-houses of wits and small poets, Pope hired a tall Irishman to follow him when he walked

abroad. Was Warburton the literary successor of this muscular Milesian?

However this may have been, thenceforward they warred in common with both small and great. The poet refused a Doctor's degree from Oxford, because Oxford withheld that distinction from the divine. The vice-chancellor and the heads of houses were described as Apollo's mayor and aldermen. Warburton again, having foes of his own, bethought himself of an ingenious device for putting them to open shame. He induced Pope to write a fourth book of the 'Dunciad,' and to commit to himself the composition of the notes. It was as if Horace had taken Labienus into partnership. Those whom Warburton disliked—and their name was legion—Pope 'hitched into rhyme;' and those against whom Pope had a grudge, Warburton pelted with eggs and stale fish. The device was notorious. 'I thought,' said Lowth, in his 'Letter 'to Warburton' (p. 41), 'you might possibly whip me at 'the cart's-tail in a note to the "Divine Legation," the or-'dinary place of your literary executions, or *pillory me in 'the "Dunciad,"* another engine which, as legal proprietor, 'you have very ingeniously and judiciously applied to the 'same purpose.' This free-warren of abuse was greatly extended when Pope appointed Warburton sole proprietor and editor of his works. Into his commentary, as into a common reservoir, he poured the tributaries of his wrath. That which originally was general he turned into personal satire. He fitted many caps to many heads. He made dunces of whom Pope had never heard; he revived or opened quarrels in which Pope had no concern; and whereas Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, years before, had dubbed Pope 'the 'wasp of Twickenham,' Pope's editor now turned his verses into a hornet's nest.

Neither the satirist nor his commentator limited their attacks to the 'rats and mice and such small deer' as make up more than two-thirds of the heroes of the 'Dunciad.' Sometimes they struck at nobler game. If it were fortunate for Pope to enlist such a henchman as Warburton, it was not less unfortunate for him to commit himself to internecine war with Bentley. The cause and the process of that feud belong to the history of Pope; we are concerned in them so far only as regards his ally.

In the complete edition of the 'Dunciad' (1743) appeared numerous notes bearing the signature of BENTLEY, and a dissertation, written by Warburton alone, was prefixed to it, purporting to be by 'Richardus Aristarchus upon the Hero of

'the Poem.' Bentley's manner was not hard to catch, yet the imitation of it, both in the dissertation and the notes, is more remarkable for buffoonery than fidelity, and does neither Pope who sanctioned, nor his *fidus Achates* who composed it, much credit. The whole conduct of Warburton towards Bentley was incongruous, and, indeed, disingenuous. Him, whatever may have been the real or the fancied grounds of Pope's enmity, Bentley had never assailed. Unlike Pope, Warburton knew well the worth of verbal criticism and philology, and held in high esteem the author of 'The Boyle Lectures' and 'The Dissertation on Phalaris.' Giving Mr. W. Greene, in 1738, advice on his studies, Warburton directs him 'to make 'himself master of the best critics,' and signalises among them Joseph Scaliger, Casaubon, Lipsius, Turnebus, &c., 'but, 'above all, Dr. Bentley and Bishop Hare, *who are the greatest 'men in this way that ever were.*' It had suited Warburton's purpose, however, to maintain in 'The Divine Lega-'tion' the genuineness of the laws of Zaleucus and Charondas, which Bentley, in his reply to Boyle, had proved to be spurious. Perhaps, also, as some good-natured friend had told Pope Bentley's opinion of his skill in Greek, so one of the same family may have imparted to Warburton Bentley's remark on 'The Divine Legation'—'This man has a 'voracious appetite for knowledge, but a very bad digestion.' If ever one man had cause for standing in dread of another, that man was Warburton, so long as Bentley lived. Yet it is nearly certain that, among other wild schemes, he intended to set himself up as Bentley's rival. In the second part of 'The 'Divine Legation,' Warburton's reply to Collins's book, 'On 'the Grounds of the Christian Religion,' is modelled on the celebrated answer by 'Phileleutherus Lipsiensis' to Collins's 'Discourse of Free Thinking.' In a long note to 'The Divine 'Legation,' he strives to convict Bentley of untruth. We need hardly say he labours in vain. Aristarchus was not particular about justice or truth in his litigation with Colbatch or 'fiddling Conyers,' but he was as scrupulous in dealing with ancient writers or texts as Porson himself. Warburton, in this as in so many other respects, was Bentley's opposite. There is always a good deal of risk in controverting, when he does not touch on matters of taste, an assertion made by Bentley, whereas in contradicting an assertion of Warburton's one rarely if ever runs any risk at all. Bentley often keeps in the background his strongest arguments; and many of his conclusions rest not immediately on any express authorities, but on profound and subtle combinations of the materials with

which his boundless learning supplied him. Warburton, on the other hand, displays, and often drags all his forces in front, and when examined they prove to be men of straw, or such as desert on the first attack.* Perhaps, after all, love for Pope was the only motive for Warburton's hostility to Bentley. After the poet and the critic were both dead, these discreditable feelings disappear, and in the posthumous edition of Pope's works he expresses a wish—and we do not doubt its sincerity—to render to the prince of English philology the justice he had never met with while alive, and applauds Hurd for 'his 'generous concern for the character of a truly great and much 'injured man.' †

Both from the notes on the 'Dunciad,' and from the appendices and supplements to 'The Divine Legation,' and, indeed, from every work of Warburton's of later date than 'The Alliance,' it would be easy to cull a tolerably-sized volume, which might properly be labelled 'The Beauties of Controversial Billingsgate.' On this field Warburton far outstripped Bentley, though he too was no mean proficient in the art of scolding. Mark, however, the difference. The one was, in all cases not relating to college politics, the assailed; the other was, in nearly every case, the assailant. Bentley excited the fears and drew upon himself the rage of the clergy by his proposals to restore the Nicene text of the New Testament to the rank held by the so-called 'received text' of Henry Stephens the printer. His project was met by volleys of ecclesiastical artillery. He replied to Middleton alone, since he, in allusion to the recently-exploded South-Sea scheme, had dubbed the prospectus 'Bentley's bubble.' He exposed the ignorance of Le Clerc by his extemporal emendations of that shallow critic's edition of the fragments of Menander and Philemon; but when James Gronovius—a Xantippe in breeches—and De Pauw, whose character was as bad as Gronovius's temper, attacked him, Bentley folded his hands, and happily applied to them a line of Phædrus:—

'Multo majoris colaphi mecum veneunt.'

But Warburton had few antagonists whom his own paradoxes and petulance did not originally evoke. Of these many, had he been discreet, he would have disregarded. Others of them he had reason to dread. Jortin was not a powerful foe, but he

* Museum Philologicum, vol. i. p. 8.

† Letters from a late eminent Prelate to one of his Friends, 8vo. p. 9.

was an accurate and elegant scholar, well informed in Church history, and quick to detect and able to expose Warburton's slips in philosophy or divinity. Henry Taylor, again, though his pen was inferior to Jortin's, was a man of sound learning, and 'such men are ever dangerous' to omnivorous readers. Edwards, from whose 'Canons of Criticism' we have already quoted, was a harder hitter than either Taylor or Jortin, and before he published his 'Canons' he had convicted Warburton, and that at Ralph Allen's table, perhaps in the presence of Gertrude his wife, of misconstruing Greek through the delusive medium of a French translation. That such a slave as this Edwards—who, to make matters worse, if possible, was not a man of the gown, but a man of the sword—'a captain bold in 'country quarters'—should go unpunished, was a question not to be asked. 'Ad leones—into the Dunciad with him'—and there he is even unto this day. But not even the pillory will silence some varlets, and Edwards survived to take ample revenge.

But among Warburton's adversaries, none was half so formidable as Lowth. In his own country he was the first Hebraist of his time; he was an accurate and elegant scholar also; he was a sound theologian; he was well versed in literature generally; his style was scarcely inferior to Addison's, and far superior to Hurd's; while his irony was little less cutting than Pascal's. That which Swift in his 'Battle of the Books' writes of the duel between Bentley and Boyle is nearly applicable to the passages of arms between Warburton and Lowth:—

'The captain (of the moderns), whose name was B—ntl—y, was tall but without shape or comeliness; large but without strength or proportion. His armour was patcht up of a thousand incoherent pieces: his helmet of old rusty iron, but the vizard was brass.' 'Boyle, clad in a suit of armour which had been given him by all the gods, advanced against the foe with a lance of wondrous length and sharpness, and pinned his arms to his side, &c.'

The first offence given by Lowth to Warburton was slight, and easily pardoned—he detected him in plagiarism from Milton's 'Areopagitica;' the second was of a graver and less venial kind—he refuted Warburton's opinions on the Book of Job. His other sins against the majesty of Aristarchus were without number. We can afford room for only one of them as a sample of the rest:—

'You give yourself out,' said this injurious Bishop, 'as '*demonstrator* of the Divine Legation of Moses; it has often 'been demonstrated before: a young student in theology 'might undertake to give a better—that is, a more satisfactory

'demonstration of it in five pages than you have done in five 'volumes!' Johnson, with that fairness which uniformly appears in his opinions on Warburton, thus pronounced his verdict on these antagonists:—'Warburton has most general, most 'scholastic learning; Lowth is the more correct scholar. I do 'not know which of them calls names best.'

This sketch of Warburton's life would be more imperfect than it is, were his labours as an editor of Shakspeare passed over in silence. He belongs to the class of commentators of which Rowe was the first and himself the last—that is to say, he dealt, for the most part, with the then received text of his author only, and made no attempts to explain it, as Farmer, Steevens, and Malone soon afterwards did, by passages from elder or contemporary plays, or black-letter literature. With the drama of Elizabeth and her two next successors, Warburton, with all his reading, shows very slight acquaintance, and none at all with the obscure writers whom Farmer was among the first to employ as interpreters of Shakspeare. Warburton was an annotator long before he was an editor of the poet. There was a time when he was pleased to be on intimate terms with Theobald, and even allowed him, without any manifestation of displeasure, to speak of Pope's 'unpardon-'able stupidity' and 'stark nonsense.' There was a time also when he was gratified by an invitation from Sir Thomas Hanmer to his seat at Mildenhall in Suffolk, in order that the divine and the baronet might interchange thoughts on the intended Oxford edition of Shakspeare. Whether Hanmer or Warburton sought this alliance is doubtful, each averring that he was invited by the other. The union in each case was short: the parting with Theobald appears to have been silent; that with Hanmer, after a week's visit to him, stormy. Yet in 1737, when Warburton was already meditating his edition of 1747, he informs Dr. Birch that 'Sir Thomas 'has a true critical genius, and has done great things in 'this author.' In 1740, however, as we have seen, Warburton was introduced to Pope, and thenceforward neither Theobald nor Hanmer was to be spoken of with civility. The one has become 'the plodding Mr. Theobald;' Hanmer is described as 'absolutely ignorant of the art of criticism,' yet 'not 'absolutely without *art*.' The invitation to Mildenhall was, it seems, a mere device to entrap Warburton—to rob him of his fine gold, in order that it might set off the Baronet's lead. Hanmer's edition sells so badly that Warburton is in hopes to get the plates in it for *his* edition. 'They will be of so little 'use for any other purpose.' Pope's edition is now extolled

'as the best foundation for all further improvements.' Theobald and Sir Thomas 'have left their author in ten times worse 'a condition than they found him.' Mr. Watson thinks that 'Warburton in this business was disingenuous, not to say 'false.' We think so too. But our present concern is with Warburton as a commentator and editor—'non tantas com-'ponere lites.'

As yet the art of puffing was comparatively in its infancy, yet it had taken some steps towards its present perfection. Warburton, who in these days would perhaps have employed walking advertisers, and plastered walls with colossal proclamations in blue and red letters, availed himself of all existing implements for ushering his works into the world with due state and ceremony. He sent to Birch, for his 'Life of Shakspeare' in the General Dictionary, specimens of his intended annotations. In 1740, he inserted another notice of his edition in the 'History 'of the Works of the Learned,' with remarks full of promise and pretence. It is curious to see what he considered the duties of a Shakspearian editor. 'The plodding Mr. Theobald,' 'the ingenious Mr. Rowe,' and 'the incomparable Mr. Pope,' have done a little to 'restore Shakspeare to his native lustre;' but they have left many spots and blemishes on his disk: they have been blind to 'a thousand of his graces.' Therefore the Rev. Mr. Warburton, modestly deeming that 'men of consummate 'ability may very worthily employ their talents in so laudable a 'task,' 'has bestowed thereon some of those leisure hours which 'he could spare from the duties of his sacred function!' This really is as much as can be expected from such a hard-working parish priest; but such devotion to the ministry does not accord well with the duties of an editor of Shakspeare. In 1743, Warburton writes to Birch: 'For my *amusement*, from time to 'time, I go on in preparing Shakspeare for the press!' When the edition at length came forth, it abounded with symptoms both of clerical zeal and clerical amusement, for bating a few ingenious suggestions, in the proportion of Falstaff's bread to his sack, it is one of the worst among the many bad editions of Shakspeare. It is difficult to conceive any man to have been worse qualified for the editorial office than the 'Rev. Mr. 'Warburton.' He had none of the special lore which 'plod-'ding Mr. Theobald' possessed; he had not a particle of the taste of 'the incomparable Mr. Pope;' and though 'the in-'genious Mr. Rowe' laid Shakspeare under slender obligations to him, yet he at least had the merit of eliminating many blunders of the folios, and did not supply their place by blunders of his own. As in his notes on Pope, so in his notes on Shaks-

peare, he lost no opportunities of visiting his enemies with taunts and sneers. The spirit of Scioppius was again let loose for a season, and exhibited no loss of virulence on its return to the upper air.

The extravagances of Warburton in his Shakspeare are scarcely exceeded by those of 'Bentley's Notes on Milton.' But the great critic fell flat, because he abandoned his proper region in philology, whereas Warburton played only his usual antics in this edition. He changed not only the words, but the thoughts of his author: he made straight places crooked, and smooth places rough. He rejected lines necessary for sense, and interpolated lines necessary for nonsense. He made such ravages in Shakspeare's metre as a boar makes in a vineyard. He saw much that was not in the author, and was stone-blind to much that was. The Queen of Scots, in his hands, was turned into 'an allegorical mermaid;' the phrase 'majestic world' was interpreted first to be the 'orbis Romanus,' next to be an allusion to the 'Olympic Games.' Our space forbids us to weary the reader with his monstrous devices. The proper title of the edition is—'William Shakspeare rewritten 'by William Warburton.' To Warburton, indeed, whenever he plays the verbal critic, may be repeated the words applied by Styan Thirlby to the laborious Grabe—'Criticus non fuit, 'neque esse potuit, utpote neque ingenio neque judicio, neque, 'si verum dicere licet, doctrina satis ad eam rem instructus.'

Warburton—we now turn from his writings to his life—in 1746, was appointed by Murray, then Solicitor-General, to the preachership of Lincoln's Inn. He could not refuse, but he made wry faces at the preferment. Writing to his friend, Dr. Taylor, an eminent physician at Newark, he says, 'Don't 'think I speak with any affectation when I tell you in your 'ear that nothing can be more disagreeable to me than this 'way of life. Don't you pity me? I shall be forced to write 'sermons, and God knows what will become of the "D. L."' In 1750 he published 'Julian,' which a friendly critic terms 'the gravest, the least eccentric, and the most convincing of 'his works,' and of which Gibbon more justly says that 'it is 'strongly marked with all the characteristics of the Warbur-'tonian school.' In 1753, he was presented by Lord Chancellor Hardwicke to a stall at Gloucester; and in the next year was appointed one of the king's chaplains in ordinary, on which occasion he took his doctor's degree, Archbishop Herring conferring what Oxford had withheld. His stall at Gloucester was in 1755 exchanged for one of greater value at Durham, and in 1757 Pitt procured for him, from the Duke of Newcastle,

the Deanery of Bristol. Two years later, when Warburton was in his sixty-second year, he was appointed, again through Pitt's influence, Bishop of Gloucester. We have put together all his higher preferments, ranging over the space of eleven years. In the history of an ordinary divine these would be important events: in that of Warburton they are of secondary importance. Throughout this period he studied, published, wrangled, and thrust himself into nearly every quarrel of the time; and when he pronounced his 'Nolo Episcopari,' he had long been the most abusing and best abused man in the realm of King George II.

A far more important event in Warburton's life than his promotion to a stall, a deanery, or a throne, was his acquiring the friendship, or we may more properly term it the vassalship, of Dr. Hurd. As George Garrick was to David, as Boswell to Johnson, so was the Bishop of Worcester to the Bishop of Gloucester. 'What sort of man, sir, was Hurd?' asked Norton Nichols of Gray. 'He was the last person who left 'off stiff-topped gloves.' Seldom, if ever, was there a more characteristic description. Hurd was a *stiff* stately personage, 'a terse, neat, little, thin man,' as one of his college contemporaries described him. He wrote stiffly; he was stiff in opinion; he talked stiffly; he was stiff in his canonicals, and stiff out of them, if indeed he ever laid them aside. He kept his neighbours off by his distant and lofty carriage as effectually as if he had written over his palace door 'Man-traps and spring-'guns set on these premises.' In conversation he was always on his guard. His curates, while he was Rector of Thurcaston, complained that he treated them with distance, or rather with disdain. Mr. Watson gives an extract from a letter of Hurd's to a Mr. Cradock, regarding an intended visit, 'specifying what 'he should like to eat and drink in his entertainer's house.' Had Charles Lamb seen it, we might have had an essay on the 'episcopal' style of writing, as a pendant to that on 'the 'lordly and gentlemanly style.' Hartlebury Church is not above a quarter of a mile from Hartlebury Castle, where this prim, if not primitive, Father in God resided, yet that quarter of a mile he always travelled in his episcopal coach, with his servants in full-dress liveries. He was, indeed, a most dutiful son to 'the plain honest people' his parents, 'a farmer and a 'farmer's wife,' and a kind if not an affectionate relative. But stateliness never forsook him. His brother's widow, a good dame who marred the king's English, and was sometimes a visitor at Hartlebury Castle, he led up with stately courtesy to the head of his table. It is no wonder that he

wore stiff-topped gloves long after every one else had left them off. But no man is perfectly consistent. Stately and stiff to every other son of Adam, Hurd was supple to Warburton. Him, after their acquaintance began, he worshipped with oriental ceremony; him he lauded 'veniente et discedente die' —in his eyes Warburton could do no wrong, nor anyone who opposed Warburton do right. He praised the works which even their author condemned; he exhausted the vocabulary of praise in commending the works which their author approved. One parson Towne went by the name of Warburton's 'tame jackal;' Doctors Balguy and Brown were no ordinary bottle-holders; but Hurd was a more obsequious lion's provider than Towne, and a more serviceable ally than Brown and Balguy combined. The soul of one of Menander's parasites might seem to have passed into the cassock of a Christian prelate.

We hold this subservience of Hurd to have been among the misfortunes of Warburton. No man ever stood more in need of a judicious friend, and no one ever had a more indiscreet one. He cherished Warburton's foibles, encouraged his feuds, cooled his friends, heated his enemies. Warburton used his controversial flail like Talus in the 'Faëry Queen;' Hurd handled his rapier like a master of fence. His 'Essay on the 'Delicacy of Friendship' did more mischief to his friend than either the wit of Lowth or the satire of Churchill. His keen sarcasm drew down on his own head an 'iron sleet of arrowy 'shower,' but many of the arrows pierced the Warburtonian cuirass also. To this malignant Essay it was owing that Gibbon shattered to pieces the Warburtonian theory of the Eleusinian Mysteries being disclosed in the sixth Æneid: to this also was due the tremendous volley which Dr. Parr discharged on Richard of Worcester, not without rebound on William of Gloucester.

The life of Warburton, if we take into account his extraordinary powers, is a disappointing one: the close of that life is profoundly saddening. His intellects seem to have decayed at about the same age as those of Swift, Marlborough and Southey. Early in 1771, when he was in his sixty-third year, Hurd assured Mrs. Warburton that her husband would write no more. In 1774, Horace Walpole found him at Gloucester, 'very infirm, speaking with much hesitation, and 'beginning to lose his memory.' In the next year his faculties were still more clouded and enfeebled by the loss of his only son and only child. From that moment his literary labours and even his amusements ceased. 'His boy,' he said, 'was half 'his soul.' He lived on, indeed, for two or three years; but

when he had settled his affairs, and provided amply for his wife, he took no further concern in anything that had once interested him. The voracious appetite for knowledge palled; the restless brain at length reposed; 'memory' at last 'had its 'full fraught,' and was swiftly yielding to 'mere forgetfulness.' The last question he asked was, 'Is my son really dead or 'not?' The attendant hesitated, and then answered, 'He is 'dead.' 'I thought so,' said Warburton, and soon after expired. He was buried in his cathedral, but his death attracted little notice; and he who had drawn on himself the attention of the learned world, at home and abroad, during forty years, passed away as silently as his ancestors who had borne but never made conspicuous the name of *Warburton.*

The silence attending Warburton's departure from a world he had so often disquieted, was prefigurative of the fate of his works. *He* was almost forgotten when he died; *they* have been neglected since his death. Bentley, when drawing near to the term of his equally troubled days, had yet the consolation of knowing that *his* edifice, both in philology and theology, could be materially impaired neither by posthumous assailants, nor popular neglect, nor caprice of fashion. He said, and he said justly, when his pen rested from its labours and his eye was waxing dim—

'Vixi, et quem dederat cursum fortuna peregi,
Et nunc magna mei sub terras ibit imago.'

But Warburton could lay no such 'flattering unction to his 'soul.' His 'magnum opus' was unfinished; he despaired of it himself; it had been 'punched full of deadly holes' by his opponents; the apologies it demanded had absorbed his time, and he realised in their full bitterness the lines of the satirist:—

'Amphora cœpit
Institui; currente rota cur urceus exit?'

ART. II.—1. *Traitement Moral, Hygiène et Education des Idiots et des autres Enfants Arriérés, &c.* Par ÉDOUARD SÉGUIN. Paris: 1846.

2. *Remarks, Theoretical and Practical, on the Education of Idiots and Children of Weak Intellect.* By W. R. SCOTT, Ph. D. London: 1847.

3. *Die Heilung und Verhütung des Cretinismus und Ihre Neuesten Fortschritte.* Dr. Med. J. GUGGENBÜHL. Bern und St. Gallen: 1853.

4. *Teaching the Idiot.* A Lecture at St. Martin's Hall, London, August 4, 1854, in connexion with the Educational Exhibition of the Society of Arts and Manufactures. By the Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY, A.M. London: 1854.

5. *Die gegenwärtige Lage der Cretinen, Blödfinnigen und Idioten in den Christlichen Ländern.* JULIUS DESSELHOFF. Bonn: 1857.

6. *The Mind Unveiled.* Philadelphia: 1858.

7. *The Causes of Idiocy.* Being the Supplement to a Report by Dr. S. G. Howe and the other Commissioners appointed by the Governor of Massachusetts to inquire into the condition of the Idiots of the Commonwealth. Edinburgh: 1858.

8. *Two Visits to Earlswood Asylum for Idiots,* 1859 *and* 1861. By the Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY, A.M. London: 1859 and 1861.

9. *Eighth Annual Report of the Pennsylvanian Training School for Feeble-minded Children.* Philadelphia: 1861.

10. *The Method of Drill, the Gymnastic Exercises, and the Manner of Teaching Speaking used at Essex Hall, Colchester, for Idiots, Simpletons, and Feeble-minded Children.* By E. MARTIN DUNCAN, M.B. (Londini). London: 1861.

11. *The Idiot and his Helpers.* By W. MILLARD, Essex Hall, Colchester. 1864.

12. *Lunacy and Law, together with Hints on the Treatment of Idiots.* By F. E. D. BYRNE, L.R.C.P. and M.R.C.S. London: 1864.

13. *A Fête Day at Earlswood Asylum for Idiots, June* 16, 1864. By the Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY, A.M. London: 1864.

14. *The Training of Idiotic and Feeble-minded Children.* By CHEYNE BRADY, Esq., M.R.I.H. Dublin: 1864.

IDIOTCY is unquestionably one of the most fearful of the host of maladies, which pass like gloomy shadows over the

brightest spots of human civilisation. Its intensity has also been much increased by the impression which so long prevailed, that it was almost incapable of any palliative, and certainly of anything in the shape of a remedy. Modern science and an enlarged philanthropy are, however, gradually removing this unhappy idea, and are showing that there is no class of unfortunates of our species to whom enlightened treatment may be applied with a more cheering hope of success. In this country, on the continent of Europe, and in America, reports of the results of the efforts we are about to describe, are all equally replete with assurances that the increasing physiological and psychological knowledge, which is due to the researches of the strong-minded, is gradually becoming a great and unexpected boon to the feeble. These feeble ones are also shown to be far more numerous, both in the Old and New Worlds, than was generally imagined, and may in truth be numbered by many thousands, making an appalling array in the ranks of miserables. Mr. Byrne in his Treatise on Lunacy and Law, which is in our list of books, speaking of idiots, says: 'That there are thousands of such is fully borne out 'by the Report of the Poor Law Board (1862–3), where it 'appears that on the 1st of January 1862, there were in 649 'unions and parishes 34,271 insane *paupers*, of whom 18,311 'were idiots' (p. 12). Now, though the idiot requires a *special* treatment, and one totally distinct from the lunatic, being in fact absolutely *injured* by his contact with the insane, yet the only place provided for him is the county asylum, which of course subjects him to a treatment the opposite of being suitable. From page 20 of the same report, it appears that a new statute has been enacted, called 'An Act to pro-'vide for the Education and Maintenance of Pauper Children 'in certain Schools and Institutions,' 25 & 26 Vict. c. 43. This Act enables the guardians of a union to contract with the managers of any institution supported wholly or in part by voluntary contributions, for the education of idiotic persons, and to pay for their maintenance and education a sum not exceeding the cost of their relief in the workhouse. At present, however, such institutions are by no means in sufficient number to meet the want of them; but happily many intelligent and influential minds are now becoming acquainted with the subject, and alive to the serious duties it entails.

Nearly up to the present time the miserable idiot has been regarded as one of a Pariah caste, rather to be ignored as much as possible than sought out and succoured. Till the beginning of this century, idiots were regarded either with superstitious

awe or abhorrence, and it is even said that Luther would fain have had one put to death as a monster filled with Satanic possession. In 1803 Abercromby, after Foderé * and Wenzel †, who wrote upon Cretins, turned his thoughts to the improvement of their condition; and in 1819 Dr. Poole communicated an important treatise on the subject to the Encyclopædia Edinensis. Light, however, broke in slowly and feebly. We are told by Mr. Scott, that in the year 1839, Dr. Vosin, a French physician, gave in London some *Orthophrenic lectures*, which were apparently for the purpose of drawing attention to an institution he was connected with in France, called the *Établissement Orthophrenic*, which was specially directed to sufferers from mental weakness. No interest, however, was awakened by these lectures. Mr. Scott goes on to inform us, by a quotation from a German paper, that 'the instruction of 'idiots has succeeded. The problem theoretically and prac-'tically has been solved by M. Sargent in conjunction with Mr. 'Sachs, first teacher of the establishment (the Deaf and Dumb 'Institution, Berlin), and this solution has been successfully 'proved and acknowledged by our eminent physicians Dr. 'Barry and Dr. Joseph Müller. So fully assured are the 'Prussian Government of the complete efficacy of the system, 'that a portion of the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Berlin 'is to be permanently set aside as a hospital for idiots, where 'the most effective methods of education can be tested and 'carried out.' In September 1844, M. Sargent had twelve pupils,. and employed a master to assist in their instruction, and two females to take care of them, the whole being most anxiously attended to according to his own plans. All were imbeciles and some idiots of a very low grade; but in time they became improved. Two of them were deaf mutes, and others were unable to walk or help themselves in any way; but those who could hear had more or less learned to speak, and some to sew, to draw and to write, while several played about cheerfully like other youths, appearing ameliorated both in body and mind. A 'deaf boy who was one of the worst cases, 'washed and dressed himself daily without assistance, walked, 'and even ran about the house and yard, and was learning to 'draw,' though his actions were not all exempt from the appearance of his malady. Such is the account of the fruits of M. Sargent's treatment.

The large work of M. Édouard Séguin was published at

* Traité du Goître et du Cretinisme: 1800.

† Ueber der Kretinismus: 1802.

Paris in the spring of 1846. It had been preceded by several pamphlets by the same author, and an extended notice of them appeared in the pages of Mr. Scott, who dedicated his book, from which we have already quoted, to Lord Ashley, now the Earl of Shaftesbury, the friend and promoter of so many philanthropic projects. M. Séguin's first efforts were directed to ten idiots in the Hospital of Incurables at Paris. Their success received the approbation of the Council General of Hospitals, and the Academy of Sciences commended his writings on the results which subsequently followed his method at the Bicêtre on the idiots there. Under the title of 'Traitement 'Moral, Hygiène, et Éducation des Idiots,' he has comprised the following topics:—The reflections which idiotcy had suggested to him—the most remarkable observations on idiotcy and imbecility furnished by his practice—the methods of treatment which have been proved to be most efficacious—and the confirmed opinions which have arisen from ten years' active experience.

Previously to the time of the publication of the volume last noticed, but not before its author had commenced his work amongst idiots, the late Dr. Guggenbühl had been engaged in endeavours to ameliorate the dreadful condition of cretins. He had observed that young children affected with cretinism were chiefly found in the valleys, and he conceived that their removal to more elevated places, together with proper treatment, might work a great change in them. Cretinism neglected degenerates into the lowest idiotcy, and exhibits the human form in its most repulsive state. Cretins were divided by Dr. Guggenbühl into four classes:—the atrophied, with emaciated bodies and paralysed extremities—rickety, with soft bones and bent limbs—hydrocephalic, with chronic water in the head, and cretins diseased from birth, the worst and most intractable. It is said, however, that where there is a goître from birth, the brain is not so much deteriorated as in other cases. The cretins under the care of Dr. Guggenbühl were removed from the low places to a retreat on the Abendberg, a hill 4,000 feet above the level of the sea, and situated in one of the most splendid scenes of Switzerland, surrounded by snowy peaks of the Mönch, the Eiger, and the Jungfrau, and looking down on the fine Vale of Interlachen and the lovely Lake of Brienz. From this unique institution, true cretins are said to have returned to their families more or less restored to health in body and mind. That the plan of the Abendberg is the right method for cretins is beyond doubt, and there is recorded a remarkable instance of the complete cure of cre-

tinism in the person of a Dr. Odet, once resident at Montpellier, who was in childhood a cretin, but recovered, passed through a professional education, and became the author of a book on Cretinism. A pupil of Dr. Guggenbühl was sufficiently cured to become a schoolmaster, and was capable of instructing his scholars, more or less, in four languages.

While these and other institutions were being formed in Europe, the philanthropists of the western hemisphere became alive also to their importance and value. It seems as if some providential impulse were given at this moment simultaneously to the friends of humanity, to arouse themselves to the aid of the most repulsive and pitiable of its sufferers. In 1846 the authorities of Massachusetts appointed the well-known Dr. S. G. Howe, so celebrated for his treatment of the blind and deaf mute Laura Bridgman, to inquire into the condition of idiots in the commonwealth, and to discover if anything could be done in their behalf. The reports of Dr. Howe exhibit the greatest zeal, energy, and talent, and he brought all the force of his powerful and original intellect to bear upon this object, with the happiest consequences. Without being prepared to admit the correctness of all his conclusions in his published theories of the causes of idiotcy, which are, in our view, of far too speculative a nature, without adducing sufficient facts for his generalisations, we cannot but regard his labours and their fruits with real satisfaction. He assures us that his hopes and expectations have been fulfilled amongst the children trained and instructed. 'Several,' he says, 'who were in a state of hopeless idiotcy 'have gained useful knowledge; most of them have become 'cleanly, decent, docile, and industrious; and all of them are 'happier and better in consequence of the efforts made in 'their behalf.' Some of these were in a state of drivelling impotency, unable to do more than swallow their food: they had no speech, no apparent understanding, and their habits were disgusting. They became gentle, docile, and obedient, governable by the simplest means, able to work, speak, and read, comparatively happy and intelligent, as well as useful, and stood before their friends as rescued ones, through the treatment they received.

Pennsylvania followed this example by founding a kindred institution, which comprised at once a hospital for the unhealthy, a gymnasium for physical culture, a school for such as could be led on to learn, and provision of workshops and land for the exercise of mechanical, horticultural, and agricultural industry, with a view to the self-support of the inmates. At the request of the managers of this asylum, the legislature of New Jersey

granted an appropriation for the maintenance within its walls, of fifteen feeble-minded children. The building was most carefully constructed and placed on an eligible site, with an unfailing supply of the best spring water, and sheltered from the cold winds by a grove of ten acres, the shade of which was regarded as a great boon in summer. The promoters of this asylum state their conviction that it is necessary for the advantage of the young imbeciles in their training, that they should be collected together in numbers.

'Childhood,' they assert, 'in all conditions needs society; and those who are of natural mental powers cannot adapt themselves to those of feeble mind. Under the most favourable circumstances, an imbecile child at home has a tendency to solitude or exclusiveness; it cannot play with other children, and they cannot join in its amusements. It is a lonely being. However loving and tender its associations may be, it lacks suitable companionship. It needs to be with those who are like itself. Its instincts lead it to fellowship with its own grade and stamp of mind, and this association produces friction, and friction produces growth. There is an unconscious self-culture resulting from the mere force of association. In this lies one secret of success in institutions for the feeble-minded.'

New York was not behind in like projects for the Idiot. The first step was taken by the Hon. Frederick Backus, a member of the Senate, in the winter of 1845 and 1846. He introduced a bill for the establishment of an asylum for idiots, which passed the Senate by a vote of eleven to ten. Though at first agreed to by the Assembly, it was ultimately rejected by a vote of fifty-eight to forty-seven. Dr. Backus, however, was not daunted by this defeat, but laboured with the greatest zeal, communicated with M. Sargent, of Berlin, and embodied translations of his reports in the document he again presented to the legislature, and at length effected his object by the aid of the governor, but not without another previous defeat. When agreed upon, the nature of the institution was accurately defined, especially that it was not to be merely custodial, but 'an establishment for the management and education of young 'idiots; an extension of the blessings of education of an appro-'priate character to a class of persons of a teachable age—not 'deaf mutes or blind—whose faculties are not susceptible of 'development under the customary conditions and facilities of 'a common education.'

While these institutions were being established on the continent of Europe and in America, this country also, whose benevolence knows no limits but the boundaries of human want, became alive to the necessity of special provision for the idiot.

The first practical endeavour for this object was that made by Miss White, at Bath, in 1846, when four pupils were placed under the care of a matron, and with such success that the institution has been removed to an airy, elevated situation, and contains about two dozen pupils, the number of which it is still desired to augment. In January 1847, there appeared in 'Chambers' Edinburgh Journal' a paper giving an account of the education of idiots by M. Séguin, at Bicêtre, to which previous reference has been made. In the following month it was succeeded by another, and both are due to the pen of Mr. Gaskell, Medical Superintendent of the Lancashire Lunatic Asylum, and now a Commissioner of Lunacy. A lady residing in London, of the name of Plumbe, had her interest greatly excited by reading these articles, and she called on Dr. Andrew Reed, the philanthropic founder of so many great charities, to represent her views. The idea had, however, been before in his mind; so he simply told his kind-hearted visitor to go out some morning and see how many destitute idiots she could find in the neighbourhood, and she came to him again with a list of twenty-eight: but before he began to develop his plans he determined to visit the receptacles for the imbecile on the Continent. On his return he secured the invaluable assistance of Dr. Conolly and others, which resulted in a meeting to institute an asylum, over which Sir George Carroll, then Lord Mayor, presided, the result of which was the hire of Park House, Highgate, with several acres of land surrounding it. Here in six months the change was so great that Dr. Conolly declared he could scarcely believe the pupils to be the same who had been originally received, and whose first gathering together was so shocking a scene that it begat in some present disgust and in others despair. We extract the following account of it, taken from the Report of 1850:—

'The first gathering of the idiotic family was a spectacle unique in itself, sufficiently discouraging to the most resolved, and not to be forgotten in after time by any. It was a period of distraction, disorder, and noise of the most unnatural character. Some had defective sight; most had defective or no utterance; most were lame in limb or muscle; and all were of weak and perverted mind. Some had been spoiled, some neglected, and some ill-used. Some were clamorous and rebellious; some were sullen and perverse; and some unconscious and inert. Some were screaming at the top of the voice; some making constant and involuntary noises from nervous irritation; and some, terrified at scorn and ill-treatment, hid themselves in a corner from the face of man, as the face of an enemy. Windows were smashed, wainscoting broken, boundaries defied; and the spirit of mischief and disobedience prevailed. It seemed as

though nothing less than the accommodation of a prison would meet the wants of such a family. Some who witnessed the scene retired from it in disgust, and others in despair. How very different the impression is at present many can testify. Here is now order, obedience to authority, classification, improvement, and cheerful occupation. Every hour has its duties; and these duties are steadily fulfilled. Windows are now safe, boundaries are observed without rules, and doors are safe without locks. The desire now is, not to get away, but to stay. They are essentially not only an improving but a *happy family.* And all this is secured without the aid of *correction* or *coercion.* The principle which rules in the house is *Love—Charity—Divine Charity.*'

The success of the Highgate Asylum having awakened the benevolent interest of the Queen and received Her Majesty's patronage, the establishment was soon visited by her beloved and lamented consort. The building speedily became too small for the numerous applicants, and it was necessary to have a branch till one large national asylum could be erected. For this purpose Essex Hall, Colchester, a commodious and handsome building, the property of Sir Morton Peto, was obtained upon advantageous terms, and a portion of the pupils were received there. The Prince Consort who paid it a visit expressed his admiration of the aspect of the place. At length, in 1853, his Royal Highness laid the foundation stone of the National Asylum at Earlswood, near Redhill, and such was the interest taken in the work, that about 10,000*l.* were placed before him as offerings on the stone. In 1855, the asylum was opened by the Prince in person; and the inmates of Essex Hall having been removed thither, the place which had been previously a branch became a separate institution for the eastern counties, and is still in effective operation.

Space will not allow of further history of the progress of establishments of the same kind, except to say that Scotland has not been wanting in the benevolent duty. The work commenced at Aldovan, near Dundee, being promoted by Sir John Ogilvy, and Dr. Brodie began the same operations in Gayfield Square, Edinburgh, and now superintends the New Scotch Asylum at Larbert, near Falkirk, which is intended for the reception of 200 pupils, and was zealously aided both in the capital and at Glasgow. In this effectual manner has the leaven spread over the greater part of the civilised world, and will ultimately become a relief to a class of unfortunates greatly in need of help.

In all the various countries in which the uniformly successful experiment has been tried, of ameliorating the state of the idiot, there has been a remarkable uniformity of principle and

practice, as if a bright wave of physiological and psychological light had simultaneously cast its radiance on them all. The first effect of it was to enable those who directed their attention to the subject to determine the real characteristics of the true idiot, and to separate him distinctly from the insane. It has been too common to connect them with each other, though the acute mind of Locke perceived the difference, calling idiots 'naturals,' and advising 'an exact observation of their several ways of 'faltering,' which has been indeed the true key to their release from the organic impediments that have prevented the development of the faculties of the mind. M. Séguin defines a typical idiot as one who knows nothing, can do nothing, and cannot even desire to do anything, which condition must certainly be regarded as the maximum; and as Dr. Howe observes, it would be hardly possible to find such a being in human shape, little above a sensitive plant, fashioned externally as man, but shorn of all other human attributes. Yet one such recurs to our recollection, who was, in addition to his never manifesting any desire, blind if not deaf.

Dr. Howe divides idiots into three classes, and observes:—

'Idiots of the lowest class are mere organisms, masses of flesh and bone in human shape, in which the brain and nervous system have no command over the system of voluntary muscles; and which consequently are without power of locomotion, without speech, without any manifestation of intellectual or affective faculties. Fools are a higher class of idiots in whom the brain and nervous system are so far developed as to give partial command of the voluntary muscles; who have consequently considerable power of locomotion and animal action; partial development of the affective and intellectual faculties, but only the faintest glimmer of reason, and very imperfect speech. Simpletons are the highest class of idiots in whom the harmony between the nervous and muscular system is nearly perfect; who consequently have normal powers of locomotion and animal action; considerable activity of the perceptive and affective faculties; and reason enough for their simple individual guidance, but not enough for their social relations.'

Generally speaking, these descriptions will be found to meet the various degrees of idiotcy. Still there is nothing more difficult to define, nothing of which it is less possible to find a standard. The word *ἴδιος* points to a human being isolated from his fellows, and no better term in the midst of the many used to designate his condition has been found than that of *ἰδιωτης*. The words folly, imbecility, fatuity, stupidity, and others employed by various writers, are but different expressions of the same thing. 'Amentia, imbecillitas, oblitération 'des facultés,' says M. Séguin, 'sont autant de synonymes,

'plus ou moins laconiques, plus ou moins verbeux, surajoutés 'à l'énergique ἰδιος des Grecs, qui rest encore aujourd'hui 'intact, sans équivalent comme sans définition.' Nor can any dimensions of the head, except in the extremest diminutiveness, nor other measurements often relied upon, be regarded as true criteria of idiotcy; though it is remarkably curious that in an immense number of cases examined by Dr. Down of Earlswood, as we shall see hereafter, the formation of the mouth was abnormal, and the face had unequal sides. The mental manifestations are not always regulated by the volume of the brain, but by its quality and condition, and those of the whole nervous system. The body is but the instrument, the mind the unseen musician, and the strings must be in tune or no harmony can be produced by the most skilful hand. Thus the corporeal state of the idiot being disordered, discord results from the agency of the mind upon it. All that can be said of what the idiot really is terminates in this—that an idiot is one wanting in power, greater or less, to develop and manifest the normal human faculties by reason of organic defects. The general peculiarities of body are all abnormal, including health, temperament, members, as hands, wrists, legs, and feet. The nerves of motion and sensation are without due action. Hence arise irritability or apathy, spasms, epilepsy, and chorea. Hence also the prehension, touch, smell, hearing, feeding, mastication, deglutition, digestion, secretions, circulation, and speech are faulty, the last in many cases absent. Yet the inability to speak, though often apparent, is not always real. A boy who was never heard to utter an articulate sound, and had reached about fourteen years of age, was suddenly heard to chant a psalm in the night with correctness. Of course his teacher made use of this sudden exhibition, and he now speaks constantly. Another pupil, who had always been mute, was nevertheless brought to write legibly on a slate, and some one having rubbed out his writing in his absence, he became much excited, and angrily asked, 'Who rubbed out my slate?' These were the first words he had ever been heard to utter, but afterwards he became induced to speak.

As the bodily condition is abnormal, so is the manifestation of mind in idiots. Attention, perception, will, comparison, judgment, combination, invention, foresight, and reflection are all imperfect in various degrees. Yet nothing further can be safely stated as a generalisation, than that as a rule the perceptive powers are defective, the fancy frivolous, and the whole bearing more or less eccentric. Some are vociferous, grinning, and facetious; others mutter, mope, and sulk, and are very

vicious. Again, many are mild, affectionate, and tractable, while others are violent, depraved, filthy, and repulsive. What the facetious will say no one can guess under any circumstances. One that was reproved by the clergyman for laughing in church, said, 'You should have looked at your book, 'and you would not have seen me.' Another, corrected for stealing, and asked to promise not to repeat the fault, replied. 'I will not do so again, if you will give me everything I want.' The ideas of these poor creatures have no definite regulation, Hence, joy, drollery, anger, sorrow, and loquacious nonsense alternate without reason. The classification of idiots is no easy task, and it is well said by Dr. Howe, that

'The highest of the lower class of idiots can hardly be distinguished from the fool; the least stupid of fools can hardly be distinguished from the simpleton; and the highest among simpletons stand very near the level of hundreds who pass in society for feeble-minded persons, but still for responsible free agents. These latter, indeed, are looked down upon by the crowd, but then the crowd is looked down upon by tall men, and these in their turn are looked down upon by the few intellectual giants of each generation who stand higher by the whole head and shoulders than the rest. This view of the gradation of intellect should teach us not only humility but humanity; and increase our interest in those who are only more unfortunate than we are, in that their capacity for seeing and understanding the wisdom, power, and love of our common Father, is more limited than ours, in this stage of our being.'

It may be added to what has been already said in the foregoing sketch of idiots, that some idiots actually possess special powers, only abnormal in being above the common standard as relates to music, the art of drawing or modelling, and in powers of memory and arithmetic, and instead of dulness, imperfection, and deprivation, have, in some direction or other, a strange exaltation.

Enough, we conceive, has been said to show how unpromising was the hope that any efforts could be effectual in essentially bettering the condition of idiots to any social, moral, or useful extent. All endeavours, too, had long been retarded by want of physiological knowledge, by parental and common prejudices, by the hopeless exterior of the majority of cases, and even by an idea that amelioration, if possible, would be of no advantage by reason of the non-responsible being thus made responsible.

The way is, however, now clear of such obstacles to progress, and there is ample, indeed universal proof, that the idiot can be greatly improved and often beneficially educated. From what has been before stated, it may be readily supposed that the

basis of all attempts to effect this object would be to commence first with endeavouring to ameliorate the condition of the body. The true principle is, that there is mind in all these wretched members of the human family, and that its manifestations are only hindered by a defective organism. The first care, then, must be to put the *instrument* as far as may be in tune. Upon this has depended the success of all the recent experiments, and like consequences have been found in all places, because everywhere it has been regarded as certain that the vigour and force of manifestations of mind depend, though in what way may be a matter needing fuller inquiry, on the state of health in certain parts of the bodily organisation. To attain this requisite condition, the only mode is to endeavour to put the whole system into a healthful power of action, as far as can be done by suitable appliances to raise the depressed physical powers. Hence gymnastic exercises are adopted, varied according to the different stages of advancement, to bring the muscles into due action in the upper extremities, in the trunk, and in the lower limbs; and upon these a great amount of ingenuity has been expended. In every asylum there should be both an open and a covered gymnasium, with soft ground and ample space, and attendants extremely careful that no falls occur. The things to be aimed at are development of instinctive muscular action in the inert, to promote the health of the bodily organs, and a better oxygenation of the blood in the lungs. Torpor must be awakened, and over-excitement allayed; and it must be borne in mind that nearly every sense is wrong, so that one cannot be made compensatory to another, as in the cases of blind pupils and deaf mutes. The vacant eye must gradually be trained to see, the ear to hear, while the voice must be instructed how to utter aright. Thought must be elicited and power to learn. Obedience must be gained by kindness and firmness without severity, and right habits encouraged for daily life. All sorts of inducements must be held out to secure some proper employment, and as the mind improves it must be a great object to raise it to God, to religion, to duty, conscience, hope, and moral sense. The choice of masters and teachers is by no means easy. They must be *born* teachers, devoted to their work, men in whom no weakness is visible, endued with extreme patience, and able to command with calmness, force, and decision. Great medical tact and skill are also needed, and that gentle treatment of invalids which caused a youth at Earlswood to say, 'I 'love the doctor better than my mother.' It is only such a person who will observe with practical advantage the needful

psychological indications, such as are briefly enumerated by Mr. Sidney in his lecture to the Society of Arts. He says:—

'Idiots are perceived to have certain wants, tastes, appetites, inclinations, desires, repugnances, fears, and preferences, shown in some way or other peculiar to each individual, and indicating that, though fettered, obscured, and disordered by a defective bodily organism, there still exist certain limited sensations, sentiments, and perceptions, which, if rectified, will tend also to rectify their manifestations and emancipate them from their circumscribed condition. If an idiot can distinguish his food, he has some perception; if he shows a longing for things which please him, he has some internal and external sensations; if he can choose between two objects offered him, he has some comparison and judgment; if he yields to gentle persuasion and severity of manner, he has some understanding; if he has any tastes, however limited, there is something occupying his mind. In all these the trainer sees capacities for improvement. His principle is, that these unfortunates not only are endowed with the animal instincts and propensities, but with the feeble germs of those better qualities which are superadded to our physical nature, and which never could occur in the best-trained lower animal, even if its perceptive faculties were more acute than theirs.'

It is from such observations that the true method of treating idiots has been derived. Every idiot case is a problem, and such problems have only been well solved in recent institutions, because there all efforts are concentrated on this one object, and all imaginable appliances are provided. As may be concluded from what has been said before, the great point is a good dynamic condition of the body, only to be gained by wholesome air, proper medical attention, exercise, and diet. If the digestion and the secretions are wrong, the nervous system soon becomes disordered, and there is no due response from one organ to the stimulant applied to the other, because the nerves, which are the wires of the vital telegraph, have lost the power of conducting. We often see an idiot with a feeble body, a moral sense obscured or perverted, and an understanding clouded by dark and doleful shadows, yet with a nature that will not be quiet, without balance of any of the functions bodily or mental, and seeming as if it were impossible for him to manifest obedience to any influence or law. An appetite depraved beyond control makes him ready to prey on the filthiest and most disgusting garbage, and to seize with a brutal propensity anything that comes near him. Every desire is unreasonable, and what he demands, if he can speak, and what he babbles and cries for if he cannot, is always unreasonable and mostly hurtful. But when the skilled physician has furnished the required medicament for due stimulus of his

digestive organs, directs his nutriment aright, controls the ravenous craving for food, and after a time effects a change in the brain and nervous forces, an exercise of self-control becomes possible, and in consequence a reconstruction, as it were, of the whole physical and moral being. Certainly the most hopeless generally are idiots afflicted with epilepsy, which are a numerous class, and beyond the reach of any certain cure, yet their malady may be much subdued as regards the frequency of attacks and their violence, by invigorating inducements to cheerfulness, by employments to which the sufferers have shown an inclination, and by such modes of living as experience suggests.

From the description given of the commencement of the Asylum at Highgate, it may be readily conceived how much experience was needed before idiots received as inmates could be rendered at all tractable. Yet such is the result of perpetual practice that it is now speedily accomplished. At Earlswood the reception is so kind, and the aspect of the place so attractive, that Dr. Down, the resident physician, finds little trouble with the pupils when first left there by their friends. Inquiry is carefully made of those who bring them, into their history, traits of character, predilections, repugnances, and habits. The objective facts relative to their bodily condition, and the state of the organs of sense are, of course, well observed and registered, to which is added due vigilance. The first concern is to eradicate bad habits, and as soon as may be, to engage the pupils in some occupation bringing them praise and encouragement, instead of the contemptuous rebuffs too many of them have been subject to. These employments are of the simplest kind; as the unravelling cocoa-fibre for mats, splitting rods for baskets, and preparing horsehair for mattresses. Besides these gentle inducements to do something, the improvement of the bodily condition before alluded to as most essential, and the eradication of all evil habits, are matters of daily and hourly care. After this comes classification for sleeping, meals, school, drill, and such employment in what may be called a trade or business as the pupils may show to be of their own preference. For cases that are less hopeful, all that can be done is careful supervision and the tender treatment which makes them in a degree comfortable. All this is insured by the care of the physician and the assiduous attention of the matron and the well-chosen staff.

A few years since schools for idiots would have been classed amongst the wildest of projects, but they have not only been successful as regards their primary design, but have afforded

reflex lessons useful in all cases of tuition of the young, especially as to the importance of mixing healthful exercise with application to books, and making the act of learning a pleasure instead of a drudgery, with a tendency to over-strain the youthful powers. Idiot schools have those alternations of pleasant exercise with tuition which prevent it from wearying, and make the return to it a pleasure. The possibility of teaching an idiot to read, write, and cast accounts depends much on taking advantage of personal peculiarities, and a perseverance which knows of no limit to its repetitions of the same thing till the conquest is achieved. In some instances letters have been learnt by rendering them vividly luminous, and the strong impression on the brain has succeeded. How much the lamentable state of imbecility depends on the brain may be inferred from two cases of brain fever, in one of which restoration to ordinary powers took place, and in the other the same happened during the height of the disease, but ceased on recovery. It was excitement which caused the mutes before referred to, to speak. Also any observation may be adroitly turned to account. A boy had shown a great love of playing at nine-pins, and when the bowl knocked one down, was in an ecstasy of delight. The master at once had the letters of the alphabet carved on the pins, and whenever one fell, the pupil was made to name the letter upon it; and by these means in time he learnt to read well, after first acquiring his letters in this original manner. It would take too much space, and be wearisome to enumerate the school methods in the various institutions, or indeed in any one. All that can be said is, that they are furnished with the most ingenious appliances, and something new is being perpetually added. Many will be found described in the works which form the list at the head of this article. We can only shortly allude to a few of the most remarkable as adopted in our English institutions. For instance, to improve the speech, there is at Earlswood a cabinet full of objects the names of which give all the sounds of our language. Thus, if the sound to be made is that of the letter *t*, the teacher holds up a *top*, and the pupils are required to pronounce the word together and with distinctness. He next shows them a *letter*, and then a *pot* with the requirement that they shall be enunciated with the same plainness. Suppose, again, the sound coming after that of *t* has been duly mastered, is that of *d*, a *dog*, a *ladder*, and something coloured *red* will be resorted to. The eye of an idiot must also be trained. This, Mr. Sidney remarks, ‘ is a matter of great difficulty. He may see ‘ the figure of his teacher in the mass, but it is most probable

'that he does not perceive any part of his person or its appendages in detail, unless some glittering object, as an eye-glass, a chain, or a seal catch the eye. But he must be taught to notice with perception and distinction particular and minute objects. This is done by laying before him, on a table, a number of geometrical figures cut out of wood; and as the teacher takes up one, the learner is directed to take a similar one. Another lesson is the holding up the fingers one by one, and the pupil must hold up the same finger of the same hand.' Varied and clever use of the black board is productive of great effects. The master may draw on it some animal, and see if the pupil can tell what it is, and distinguish one part from another. Boys who have commenced learning in this way have become great proficients in drawing, and one youth especially, whose drawings have attracted the attention of the most celebrated of modern artists of animal forms, Sir Edwin Landseer. Yet it was six months before he could be taught to distinguish with certainty a dog's head from his tail, a fact which Mr. Sidney says he mentioned to the late Prince Consort, when he inquired if the youth whose drawings he was admiring could have ever been an idiot. Some subjects are taught to a large number collectively. The multiplication tables are sung accompanied by various movements of the arms and legs. Reading, writing, arithmetic, drawing, and in the lower cases letters and figures, counting, imitation, speaking, weighing, telling the time, colours, and other simple things are taught to less numbers together. Some lessons are made as amusing as possible, and at the same time practically valuable. One of those at Earlswood always gratifies visitors from its novelty, and is very useful for giving the inmates an idea of the value of articles, and how to buy and sell. It is called the Shop Lesson, and proceeds thus :—In one part of the schoolroom there are the usual fittings of a general shop, consisting of drawers marked plainly on the outside with the names of their contents. Above these there is a row of canisters. The pupils are seated in the gallery with a table or counter placed in front, on which are laid scales, weights, money, and measures. A boy is selected as shopkeeper, and placed behind the counter. He begins with asking for custom, which he often does with much humour, and many hands are speedily held up, when one boy is selected to come down and make some purchase. When an article is asked for, the shopman examines the labels on the drawers till he finds it. Then comes the weighing, which is sometimes a puzzle as to the value of the pounds and ounces. Before any weight taken up by the shopman is put into the scale, the class

is well questioned upon it. Next comes the placing in the scale the correct quantity of the sugar, rice, or whatever else is asked for, and it is often amusing to observe the shopman beginning with little spoonfuls when the quantity may be large; and sometimes, when the balance is nearly complete, it is a thorough poser whether to complete it by adding to or taking from the mass. The paying and the calculation are quite a scene, the whole class checking the sums at every step. Frequently the combinations of pence and halfpence cause a long stop in the proceedings. Here, however, the purchaser not unfrequently shows great cunning, and puts down a shilling, a florin, or half-crown, and throws the determination of the proper change on the shopman. To witness this lesson is most amusing. In a report of the Commissioners of Lunacy this method of instruction is especially commended.

Another lesson is learning to tell the time by the clock, which forms a good test of power. Out of one hundred and thirty-four pupils attending together, three could tell the time to a minute, twelve to a quarter of an hour, while twenty-two could be certain only of the hours, and the rest were unable to say what o'clock it was at all. Several who can tell the hours will only name them with regard to particular occurrences of the day, as 'time for dinner,' 'time for tea,' or other similar references.

As the pupils advance, of course the teaching advances also, to writing from dictation, to reading in classes, to object-lessons, and to introduction into the writing, arithmetic, and drawing schoolrooms. New expedients for instruction at the Earlswood Asylum are continually called into action by Dr. Down, whose ingenious and intelligent mind is always at work to find out something for the welfare of his anxious charge. The pains, too, taken by Mr. Millard at the Colchester Asylum, are unremitted and effective in the same way. Dr. Down's great desire is to elicit observation and to cultivate all possible habits of order and usefulness. He has had fitted up numerous neat cabinets with specimens of natural productions, and these are used as objects for lessons to be described in simple language, and the class is questioned on them, which tends very much to strengthen the powers of inquiry and observation. Pieces of wood, coloured in different ways, and cut into appropriate shapes, are found useful to be united to form figures and plans likely to be attractive, the putting them together making a good exercise, and the whole becoming objects of use for description of form, colours, shape, and other properties. To these it is probable will soon be added a printing press for

the advanced pupils, and there is no doubt of its being of much value to them. Advantage is likewise taken of the fondness of idiots for dumb animals, and aviaries are provided, and these also are made to become instructive. Canaries, gold and silver pheasants, and other birds, as well as rabbits or squirrels, or guinea pigs, are great favourites, and become beneficial aids to the general design.

The same variety is provided for the girls, and there cannot be a more interesting sight than a school of these poor imbeciles under a skilful and zealous governess. Imitation is invaluable, that whatever is done to instruct may be duly copied. They are fond of marching round the room, singing or repeating after their leader. Stories well told are listened to by those who have thrown off their torpor, with extreme delight, and nothing awakens their attention more completely. Everything is done that can make learning enjoyable, and the powers are never overtaxed by dwelling on any one thing too long together. The useful needlework accomplished is surprising, and the most proficient are allowed certain times for making fancy articles, the beauty of which has astonished those who have attended bazaars for the benefit of the charity. When a visitor goes into a workroom, the girls exhibit their sewing most eagerly, and are enchanted by expressions of approbation. All the fittings of the rooms have a tendency to keep the pupils in a state of pleasant feeling, and they are provided with cases of ferns, flowers, pictures, maps, giving the apartments a most cheerful aspect, which tells well upon their occupants. Indeed, there is scarcely any easily procurable attraction which has not been more or less brought into this benevolent service, and never in vain. Even the feeblest seem calm and contented, while those who are capable of improvement form such a joyous family as it would not be easy to find elsewhere. Persons who have had opportunities of examining classes of the more advanced pupils, have invariably been astonished at their answers, and especially in the historical and simple practical truths of the Scriptures, which they read and are questioned on daily. Nothing is more striking in many idiots than their susceptibility of religious impression and instruction, happily verifying the beatitude uttered by the Saviour in reference to the poor in spirit. Every observer of these bereaved imbeciles attests this, from Calamy, when he wrote his affecting story of 'Poor Joseph,' down to the present moment. Mr. Sidney dwells emphatically on these impressions on the idiot pupils, and gives instances of a discriminating and tender conscientiousness, and of hope and consolation under

the pressure of sickness, such as can never fail to be cherished in the memories of those who have witnessed such hallowed brightenings of the feeble mind. The thoughts consequent on these results of pious labours to raise the depressed spirit, are happily expressed in the lines prefixed to Mr. Brady's pamphlet:—

'. . . to us is lent—
To us on whom the ends of the world are come—
New miracles of love, when sages said
That miracles were o'er, like life from the dead,
Water from rocks, or music from the dumb;
For lo! to thoughtful touch of Christian care
The idiot's babbling lips breathe forth a prayer.'

It is most certain that many idiots who were once profane and vulgar, have been thus brought into the sunlight of religious purity and decency, taught the fear of God and the necessity of keeping His commandments, with a sense of moral obligation seemingly beyond the scope of their limited capacities, because they have been led to look to Him who alone can bring light out of darkness. The late Joseph John Gurney published the following lines as the authenticated composition of an idiot, and they who have witnessed many an imbecile's manifestations of capability of such thoughts more recently, will not be surprised when they are read by them:—

'Could we with ink the ocean fill—
Were the whole earth of parchment made—
Were every single stick a quill—
And every man a scribe by trade:—
To write the love of God above
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor could the scroll contain the whole
If stretched from sky to sky.'

The eccentricity of the language is much like what many of the same class would use if the like thoughts were presented to their minds; but sometimes they break forth with a nobler glow, as in the case of the boy at Essex Hall, who, when walking in the fields before harvest, turned to his attendant and quoted the passage from the Psalms:—'The fields stand 'so thick with corn that they laugh and sing.' We have, then, in such an asylum, as was observed of the one in Pennsylvania,—

'A home with good nursing for the very young, a school for such as may be qualified to enter upon its humble curriculum, and a course of physical training for those who need it; while the genius of a

cheerful, hopeful morality, and a faith in the spirit and principles of a pure Christianity, are cherished as the only safe foundation for this, and every work, which has for its end the highest good of the race.'

It was, in furthering the many schemes for the improvement of idiots, a most important object to enable those capable of reaping the highest advantages, to become adepts in some useful branch of industry, and to make their work remunerative, exchanging their solitary and idle habits for social, industrious, and productive occupation. One of the employments in which it has been found that they may be profitably engaged, is that of matmaking. Some learn to plait the cocoa-fibre, and others to make the mats. In time they advance beyond the plain mats, and make excellent figured hearthrugs, and hall and door mats. Some are even capable, under direction, of producing good matting for corridors or churches, or even fancy mats, and the work is generally done in a creditable manner. Those who are thus engaged have mostly selected this department of industry by their own choice, and are exceedingly proud of it; and if a visitor meets one of them in any other portion of the establishment, he is sure to be eagerly invited to come and look at his progress, or is told by him, 'I can make fancy mats now.' On one occasion, when the boys were taking a walk, a matmaker lagged behind, and, on being asked why he did so, he answered, 'I was thinking of a new pattern for my mat;' and nothing could more strongly show the pleasure which useful work affords to the rescued imbecile, often previously miserable by reason of a blank mind and listless body. As in the school so in the workshop, the pupil must never be allowed to become wearied or jaded by too long continuance in the same occupation, and the consequence is that both learning and labour are looked upon as recreations. Out of between seventy and eighty mat-weavers and helpers at Earlswood, it would be rare to see one showing symptoms of the work becoming irksome, but all goes on with the greatest cheerfulness and good-humour. Amongst them at this time is one boy who was, on entering the asylum, helpless, and unable even to feed himself, and yet he is now no common adept at making mats with pretty borders. Such a fact as this is of great value, as it shows clearly what a change may be hoped for under the treatment we have described, in almost any idiot. The eccentric bearing of an idiot will always, as far as may be judged from experience, more or less remain, but, nevertheless, he may become, in all essential characteristics, an elevated, happy, and useful being. As an interesting confirmation of this, it

may be mentioned that a boy graciously placed in the asylum by the Queen, succeeded in making mats that were accepted for use in the Palace of his beneficent sovereign. He is now advanced to the office of letter-carrier, taking the letters to and from the post twice or thrice daily; but he still shows what he has been and the remains of it, by standing erect and making a grand military salute when he meets any person to whom he considers this respect due.

Shoemaking is also one of the favourite trades with the imbecile pupils, but there are not found so many ready to engage in it, or qualified, as for the mat-shops. Nor has any one yet been found able to measure the foot or cut out the boot or shoe; but when these are done for them by a skilful hand, they learn to sew them admirably. One boy at Earlswood makes a pair of boots a day in workmanlike style, and declares he could make seven pairs in the six days if they would but let him have his tea a little stronger, which is a sample of the funny sayings heard by visitors in every department. Many persons go to the asylum thinking they shall see nothing but wretchedness and misery, and come away astonished at the merriment which pervades almost every room in the building, and every turn of the grounds. Sometimes there is the most facetious politeness, as was shown to a lady of rank who asked one of the shoemakers what he would charge for making her a pair of slippers, when he replied 'four shillings,' on which another exclaimed, 'I would do it '*only for the honour.*'

Sometimes a few of the pupils take to basket-making, but it does not generally prove a favourite trade. Tailoring, however, is readily adopted, and a lively board it is. Mr. Sidney gives a humorous description of their fitting Punch with a new suit preparatory to a grand performance of Punch and Judy; and gentlemen who go into the shop are eagerly asked if they have any loose buttons to sew on. One youth, he also tells us, who was deemed altogether impracticable, now makes good trowsers and waistcoats, and is becoming a clever hand at coats. In this work, as well as in the shoemaking, a cutter-out is required; but the sewing is so good that at one time much journey-work was sent to the asylum at Colchester, and satisfaction was given. At Earlswood, now, every suit worn in the establishment is made in these shops, and gives full employment.

Some reclaimed idiots make excellent carpenters, and several have quitted the asylum who are now earning good wages as journeymen under due supervision, getting as much, near

London, as from four to five shillings a day. What a change is this from being drivellers, moping in a lane or street, teazed by idle boys, or slobbering in helpless degradation in a seat in some cottage, where the parent's eye glistens with tears as it looks on such a revolting offspring! Doors, tables, desks, chests of drawers, and all sorts of carpenter and cabinet-work are readily made by the pupils, and they can be produced in sufficient quantity to supply all that is needed for furniture in a large asylum. At Earlswood there are about twenty such carpenters at this time, who show their work with an eagerness that is sometimes dangerous to the feet of those who examine it, lest the heavy articles they hold up should fall upon them, for now and then there are such accidents in the struggle for approbation.

In the same way, all sorts of useful employments are devised for the females, and some of them become so good at household work that they make valuable servants, and diminish the number that it is needful to hire. A great many can be taught needlework so well that all required for a large asylum may be done by them with a certain amount of guidance and help, while a dozen or more may be constantly employed in repairing the clothing and linen. It has been before noticed that some of the fancy work is beautiful; but this is only an indulgence consequent on the previous work being useful, and so allowed as an encouragement, which is found to have a quickening influence.

No idiot asylum should be without a farm and a garden, and if the number of pupils is large they should be of considerable extent. There are between twenty and thirty farmers and gardeners at Earlswood, while at Essex Hall the employment of pupils able to do the work assigned to them in the garden has long been found most attractive and beneficial. In the first-named place the garden consists of about eight acres, and is admirably kept by the young gardeners under superintendence. The vegetables required in the establishment are well and abundantly grown, and in the flower borders, which are in excellent taste, it is almost impossible to find a weed. There is a greenhouse, and also there are some frames for preserving the plants to be bedded out in the summer, and every part of them has been made in the place in a workmanlike manner. Now and then at both the asylums just named, prizes have been gained for cucumbers, celery, and other produce, at the neighbouring horticultural shows, to the great joy and triumph of their growers. Such an occupation has a most happy influence on the imbeciles employed in it, while it secures abundance of excellent

fresh vegetables and summer and winter fruits for their use, a part of their diet of great importance.

To see the poor fellows watching their plants and trees, and in summer parading near the peas and currants, with their clackers to frighten the birds, is a most exhilarating spectacle when contrasted with the uselessness and wretchedness of their previous lives. The great object of ambition, however, is to be a farmer. 'I am a farmer now,' is the proudest boast of some poor fellow promoted to that post. The attention paid to the live animals of the farm is unfailing; whatever danger of neglect keepers of cows might fear from the boys who tend them, there is none from the idiots. The cows are the special object of their regard, and when a calf comes, or a litter of pigs, they are welcomed and cared for with enthusiasm, and they will run eagerly to the house to tell of the addition to the stock; only perhaps in mistaken terms, as one boy did out of breath—'Sir, sir, the pig has *calved*.' All the hay of a large acreage is easily made by the idiots, only they would fail without guidance in constructing the ricks. Idiot haymakers are a joyous company, and the hay-field is a source of pleasure to those too feeble to do any work in it. Nor is this labour without profit, for the farm produce has been sold at Earlswood for more than 1,000*l.* in one year. Some boys are trusted with milking, and nothing in the way of pleasure would keep them from this duty, to which they go just before the tea is ready. Somebody asked one of them who sat tugging at a cow's dug after all the milk seemed to have been exhausted, 'How do you know when to leave 'off?' 'Oh,' said he, 'when the tea-bell rings.' It is a pleasant sight to see them come in from the farm to a meal; how carefully they wash their hands, and clean their shoes, and take off their working clothes to go into the common eating-room neat and with all propriety. It would have been considered as utterly impossible to have achieved such order and decorum with pupils whose previous habits tended to the reverse, but it may be witnessed daily.

Indeed the sight of a large company of well-trained idiots at table is most remarkable, and none are allowed to dine in the principal dining-hall, till they have achieved all the acts of feeding and sitting at their meals with due decorum. When they first come into the establishment, unless they belong to the class who mope and are sluggish, they are as greedy and ravenous as wild beasts, seizing and bolting every thing brought near them in the way of food, with a tendency, if not checked, to gorge themselves to excess. In time, however,

they are brought to enter the apartment in regular order, the females arranging themselves on one side, and the males on the other. By means of apparatus for the purpose, the room being close to and upon the level with the kitchen, the dinner with the portion of each on a separate plate is served in a very short time. No one begins till all are served, when they sing under the leadership of their master, a short grace, and then commence. There is no apparent greediness, no unseemly feeding, but they form a cheerful and well-conducted company, much gratified by the notice of visitors. The dinner concludes, as it began, with another grace, and the room is quitted in a quiet and orderly manner. Some of the pay cases at Earlswood have a dining-room apart, where the meal is served as nearly as possible in the way they would have it at home, and thus when restored to their friends they are not excluded from the family dinner because of any improprieties. The preparation for dinner in the kitchen is a lively scene at Earlswood, for there are about a dozen of the pupils engaged as cooks in a subordinate capacity, and they are dressed in white with the usual caps, looking the perfection of cleanliness and neatness. They work with the greatest delight in this employment, and are very fond of it. This occupation does not interfere with the work at any trade, and it is one of those beneficial changes in the daily routine which are found so desirable. One boy has extreme pleasure in washing the plates and dishes, doing it well. So absorbed is he in this undertaking, that it is his principal thought; and when asked which he liked best, his present or former residence, he replied 'O, this, because there 'is a better sink here.' Amongst the cooks there is one noticed by Mr. Sidney as the strangest specimen of unequal powers that could be found. A real simpleton, utterly without judgment, he has a memory that is prodigious, and a singular tendency to make puns. When spoken to about his kitchen duties, he said, 'Though I am a *cook*, I hope I shall never be a *sauce-* '*box*.' Being wonderfully versed in history, he was requested to describe the Rye-House Plot, when busy helping to make a pudding, but he excused himself by remarking drolly, 'I am 'so busy with the *meal-tub plot*, just now, that I have no time 'to tell you about the *Rye-House Plot*.' If desired to give an account of almost any prominent event in ancient or modern history, he will repeat whole pages of what he has read, and there is no stopping him. When giving the history of Talleyrand in no complimentary terms, he was interrupted by a high dignitary of the Church, so he said sharply, 'he was one of the 'clergy, any how,' and went off to his cookery quite affronted.

Besides his work in the kitchen, he is a good shoemaker, but in all other things a palpable imbecile. How impossible is it, in the present state of our knowledge, to account for such a human being, with a memory of incredible power, with a capability of exercising a certain handicraft, and yet without any faculty that could guide him in the commonest paths of daily life! It may seem trifling to enter into the particulars adduced in the few last pages, but on reflection it must be seen we could not otherwise properly describe the characters of those to whom the benefits have accrued from the endeavours made to rescue them from the slough of their condition. The last-mentioned pupil was called by Mr. Sidney 'the historical cook,' and he is also alluded to by Mr. Brady, who says of him: 'He can repeat 'whole pages of history. We asked him several questions, 'nearly all of which he answered with marvellous accuracy. 'Amongst his replies, he gave us an account of the Peloponnessian War, showing that he was intimately acquainted with 'its details. He mentioned its duration, date, and cause; the 'resources of the combatants; the gains and losses on either side; 'the temporary peace; the renewal of the war after the Spartan 'success; and the final defeat of the Athenians by Lysander.' Another of these cooks delights in mincing the food for those who cannot masticate, and at present do not dine at the principal table. He works with an ingenious apparatus which reduces the food to the condition of potted meat. Not one of these youths when they came to the institution could have been trusted near a fire,—a fact which strongly attests the judgment and skill by which they have been made so docile and useful.

Much depends on classification, and hence arises one great advantage of an asylum on a large scale like that so skilfully managed by Dr. Down, who makes it a point of the greatest care. Even the amusements of the pupils are thus regulated, as it would be obviously absurd to let any one of them belong to a group with powers he did not possess. Hence all the playrooms and games are arranged to meet the requirements of the inmates of different degrees. Cricket requires considerable bodily activity and a quick eye, yet here are a few who play very neatly, and in Essex they were sometimes invited to carry on the game in the grounds of neighbouring gentlemen, who kindly fêted the players and made them very happy by such an indulgence. Croquet is also a favourite game, but every one must be led to these exercises for pleasure, according to the grade of the class to which each belongs. There are abundance of cheerful methods also of entertaining the pupils both male

and female gathered together; as Punch and Judy, the magic lantern, the oxy-calcium microscope, and the band, of which the attendants are the chief musicians, while one of the pupils plays the big drum, and another the triangle, keeping good time, which is the great difficulty. Idiots easily learn tunes, but few however can master notes and time. Many concerts take place at Earlswood in the winter season, and parties are invited to them. They add much to the life of the place, and are extremely prized by the pupils. At Christmas they have a regular performance of a charade or some kindred spectacle, in which the attendants are the actors, accompanied by some forty of their charge. The dialogues are all written by Dr. Down, and Mrs. Down arranges the scenery and dresses, all of which are executed in the house. One performance last year was attended by more than three hundred inmates, and a good many of the neighbouring gentry who came as visitors, expressed the greatest wonder and satisfaction at the intense enjoyment and behaviour of the uncommon audience. The best of the pupils profit much by excursions to the sea-side or to the Crystal Palace; and indeed by any well-selected change that tends to awaken their faculties, and to excite them in a right direction.

From the statements which have been cursorily made, it will be evident that those who peruse the books in our list will find them to contain no common matter for reflection; but we propose still further to elucidate the subject by allusion to special examples, contrasting their present with their former condition. In no other way can the work be appreciated, nor the transforming efficacy of the appliances made use of comprehended. The promoters of the Philadelphian Institution or Training School considered that much service would accrue to the cause of the idiot by publishing a brief history of twenty-two imbecile children, and the volume came out with the title of 'The Mind Unveiled.' To make it as attractive as possible it was embellished by photographs of some of the most peculiar examples, and the descriptions of each are written in an agreeable style. One of them is designated 'A boy that we are 'proud of,' and in his appearance as seen in the photograph, though the expression of the countenance may seem singular when viewed closely, there is nothing to indicate his condition. Yet he was an idiot of the most depraved class—'a *moral* idiot,' with no fear of the consequences of doing wrong, and very dishonest; with 'a good share of secretiveness too, so that 'the most disguised cross-questioning rarely discovered the 'truth. His honest face covered the most mature dishonesty.'

A more cunning thief could not be conceived, and on coming to the asylum he soon ran away; and he was, besides, deplorably ignorant and indifferent. He was subject to chorea, could scarcely speak, and was as obstinate as a mule. Judicious treatment soon began to alter his conduct, and it was found that his great delight was to hear some narrative well told; and by taking advantage of this propensity he soon became an attentive listener to beneficial lessons, and he was found to have a susceptible heart, as easily led into right as it had been darkened and misled by wrong. He gave evidence in time of strong religious feeling, and became so honest that he was trusted with money, while in the schoolroom his progress was surprising. The chorea ceased to affect his gait as before, and instead of thieving he gave a poor woman in poverty and rags a large portion of his Christmas savings, describing himself when asked how he felt after his charity, as 'feeling big in here,' laying his hand on his heart with great pathos. Interesting as his case is, the accounts of several of the girls are equally worthy of attention, especially a group called 'Our Sewing Girls.' But it is desirable to show an alteration in one of the very lowest cases, and we have not room for more. This example goes by the name of 'Our Southern Boy.' He is photographed exercising the dumb bells with his teacher; he appears to be well formed, but his countenance is of a low type of expression. His condition was so unpromising that he 'employed no articu-
'late speech, either by persuasion or imitation, and expressed
'no natural wants, even by signs.' 'We considered him,' the account says, 'one of our lowest cases of idiotcy. No dawn of
'cheering intelligence beamed from those leaden eyes; no smile
'of pleasure played over those marred features; the semblance
'of man only was seen—impassive, unobserving, and intellectu-
'ally dead. He would lounge by the hour basking himself in
'the warm sun; no question could arouse him, no want compel
'him to change his favourite place.' Every conceivable attempt was for a long time made in vain to stimulate him to some exertion; efforts were directed to make him use his limbs in walking, aided by support, but he resisted violently, making horrible grimaces. Nothing was ever apparently noticed by him till he saw a coloured man, such as he used to see in the South, whence he came; and he seemed to recognise him with pleasure, exclaiming 'Oh you!' as if in dim remembrance of his former home. All attempts to make him move frightened him, and when tempted by the odour of dinner, which alone could rouse him, it was amusing to see him crawl down stairs feet foremost. Swings, rocking boats,

ladders, wheelbarrows, all seemed to terrify him; and though liking music, when drawn to it he resisted, crying, 'Oh! my 'sakes! I's scared; car' me out.' At last he was pushed towards the black board, kicking and screaming, with a bit of chalk in his hand, with which he was made to mark the board, and this pleased him so that he soon took to making random markings. Still there was no other sign of the least independent action till he was observed *playing with a straw*, which he discontinued as soon as perceived, being at the time a bit of an impostor. His teacher, however, made this trifle an interesting point in his development; it was one of those first and feeblest in the series of voluntary actions which those engaged in the training of idiots so well know how to turn to good account. One day he was suddenly made to take a walk, and became roused by a series of incidents. At length he became imitative, called a puppy 'pretty little dog,' after pretending to be terrified at it, took an interest in pictures, and seeing one of a fox, said, 'Stinky,' the Southern name for the animal. In time his indolence was overcome, and he became fond of the exercises he so vehemently resisted; was the first to run when the call was given, 'Ladder-boys, form line,' and took to dancing after genuine plantation fashion to the music of the violin, as well as to joining occasionally in the school choruses. In other respects also he made gradual advances, the first indication of his case becoming at all practicable being the circumstance of his playing of his own account with a straw, which showed to the skilled observer that there were in him both will and power if they could be elicited.

We have seen that in our asylums encouragement is wisely given to certain amusements, and when they become exercises of ideality they are improving. Such are the charades and pantomimes at Earlswood, and in the Pennsylvanian Asylum they have curious original plays. A young child in the normal condition amuses himself greatly by personifying things about him—making one chair his horse, another his carriage, whipping away as if his imaginations were realities. An uneducated idiot never does this, nor till he begins to advance does he ever find a way to amuse himself that at all approaches to the likeness of an ordinary child, any approximation to which is an encouraging sight to those who have the care of him. Every phase approaching the normal is hailed with much pleasure, and mimic play, whether at an imaginary meal, or horses, or any little thing, is a proof of progress. When invention appears, it denotes an approximation towards the imagery of healthful childhood, and there is hope that much may accrue from it.

In the volume from which our American cases have been taken we are told that the pupils were so much awakened, as to have originated a drama so peculiar that the like, probably, has never been played, except it may be the 'Malade Imaginaire.' This farce, for so it is, they called 'The Doctor.' One boy falls in a violent epileptic convulsion, well assumed; a girl, called 'the good old soul,' nurses the patient, shouting for the doctor. In comes the doctor, generally tardy, but now very brisk, and administers his remedies, while the patient indicates returning consciousness by showing the greatest disgust for them. Another pretends a bad fever, and the doctor is hurried off, till at length half-a-dozen victims are prostrated, and the doctor is in the most ludicrous perplexity. The compiler of the narrative, Dr. Kerlin, of Germanstown, describes this 'as a 'most amusing drama;' but the most extraordinary part of it is, that it should be entirely due to the fancy of the imbecile actors.

Whatever may be thought of these specimens of idiots under culture on the other side of the Atlantic, they are all much surpassed by an individual at Earlswood, described by Mr. Sidney, as proving how possible it is for one defective in many powers to have special capabilities beyond the ordinary standard. Some years ago a boy came under the care of the establishment belonging to this asylum, then at Essex Hall. He was of well-proportioned frame, but with a singularly formed head, and wild, sullen, and with scarcely any speech. He was in fact the pupil who was six months learning the difference between a dog's head and his tail. If spoken to he uttered by no means pleasant sounds, and when corrected would run away and hide himself if possible. It is not necessary to give in detail the history of his progress, but his accomplishments at this time are such as to enable him to earn his own living and even more in the establishment, while his smile is most agreeable, and his manners very attractive, indeed refined. Yet even now his speech is scarcely intelligible to those who know him well, and he has not a quality of any kind which could enable him without guidance to manage even small sums of money, or the simplest economy of daily life. Yet he is a carpenter and cabinet-maker, the workman to whose skill is due a great deal of the neat furniture of the house; and he can paint, glaze, and varnish in excellent style. Many of the doors are made and finished by him. He runs with the rapidity of an American Indian, fences so as to compete with a good master, and plays the drum in the band. More than this, he has made a model of a man-of-war which has been several

times exhibited in London, and accomplished his first attempt at this achievement merely by seeing a drawing of one on a figured handkerchief. He was told that the instant it was launched it would fall on its side for want of ballast and due calculation, but would not believe it till he witnessed the disaster, to his own dismay. Another effort was made, and the finish, proportions, and general plan are now perfect. He was furnished with metal guns by the generosity of a member of the board, and to hear him explain his ingenious methods of proceeding, as he stands before his model, is perfectly unlike anything else ever seen or heard; while his meaning must be more than half guessed, from his want of words and expression. He is now making a model of the 'Great Eastern' iron ship, thirteen feet long. He has made all the working drawings, and will accomplish the feat admirably. From morning to night he is constantly employed, and when his regular work in the carpenter's shop ceases for the use of the house, he spends his time in these sort of fancy works, including a gigantic flying kite, and in copying fine engravings. These drawings, in dark and coloured chalk, are most meritorious, and many of them, framed and glazed by himself, adorn the corridor and other parts of the asylum. One was graciously approved and accepted by the Queen, who was kindly pleased to send the artist a present; and Mr. Sidney had the honour of showing some of them to the Prince Consort, no common judge of art, who expressed the greatest surprise that one so gifted was still to be kept in the category of idiots, or ever had been one. His Royal Highness was particularly astonished, not merely by his copies of first-rate engravings, but by an imaginary drawing made by him of the siege of Sebastopol, partly from the 'Illustrated London 'News' and partly from his own ideas. He dislikes writing and holds it very cheap, and, like the ancient inhabitants of certain portions of the American continent, would make his communications pictorial. If offended and intending to complain, he draws the incident, and makes his views of things about the house and his requests known in the same way. He has made a drawing of the future launch of his great ship, himself the principal figure and all the inmates of the house cheering him and waving their caps. In short, he has seemingly just missed, by defect in some faculties and the want of equilibrium in those he possesses, being a distinguished genius. He is passionate in temper, but relents and punishes himself; he set a trap for Dr. Down, when he offended him, but was very sorry for it; he kicked a panel out of a door in a rage, and afterwards refused to go to Brighton on an excursion of pleasure because

he did not deserve it for this misconduct. He is conscientious, gentle, and generally well behaved, and is now considered on the staff, dines with the attendants, and, some say, he fancies the establishment could scarcely go on without him. He has a brother afflicted with the same malady as himself in the asylum, to whom his attentions are constant and affectionate. To explain the physical and psychological mysteries of such a human being is beyond the present powers of any known science, and must puzzle the most ingenious speculators on the frontal, parietal, temporal, and occipital divisions of the human skull, as indicating idiotcy or normal powers. There is no knowing what an idiot can do till tried, and such as can be taught nothing in one way may learn much in another. For instance, a girl clever at arithmetic, persisted in calling the first three rules *contrition*, *consumption*, and *distraction*, instead of their proper names. The youth just described, with all his cleverness could never be made to understand that an annual sum paid quarterly would equal in amount the same paid weekly; yet another, stupid at all other things, will make arithmetical calculations, mentally, of great extent, with perfect accuracy and marvellous readiness.

No condition of those afflicted with this malady need be despaired of in experienced and judicious hands. It is not long since Dr. Down, the physician at Earlswood, was requested to see a boy living in London with his mother and sisters, and who was becoming altogether unmanageable. He was filthy, obstinate, and dangerous to a degree that caused him to be dreaded. Dr. Down recommended his being sent to Earlswood,—advice very reluctantly taken. He came in a horrid condition, and was to all appearance hopelessly vicious, at first refusing every kindness and even food, threatening any person who came near him, thinking to terrify his attendants as he had done his relatives. Dr. Down met his menaces kindly, by perseverance won him, and in a month changed him into a tractable being. When this was reported to his mother, she became uneasy, fearing that violent measures had been taken, and hastened to the asylum. Placed in one of the rooms, she saw her son cross the garden, and heard Dr. Down ask him to gather him a rose, which he brought, to her astonishment, to the doctor in a pleasant manner. It was still thought advisable that he should, during this visit of his mother, not know that she was present. In two months from this time they were allowed to meet, and she talked with joy to her altered son. She declared that all was to her a mystery, for nothing but brute force could do anything with him before;

and here was the great mistake. This unpromising youth joined the party in the carpenter's shop, working diligently and cheerfully at this trade of his own selection. The proper method was here pursued by the judicious and experienced physician, and the issue was a great success. Itard failed with the wild boy of Arveyron who roamed in the woods and was caught rolling in the snow, because he treated him not as an idiot but as a savage.

The writings from which most of these cases are selected are all replete with instances of success. It must be most gratifying in an asylum to see the reclaimed patients doing the work of the establishment, and rendering fewer servants necessary in almost every department. Some are even sent to purchase articles at shops, and on various errands of confidence. It scarcely ever happens that they fail in their particular message, but what they may have to say on returning from a neighbouring town is impossible to predict. For instance, a boy came home from a place where an election was going on and said the successful candidate *had won the pig.* Every one was puzzled till it was made out that he was at *the head of the poll,* which the poor imbecile thought meant *the pole,* and supposed that he had been climbing a greasy pole, as they do in rustic games, for the prize of a fat pig! The carrier at Earlswood has passed through many grades of occupation, having been a tailor, cook, gardener, mason, and farmer. He now goes to Redhill two or three times a day, and is entirely to be trusted. He was originally a pitiable specimen, skulking about in his native place with pockets full of torn leaves of books and filthy bits of newspaper, all the rude boys around following and teazing him. He has now been taught all the employments named, and exhibits a feeling of religion and a sense of duty of the most exemplary kind, being truthful, extremely well-behaved, well versed in the Scriptures, and rebuking every kind of deception or impropriety, while he himself is an admirable example.

Enough has now been stated to convince all inquirers that the pains taken with idiots have not been unrequited. Mr. Sidney assures us that he has known parents to come and inquire for their child, and were unable to recognise him in a group when requested to do so; and he says he has seen a mother standing on the steps before the door of the asylum and turning her son round and round with amazement, till the tears of joy flowed down her cheeks. We cannot therefore do otherwise than recognise with satisfaction the efforts now making in this nation to reclaim and educate idiots, and

indeed in all parts of the world. It has been a happy and successful experiment, but there is much still to learn, and the progress of the work needs great vigilance and care, so that we may hope that if the British Isles do actually contain 50,000 idiots or imbeciles, as has been asserted, they may all more or less find at least some effectual palliation of their wretched condition.

'The patient and well-directed efforts made in asylums already existing' (says Dr. Conolly) 'for the imbecile and idiotic children, have proved that the senses may be educated, the muscular movements and powers improved, and the mental faculties in every case more or less cultivated. The faculty of speech may be, we may almost say, bestowed on many who appear at first to be unable to employ articulate language: all their habits may be amended; industrial power may be imparted to them; all their moral feelings awakened, and even devotional aspirations given to those in whom the attributes of soul were so obscured as to seem to be wanting.'

All cannot be equally improved, but it is rare to discover a single instance in which some benefit is not imparted, while many may be raised to a position of social comfort, and to gain a good livelihood by the exercise of their respective handicrafts under vigilant employers to whom they act as journeymen. Thus the solitary and useless are made social and industrious, while, relieved from the blight of their deplorable condition, they become conscious of their humanity, as well as, in a measure, independent, happy, and confident, instead of helpless, sad, and distrustful.

Nothing more surprises a visitor to a well-managed asylum for imbeciles, than the entire absence of that gloom which most persons naturally expect to find hanging over it like a dark cloud. Mr. Sidney assures us that a summer fête at Earlswood was a truly joyous scene, and all the preparations for it in the shape of tents, flags, and preparations for games, gave the grounds before the building the aspect of great gaiety. These of course would be readily provided by generous promoters of the charity anxious to give the inmates the pleasure of a gala; but the real matter of astonishment was in the fact that nearly every one of these useful and ornamental appendages of the holiday were made in the institution, and had been erected, coloured, painted, and otherwise decorated by the inmates. The same operatives constructed a balloon, painted and repaired Punch and Judy, and set out the croquet and wickets for cricket. Some formed a Nigger Troupe, and with blackened faces and grotesque dresses joined the attendants in a performance of great humour. Many of the pupils were to be

seen leading their infirm fellows, and carefully tending them during the routine of the day. Nothing could be more decorous or more joyous, the discipline being perfectly maintained with the utmost liberty for the most unrestrained pleasure; and not a spectator left that home of those who but for the exertions made in their behalf would have been outcasts, without expressions of gratification and the conviction that the work was eminently compensating.

The consequences of judicious care bestowed by friends of the feeble-minded on the unfortunates to whom they are directed, we have described and illustrated by examples of individual benefit; we must now take a larger view as regards their extended influence on this mournfully numerous and helpless portion of the human family. To give freedom and happiness to thousands of imprisoned minds and miserable beings, is worthy of the anxious consideration of philanthropists in all nations. Wherever the great double experiment has been made—for it is double, medicinal and instructive, the skilled physician and patient teacher going hand in hand—*all* patients have been improved in personal appearance, health, habits, and comfort; *most* in vigour, decency, self-control, perception, speech, and knowledge of objects; *many* in powers of all kinds, observation, manners, thought, habits, pursuits, industry, and religion; while *some* are actually fitted to mingle with the world, and even educated persons, with due care. This age, in which men have penetrated into the hidden *forces* of matter, has also made great discoveries as regards the connexion between *organism* and mind. Hence it has been enabled to replace both senses in the cases of the blind and deaf mutes, and to raise defective powers in an idiot, kindness being the key-note of all progress.

In addition to the benefits conferred on the individuals who are raised by these institutions to the level of humanity, science has everything to gain from a more extended and systematic observation of the phenomena of idiotcy. Inquiry may be made into all that has any bearing on cases of congenital idiots, and we may at last arrive at some more definite view of the causes of this malady than the present guess-work, on which, because it is so, we forbear to speculate. Most men who have thought much on the subject have had their notions and theories; but we are far from knowing certainly how it has happened that human beings have been born, in whom the harmony of nature has been so disturbed by the excesses or defects of physical constitution. American writers have been very forward in propounding their views, and we think they

had been more prudent and philosophical if they had waited for more complete investigation. We can only say of these helpless ones that they have entered life in a state of imperfection that has hitherto been regarded as hopeless; but by the means used to convert the hopeless into hopeful human beings, we shall best learn the needful lessons of every kind respecting them. We find in all a more or less incomplete physical structure; the bony parts of the body are fragile, the teeth are subject to very early decay, the muscles are infirm and often flabby, the gait is ill-balanced, the appetite is voracious, while the digestion is imperfect, the taste has no discrimination, the sensations are benumbed, and the blood and secretions impure. To make accurate investigation into all these things, with a view to beneficial operations, is due from society to the thousands of its members who are blighted and bowed down by them. No single accompaniment of such a condition, if it prevails largely, may be deemed unimportant, whether it belongs to one organ or another, to the brain, the tongue, the ear, the nose, the lips, the palate, or any part of the body.

Certain peculiarities of the ear are often seen in idiots. At one time there was a girl at Essex Hall whose ears were enormous and flapped about in the most extraordinary manner, giving her an appearance singularly strange and grotesque, the more so as she was very lively and good-humoured, with a marked expression of drollery. There is an idea that the brain and these derangements mutually affect each other. The lobule of the ear and its position with regard to the cheek, as well as the formation of the helix, present, it is said, peculiar modifications in idiots, and also sometimes in lunatics, while there is often a flaccidity in the fleshy parts, which are turgid and not symmetrical with those on the other side of the head. Nor is it unlikely that these several varieties from the normal condition may be due to a certain defective circulation, which may extend to the internal tissues of the brain, having at the same time relation to the encephalic development and that of the skull.

We have previously referred to the observations of Dr. Down with regard to certain facial inequalities perceptible in idiots, and they were made upon two hundred cases taken without any special selection from a larger number. He well remarks that the opinions formed of idiots have arisen more from the representations of poets and romance-writers than from the deductions of rigid observation. Persons think their heads are formed like that in Lavater's portrait, or Homer's description of Thersites, so that all their notions are built on the strongest exaggerations, and not on true investigations of

their physical and psychical conditions, which are the only real tests of their state. As in the case of the ear, so the formation of the mouth is often aberrant. The palate is found to be inordinately arched, and also unsymmetrical, one side plane, the other concave, or sometimes excessively flattened, while its veil, called the *velum palati,* is unusually flaccid, or the palate itself exceedingly narrow. The faulty nature of the teeth has been before alluded to; they are not only so in the way previously mentioned, but are irregular, crowded, sometimes to a degree of deformity, and all due to the imperfect development of the superior maxillary bone. The tongue likewise is out of order, so that many cannot protrude it, or is of inordinate size, resulting in defective articulation. Besides these defects, the tonsils and the mucous membrane are disordered, to which may be added elongation of the uvula. The flow of saliva from the mouth is another symptom of idiotcy, and it is sometimes so excessive as to produce severe excoriation of the chin, and it is rarely unconnected, except in childhood, old age, or disease, or injury, with mental imbecility. This great secretion of saliva and its incontinent retention are capable of much improvement. All these observations are worthy of attention, because they exhibit the bodily characteristics of a class whose mental vigour is infirm; and the inference of Dr. Down is unquestionable, that the psychical condition of these unfortunates should be specially sought to be ameliorated by an improvement of their physical condition. One conclusion seems to be certainly arrived at, which is, that the many different manifestations of want of harmony between the physical and mental powers of idiots are due either to some defect in the bodily organs, or to the derangement of their functions. To this it may be added, as is done by the author of the report of the New York Asylum, 'that amidst all the diversities just alluded 'to there is one common point of resemblance not of a physical 'character, and that is the want of attention.' Evidently this is due to an inability, arising from some physical cause, to concentrate the faculties and powers on a given object. This means that these faculties and powers are in such a state that they refuse, to the natural and normal extent, to obey the will. In allusion to this condition of all idiots in greater or less degree, the writer last referred to has the following observations:—

'One peculiarity of our system of instruction consists, then, mainly in creating this power of attention; in the first place by exciting the will by appropriate stimuli, and then by its continued exercise giving it the capability to control the other attributes of the indi-

vidual. It should be mentioned, because of its relation to our mode of education, that there is a natural order both in the succession in which the will obtains the supremacy over the other powers, and also in the means by which that will is developed and strengthened. We see it in the infant naturally well endowed, and especially in the idiot, because of the more gradual progress in the control it first acquires over the muscular system, then over the intellect, and finally over the desires, the appetites, and the passions. That natural order in the means by which the will is developed is learned by a similar observation, and the knowledge of it has its practical value in our course of instruction. It is first excited by the instincts, then by the appetite; still again by the desires, the intellect, and finally the moral powers. Thus a child is sometimes seen who, with no lack of muscular power, is unwilling to take anything in his hand. The fear of falling, one development of the instinct of self-preservation, will, however, lead him to grasp with firmness the rounds of a ladder rather than suffer injury. Then he will hold food in his hand, or a cup of water, to gratify his appetite. Next he is induced to hold an object in his hand, to gratify his senses or his curiosity with reference to it. And so he goes from one step to another, the discipline acquired in accomplishing the lower enabling him to achieve the higher. Physical training will, then, form the basis of all well-directed efforts for the education of idiots; first, because of its direct effect to obviate the existing peculiarity of physical condition; and secondly, because the gymnastic exercises constituting the physical training may be designed and adapted to develope the power of attention in conformity with the natural order of succession.'

These are in truth the ideas which have been made to operate on the idiot with so much practical benefit both in Europe and in America, and if well reflected upon they will be found not merely to form the basis of the education of the imbecile, but, as has been hinted before, of those gifted with ordinary powers. All teachers may learn from the methods with idiots at Earlswood and elsewhere that no lesson, no pursuit ought, when once attention to it has been obtained, to be made fatiguing, and that a prudent change from one object to another, at due intervals, is absolutely essential. A *genius* may be stunted by over-work and mental fatigue, in the same way as the little *germ* of thought which lies buried in a deficient organism may be apparently extinguished; but both may be brought out by proper means. The difference between the teachers of the two is, that the one must reach to the height of the mental powers and bodily capabilities, while the other must be able to probe to the lowest depth of the concealed and feeble faculties. We agree with Mr. Sidney that

'the advancements made in the teaching of idiots will not be

without great practical use in teaching others, and bringing to the mind many things of importance that have been overlooked. It will especially throw light on bodily training, as a valuable agent in assisting the mental and moral powers, though it has frequently been regarded merely as promotive of muscular strength and manual dexterity. Corporeal exercises in children need not be only idle amusements and useless pastimes—they may be made of more service, both for the intellect and the organism, than ill-considered tasks and injudicious lessons.'

The eminent medical gentlemen both in America, Great Britain, and other parts of Europe, who have assisted in the amelioration of the condition of the imbecile, ought to be regarded as amongst the truest benefactors of the pitiable objects afflicted by this dreadful calamity. In England, the asylum at Earlswood is worthy of the benevolence of a great nation, and we trust it has become a model and a stimulus in the right direction to the entire civilised world; for where is the community that has not been troubled with the disfiguring presence of idiotcy, often studiously concealed and disregarded, but till these days of highly developed Christian philanthropy and science, never attempted to be solaced or improved by the skilled and benevolent hand of enlightened charity?

ART. III.—*A New History of Painting in Italy, from the Second to the Sixteenth Century.* By J. A. CROWE and G. B. CAVALCASELLE, Authors of 'The Early Flemish 'Painters.' 8vo. 2 vols. London: 1864.

WHEN Southey was presented by the publishers with a copy of Dr. Aikin's 'Select Works of the British Poets, from 'Ben Jonson to Beattie,' he observed that if he had been the compiler of that book, he should have ended just where Dr. Aikin began. If any literary man, in the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds, had composed two thick octavo volumes, containing more than twelve hundred pages, on the history of Italian painting, he would probably have begun exactly where Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have ended. They have not yet entered on the ground which alone he would have thought it worth while to traverse, and they have devoted all this labour and research to a period which would have appeared to him utterly dark and worthless. So it is, however; and we are happy to welcome two volumes containing so much accurate research and so much just criticism on those painters who lived before the close of the fifteenth century.

If we desire to know what was the taste of England in matters of painting a little more than a hundred years ago, let us turn to Horace Walpole's preface to his 'Ædes Walpolianæ,' or Catalogue of the Houghton Collection.* He tells us that painting —

'revived again in the person of Cimabue, who was born in 1240. Some of his works are remaining at Florence; and at Rome, and in other cities, are to be seen the performances of his immediate successors: but as their works are only curious for their antiquity, not for their excellence, and as they are not to be met with in collections, I shall pass over those fathers in painting to come to the year 1400, soon after which the chief schools began to form themselves. Andrea Mantegna was born in the year 1431, and of himself formed that admirable style which is to be seen in his triumphs of Julius Cæsar at Hampton Court.'

He then passes straight on to Raphael and Michael Angelo, and adds that the Roman school languished after the death of their disciples, but revived in almost all its glory in the person of — Andrea Sacchi, with whose name he couples that of Pietro da Cortona, and proceeds to Carlo Maratti. In another passage he says, as blaming the bad taste of his own times:—

'You will perhaps see more paid for a picture of Andrea del Sarto, whose colouring was a mixture of mist and tawdry, whose drawing was hard and forced, than for the most graceful air of a Madonna that ever flowed from the pencil of Guido.'

The exaggerated estimate of the Bolognese school which was then entertained is thus expressed:—

'This (the Bolognese school) which was as little inferior to the Roman as it was superior to all the rest; this was the school, that to the dignity of the antique joined all the beauty of living nature. There was no perfection in the others which was not assembled here. . . . . In one point, I think, the Bolognese painters excelled every other master: their draperies are in a greater taste than even Raphael's. In my opinion all the qualities of a great painter never met but in Raphael, Guido, and Annibal Carracci.'

The expressions employed in some of his sentences to characterise different artists, and mark their relative excellences, cannot fail to entertain the reader. He speaks of 'the sweet 'neatness of Albano, and the attractive delicacy of Carlo Ma-'ratti;' and in the same page he remarks that

'Rotterhamer and Paul Brill, who travelled in Italy, contracted as

* Written in 1743. It will be found in the second volume of the fourth edition of his works. (See for the following quotations, pp. 231, 226, 227–236.)

pleasing a style as any of the Italian masters. Lord Orford's landscapes of the latter are very near as fine, as pure, and as genteel as Claude's and Titian's.'

No word in the English language can in our ears be less applicable to the landscapes of Titian than the epithet 'genteel.'

When we come down later in the century, and turn to the Notes of Sir Joshua Reynolds, recently published by Mr. Tom Taylor, we find that our great painter in passing through Foligno contents himself with saying: 'Saw the picture by 'Raphael representing the Virgin and the Bambino.'* Even with reference to the Stanze of Raphael he expresses himself thus: 'Passing through on my return the rooms of Raphael, 'they appeared of an inferior order.' At Perugia not a word is said of the early works in the church of St. Francis. At Florence, Reynolds does not notice the works of Fra Angelico in the convent of St. Mark; and with reference to Santa Maria Novella, he writes: 'In the cloisters, the works of the Grecian 'painters'—meaning probably the frescoes of Gaddi and Memmi in the Capella degli Spagnuoli, but he adds nothing as to the work of Orcagna or the frescoes of Ghirlandaio—'the only lau-'datory mention,' says Mr. Taylor, 'of any work in Florence 'earlier than Raphael relates to the frescoes in the Brancacci 'Chapel.' Reynolds does not in these notes refer to the resemblance of Masaccio's figure of St. Paul to that of Raphael, although he dwells a good deal upon it in his twelfth discourse. This fact, as Mr. Taylor observes, renders it probable that he had not seen the cartoons when he left England, but he must have seen engravings from them. On the other hand, he observes that Raphael had borrowed his Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise from this series of frescoes. In other portions of his writings, however, Reynolds has shown that he could appreciate the simplicity and love of truth of the early masters; but his mind was of course swayed strongly by the dominant fashion of the day, which looked upon the works of the Bolognese painters as the most perfect productions of art. In writing of the pictures at Bologna he does not even allude to Francia.

We are heartily thankful for the change in opinion, which has thrown academical productions into the background, and has caused us to collect the works and explore the history of men who painted with a genuine tenderness and reverence, rather than with a view to certain rules of composition and

* Taylor's Life of Reynolds, vol. i. pp. 56, 41, 59, *n.* 61.

chiaroscuro. Our own leaning is altogether in favour of the masters who lived before the middle of the sixteenth century; but, on the other hand, we think Mr. Tom Taylor's caution is much needed: 'The fashionable judgment of our day is probably as unfair to the later Bolognese painters in the way of depreciating, as that of Reynolds's time was in exaggerating their merits. The early schools and painters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries now run nearly the same risk of being extravagantly over-praised and over-studied as they ran of being unjustly overlooked and undervalued a hundred years ago.'*

The real merits of the question at issue between the taste of the present day and that of the last century are not very easy to try; and there is an intolerance in matters of art, as there is in matters of religion and of government, which arises from an overweening estimate of the value of our own convictions as compared with those of other men. It is always easier to join a cry and cut the knot which presents a difficulty, than it is to weigh the arguments or analyse the feeling on which our prepossessions are founded. A man may deliberately prefer the earlier masters to those of the seventeenth century, and he may appreciate the solemn grandeur of a Gothic cathedral, whilst he is comparatively insensible to beauty of proportion as seen in a Greek temple or an Italian palace. But it is not necessary that he should treat as an idiot or as an incompetent critic every one whose sentiments on such matters of taste vary somewhat widely from his own. There are different types of excellence in pictorial art as there are in poetry; and that man receives the greatest amount of pleasure from both, who is able to feel the real excellence inherent in the masterpieces of different schools executed on different principles. Our admiration of Mr. Ruskin's acute and excellent discussions on matters of art is always diminished by the tendency which he shows to treat with contempt all who take for their guide a standard differing from his own. Because Turner was a great landscape painter, it does not seem to us to follow that Claude was a mere bungler or a mannerist; because the spire of Salisbury or the nave of Westminster Abbey are glorious works, it is not necessary to depreciate St. Paul's or Whitehall. Neither painting nor poetry can be felt as it ought to be felt, unless the reader or the spectator will take the trouble to understand and enter into the spirit in which the artist painted or the poet wrote.

---

* Taylor's Life of Reynolds, vol. i. p. 469.'

We will confine ourselves to painting. He who has to produce a picture must first conceive in his own mind the subject which he intends to paint, and he must embody that conception by means of certain outward forms and colours on the panel or the canvas. It may be that his conception of the subject is originally defective or vicious in taste and spirit; or it may be that from want of proper observation of nature, the absence of fitting models, or the lack of technical skill, he fails in conveying to the man who looks on the picture the conception which he had intended to convey. The earliest masters in modern painting before Cimabue were deficient in the first process. They had no adequate conception of the subjects which they intended to represent, and they had likewise no technical means at their command. Their works were not pictures properly so called; they were mere types or conventional memoranda by which they caused the person looking at them to think of our Lord or of the Virgin, but they did not tell their own story, or convey through the eye any distinct image to the mind of the worshipper. Cimabue's Virgin was a step in advance of this stage: it was grandiose and dignified, and so far as it went it impressed his contemporaries and others with a general notion of majesty. Giotto, on the other hand, conceived the scenes which he intended to depict clearly, forcibly, and naturally; but no doubt he yet wanted technical skill and the contrivances of maturer art. These appliances had been gradually accumulated by the time of Masaccio. Not only did that master know well what he meant to express, but the form in which he conceived it in his mind was appropriate to the subject, and admirably calculated to awaken in the spectator the emotions which the artist wished to excite; he possessed, moreover, the vigour of hand and the technical skill necessary for expressing his conceptions and giving them their full significance. So it was with Ghirlandaio: his conception of his subject was clear and straightforward; he felt what would tell the story, and could impart that story at a glance to the minds of others with unimpaired reality. So it was too with all the great masters. Yet they differed one from another, and each blended his representation with different qualities. Michael Angelo embodied his thoughts in shapes pregnant with all the force and grandeur which the human form is capable of expressing: Raphael clothed them in the most transparent beauty and the utmost harmony of lines: Correggio was able to shed over everything he painted a charm of reflected light and chiaroscuro which was sometimes, no doubt, marred by affectation: whilst Titian and the Venetian masters bathed

the forms which they present to us in all the gorgeousness of pure tints and brilliant colour.

But to appreciate properly the works of any one of these great men we must place ourselves, as it were, in a different point of view for each, and we must not expect to find in any case qualities inconsistent with the leading principle on which the artist worked.

In the Bolognese school this principle is not so distinctly shown as it is in the earlier masters, and the aim which the artist had in view is not so clear. Irrespective of the fact that they sometimes sought to combine incompatible advantages, we feel a misgiving that the plain conception of the story and its transmission into our mind, were not the main objects of the painter; we seem to see a conscious struggle for effect, and an anxiety to fill, in conformity with certain academical rules, a definite number of square feet of canvas. We mark an anxiety to balance the composition and to display a mastery in the drawing of the human figure, rather than to tell for our instruction the story which the painter has undertaken to represent.

Notwithstanding these defects in the Bolognese masters, they were great painters. No man can look at the works of the Carracci, or at those of Guido in his native city—at the Pietá, the St. Andrea Corsini, at his Crucifixion, and above all, perhaps, at his Aurora in Rome, without admiration. So it is with Domenichino in his Martyrdom of St. Agnes: the terror of the women and children and the figure of the executioner lying dead are marvellous. Sir Joshua, in his Notes, calls it 'perhaps the very best picture he ever painted.'*

There has been exaggeration on one side, and there is and will be exaggeration on the other; but the real technical power of the Bolognese school is not sufficient to outweigh their inferiority to the earlier masters in true feeling, simple poetic conception of their subjects, and straightforward simplicity in telling their story. The principles which led them astray—the delusion of eclecticism, and the thirst for academical style in an exaggerated form—ruined in later times the school of David and his followers, without allowing them to attain even one-tenth part of the excellence of the great school of Bologna; and those principles exercised their baneful influence over a great part of Europe. The French taste in art followed the victorious arms of Napoleon.

Let us listen to the account given by a critic in the

* Taylor's Live of Reynolds, vol. i. p. 471.

'Quarterly Review,' who tells us what took place on the restoration of the plundered works of art after the occupation of Paris in 1815. He says:—

'All the so-called primitive schools, then deemed barbarous, but including many pictures now recognised as some of the choicest ornaments of the Louvre, were, from contempt, or grudging of expense of transport, left behind. Such works as the "Coronation "of the Virgin," by Fra Angelico; the "Madonna della Victoria" and the "Crucifixion," by Mantegna; the "Visitation," by Ghirlandaio; the "Virgin and Saints," by Fra Filippo Lippi; and all the pictures by Perugino, were abandoned by their ungrateful owners to the çidevant conquerors without even the grace of a gift, not that the French of the day were particularly grateful. That they knew little of the value of these precious objects is proved by the readiness with which they had presented many of this class to the provincial museums. This is why we see the fine works by Mantegna at Tours, and why specimens of Perugino—some of them of the finest quality—may be found in such places as Caen, Toulouse, Nancy, Marseilles, Lyons, and other country collections. Once there they were doubly forgotten.' *

It is with some pride that Englishmen may point to the labours of Patch in the last century, as showing an appreciation of the works of the early Florentine masters, and as making a practical effort to rescue them from absolute oblivion.†

After the peace of 1815 the Germans were the first to show any genuine feeling for these painters, and in 1817 August Wilhelm von Schlegel published in Paris an excellent essay to accompany the outlines of the great picture of the Coronation of the Virgin by Fra Angelico.‡ This monograph is very good as a piece of criticism on the particular work of which it treats; and it is most instructive in the general remarks on the history of art which are contained in it. We venture to translate a portion, which we are sure our readers will peruse with pleasure:—

'Ancient and modern art are not only essentially different, but they are opposed to each other and cannot be measured by a common

---

* Quarterly Review, No. ccxxxiv., April, 1865, p. 321.

† Patch's engravings were published between 1770–1774. They included the gates of Ghiberti, the frescoes of Masaccio in the Brancacci Chapel (dedicated to Sir Horace Mann); those by Fra Bartolommeo in St. Mark's (dedicated to Horace Walpole); and those of Giotto, in the Manetti Chapel in the Carmine at Florence. These last were destroyed by fire in 1770.—See Nagler, Künstler Lexicon, in v. 'Patch.'

‡ Printed in his 'Kritische Schriften.' Berlin: 1828; b. ii. s. 371.

standard. The former has its origin in the bodily form, the latter in the emotions and feeling. In Greek art the human body was in the first place developed in all its perfection; all its movements and its powers were exactly imitated before the mind or the feelings expressed themselves in the face. Nay, more, even the dignity and beauty of the head, which, independently of all expression, depend on the proportion of the several parts, were comparatively a late discovery among the Greeks. With the old Christian painters, on the other hand, the body is imperfectly conceived and is treated as a mere appendage or necessary evil, whilst the nicest distinctions in expression are caught and expressed in the various faces: thus whilst the moderns succeeded in painting as it were the beauty of the soul, they have succeeded in representing the body only by imitating the antique. It is the business of a history of art to show how the difference of religion has produced these different directions in its progress. The further we go back into the history of ancient and modern art, the more exclusively do we find each devoted to religious objects.' (B. ii. s. 409.)

The two volumes of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's book already published are but an instalment, as the authors tell us in their preface, of a larger work. They contain—

'the history of painting complete to the close of the fourteenth century, partially so to the end of the fifteenth, leaving the sixteenth entirely untouched. Our future plan involves the termination of the fifteenth century, with a narrative of the decline of the Siennese and the rise of the Perugian schools, and the development of Venetian, Sicilian, and Neapolitan art. The lives of the Florentines of the next period will immediately follow, and be made to contrast with those of artists in other parts of Italy till the tide of the great revival halts at the full. This result we hope to attain in two subsequent volumes.' (Vol. i. p. vi.)

It was not till the tenth century that the Crucifixion and the Passion became popular subjects for art, and what Lady Eastlake calls the 'realistic' conception of them was reserved for still later times. The physical sufferings of Christ and of the early martyrs were afterwards dwelt on with especial care and minuteness by the painters and sculptors of Spain. In early Christian Art it is not so much the objects of reverence themselves which are presented to the eye, as symbols which suggest a spiritual meaning and lead to a certain train of thought. It is curious, however, that the type of head appropriated to St. Peter and St. Paul respectively is distinguishable in the paintings of the Catacombs of Naples at a very early period. Rumohr conceives that if we set aside what is doubtful, the oldest remains of Christian art may be

considered to belong to the fourth century after Christ*; and by the end of the second, art had already declined so much, that little technical excellence or skill in execution can be looked for in the monuments of that time.

To the wall paintings of the Catacombs succeeded the works in mosaic which adorned the basilicas† of Rome and Ravenna. The costume of Christ, the Virgin, and the Apostles continued to be antique in its character with the pallium and sandals, and the portrait-like type of St. Peter and St. Paul, alluded to above, was maintained.

'No mosaics of earlier date than the fourth century are to be found at Rome, nor do these afford material for a fair and impartial judgment. There are, indeed, but three edifices in Italy that contain mosaics of the fourth century, and these are so damaged that very little of the original remains.' (Vol. i. p. 11.)

The three buildings in which these mosaics are found, are the Baptistery of Constantine now Santa Costanza, Santa Pudenziana at Rome, and the Baptistery at Naples, which was erected in the time of Constantine. The mosaics of Santa Maria Maggiore, Santa Sabina, and the chapel annexed to the Baptistery of St. John Lateran belong to the fifth century. In the sixth and seventh we have the great works executed at Ravenna.‡

We may observe in the history of Art that sculpture is always in advance of painting, and that when a movement forward is impending, the signs of progress are visible in the former art before they show themselves in the latter. Certain feeble efforts were made about the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth century by six or seven sculptors, whose names have been preserved, and who were stimulated by

---

* Ital. Forschungen, b. i. s. 158.

† Rumohr (Ital. Forschungen, b. i. s. 170) speaks of the damaged and restored head of Christ in the Vatican as apparently genuine, and as being one of the earliest as well as the best specimens of mosaic. Our authors, on the other hand, state that this head is merely a plaster imitation. (Vol. i. p. 10.)

‡ We observe a difference in the statements made by Lady Eastlake and Baron von Rumohr as to the date of the mosaics in the vestibule cupolas of St. Mark's, Venice. The former (vol. i. p. 20) speaks of them as believed to belong to the eleventh century, whilst the latter (b. i. ss. 175–6) throws them further back, and gives strong reasons for thinking that they were derived from the school of Ravenna. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle (vol. i. p. 76) appear rather to agree with Lady Eastlake, and notice the resemblance to the mosaics of Sicily.

the impulse which had been given to architecture. Rumohr mentions first among these works the sculpture in the pulpit of the cathedral at Volterra.* The subject is the Magdalen washing Christ's feet. The heads are large in proportion to the bodies, and the style and arrangement resemble the rude Christian works of an earlier time.

It is curious that many of the older monuments of Italian sculpture which we now possess exist at Pistoia; a city which, after having enjoyed considerable wealth and consequence, was very early in the thirteenth century conquered by Florence, and sunk to the rank of a mere provincial town. Among these workmen was a certain Gruamons, or Gruamonte, whose stone-cutting may be seen on the architrave of the Church of St. Andrea, and whom Vasari has confounded with a later master, both having called themselves 'magister bonus.' On St. Salvatore at Lucca is a relief representing St. Nicholas in a cauldron, with the inscription—'Bidvino me fecit hoc 'opus.'† This master belongs to the twelfth century, and is about on the same level as Gruamons. Bonanno executed in 1180 the bronze gates of the Duomo at Pisa,‡ and in 1186 those which still exist at Monreale. The latter were said to be superior to the former. On the architrave of San Bartolommeo at Pistoia another sculptor or mason, Rudolfinus; on S. Frediano at Lucca, Robertus; and on St. Andrea at Pistoia, Enricus, are named. Their works are all rude, but Italian in character; and it is necessary to refer to them in order to show the condition of art at the moment when Niccolas Pisano first gave it new vigour. They exhibit to us the

---

* Rumohr, Italien. Forschungen, b. i. s. 251. Rumohr's book is still of the greatest value both for its discussion of the theory of Art, and for the accuracy of his notes on individual works, especially as regards these early vestiges of Italian progress.

† Rumohr (b. i. s. 261) says that he could not find the 'opus' quoted by Morrona. It was there when we saw this work, and it is in an abbreviated form 'opc' (as on the pulpit of the Baptistery of Pisa) cut below the rest of the inscription on one side. Cf. Cicognara, 'Storia della Scultura,' vol. iii. p. 127.

‡ Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle state on the authority of Morrona (vol. i. p. 169) that these gates of Bonanno were destroyed by fire in 1596. This we considered as certain, but we observe that Mr. Perkins, in his recent history of Tuscan Sculpture, speaks of the Porta di San Ranieri as one of them (vol. i. p. liv.) still preserved. It is clear from Morrona's expressions (vol. i. p. 315) that little is known of the origin of this door, and that it is only by conjecture that it can be attributed to Bonanno.

dull and clouded atmosphere in which he had to labour, and enable us to appreciate his real power. Sculpture had sunk to its lowest level, and yet after a period of stagnant and mouldering decay, it may perhaps be said that some signs of life were just becoming visible.

When we look back on the history of ancient Greek art we are struck by the fact that the old traditional type of sculpture was thrown aside, and the full perfection of conception and workmanship attained, not by a succession of gradual innovations and improvements, but by a sudden burst of artistic power. One man was the representative of this great movement, and brought the art at once to a degree of perfection which has never been surpassed. As the change in ancient art at the time of Phidias seems to us to be sudden and complete in its character, so it is, though perhaps in a less degree, with all the great steps of progress in the modern art of Italy.

There is this difference however: we know of no external stimulus from a foreign school which excited or inspired Phidias. But the genius of Niccola Pisano and Michael Angelo was awakened to life and consciousness only by the remains of ancient sculpture. All that the moderns have ever done in reproducing the bodily perfection of man's nature has been inspired by the masterpieces of Greek art*; and the study of the antique is still the medium through which painters and sculptors learn to handle the human frame. The third great movement in modern Italian art—that made in painting by Giotto—was of a wholly different character.

That Niccola derived all his education as an artist from the antique sarcophagus still preserved at Pisa it is impossible to believe. It appears from documents of the time†, that he was styled 'Nicholas, the son of Peter of Apulia.' Who or what Peter of Apulia was we do not know, but professions were often hereditary, and it is not improbable that he too was a sculptor, who had settled at Pisa, a city closely connected by trade with Southern Italy. Now it is curious and interesting to find that there is in the church of San Pantaleone, at Ravello near Amalfi, a pulpit and other monuments of the thirteenth century, indicating a high standard of sculpture and bearing marks of a study of the antique.

---

* See Aug. W. Schlegel, Kritische Schriften, b. ii. s. 410. 'In 'der Darstellung der Körper sind die Neueren nur durch Nachah-'mung der Alten vortrefflich geworden.'—See the passage translated above, p. 81.

† One of these is printed by Rumohr (b. ii. s. 152), in which he is called 'Magistrum Nicholam Pieri de Apulia.'

This pulpit was the work of Nicholas de Bartolommeo de Foggia, and was executed in 1272. The palace of Frederic II. was at Foggia, and it is very probable that there may have been there some collection of antique marbles. It is clear too from the references in Raumer's Hohenstaufen (b. vi. p. 459) that at his time more attention began to be paid to works of art previously neglected.

'It is therefore (say Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle) neither contrary to fact nor experience to suppose that Niccola of Pisa was a born Appulian and that he was educated in that country. It might be urged indeed that in the inscription of the pulpit of Pisa he is called Pisanus, but every citizen had a right to that qualification after he had taken the freedom.' (Vol. i. p. 130.)

We think, certainly, that a probability in favour of the Southern origin of Niccola's art is made out; but this sudden burst of a higher style of sculpture is still more or less a mystery to us, and will remain so.

In the year 1240 Cimabue was born, and with him begin the annals of the Tuscan School of painting. It is now pretty well agreed that there is no evidence, external or internal, in favour of the story told by Vasari, how Cimabue resuscitated painting by studying the works of certain Greek artists employed in his native city; but that the pre-eminence of Florence began to show itself from the appearance of his great picture there can be little doubt. In fact, the festal procession which, according to Vasari, Charles of Anjou and his courtiers witnessed, was a sort of triumph by anticipation. It prefigured the glories of that school which was destined hereafter to carry the art to its highest point of excellence.

Of Cimabue's eminence among the artists of his time the testimony of Dante, in the well-known passage which we forbear to quote, leaves no doubt. Perhaps, as Rumohr conjectures, that very mention of him by the poet induced Vasari to give him the prominent place which he occupies in his work. But—

'The altar-piece of S. Maria Novella would alone suffice to explain the superiority of Cimabue over his predecessors and contemporaries, the rise of Giotto, and the principles on which he started: without it the principal link of artistic history at Florence would be lost, and Giotto's greatness unexplained, because neither the Madonna of the Academy of Arts at Florence nor that of the Louvre gives a just idea of the master. The altar-piece of the Academy of Arts may, it is true, rank higher than that of the Rucellai as regards composition and the study of nature; but, above all, the colour has been so altered by time and restoring that the excellent

qualities of Cimabue in this respect can hardly be traced any longer.' (Vol. i. pp. 205–6.)

According to Rumohr's * view the picture in Santa Maria Novella is later than the other, and shows, in the figure of the Child and the hands of the angels, a certain amount of observation of nature, whilst the lighter tone of the flesh seems to indicate that the artist had substituted some other vehicle for that with which the Greek painters usually mixed their colours.

All this while, however, we must not forget that there existed a school of very early date at Sienna. This Siennese school had certain peculiarities of form and certain technical methods of its own which it pursued up to the fifteenth century. Its face was long and oval, with the space from the eyes to the point of the nose disproportionately extended, and the forehead lowered accordingly. It was the very opposite of the type of the old Cologne school, which was full and round. The Siennese masters preserved more of the Greek execution, and long retained gilding and ornament as an essential part of their works.

Duccio appears in the records of the city as early as 1285. His great picture was painted in 1310, and the scenes of the Passion depicted on it are executed with great care and minuteness. The angel seated on the tomb, with the three Marys approaching it, is very remarkable, whilst the composition of the Christ before Pilate and Herod, and the bearing of the cross, are good and show great feeling. Our authors say of him:—

'Duccio exhibited in this work alone the energy and power of a man superior to all in his immediate proximity; but whether we consider the spirit of his composition, or his technical execution, he was not a creator, because he remained true to old typical forms and to the technical forms which characterised alike Cimabue and Deodato Orlandi. More masterly in his work than the former, he gave to Sienna a title to claim and hold the position of a School of Colour. At once the Giotto and Cimabue of his country, he was the most dramatic artist that Sienna had produced, being rivalled in force only by the Lorenzetti, in grace only by Simone. Duccio's career closes in 1320, after which no record of his existence has been found.' (Vol. ii. p. 50.)

It is not at all improbable that the meditation and tender sentiment of the Umbrian masters flowed originally from a predominant influence of the school of Sienna, redolent of ancient types, quickened somewhat by the recent progress and brilliancy of Florence, but again toned down and softened by

* Italien. Forschungen, b. ii. s. 81.

the asceticism and ecstatic devotion which pervaded the atmosphere of Assisi. On this subject we hope to learn more in the forthcoming volume of this book, but the authors acknowledge the immense influence of Taddeo di Bartolo, and other Siennese masters in Perugia and its vicinity. At present we can do no more than call attention to the importance of everything which throws light on the development of the peculiar tendencies of the Umbrian painters.

It suggests itself to us as a very curious question—what was the meaning of the contemporaries of Giotto when they said that he painted nature with such exactness of imitation as to produce illusion?

Giovanni Villani* mentions him as 'quelli che più trasse ogni 'figura ed atto al naturale.' Boccaccio† says:—'Hebbe uno 'ingegno di tanta eccellenza, che niuna cosa dalla natura madre 'di tutte le cose ed operatrice sul continuo girar de' cieli, fù, 'che egli con lo stile e con la penna, o col pennello non de-'pignesse sì simile a quella, *che non simile, anzi più tosto dessa* '*paresse; in tanto che molte volte nelle cose da lui fatte, si truova,* '*che il visivo senso degli uomini vi prese errore, quello credendo* '*esser vero che era dipinto.*' The commendations of Ghiberti and Cennino di Drea Cennini are of a more general character‡; but the words of Boccaccio are precise and forcible. No more could have been said by any one repeating the story of the portrait of Adrian Pullidopareja, painted by Velasquez, which was addressed by Philip IV. as if the living admiral had been standing before him.

'In judging Giotto's works (our authors say) it must never be forgotten that he is a painter of the thirteenth century, from whom it would be vain to expect the perfection of the sixteenth. But taking into consideration the age in which he lived, and more particularly the allegories of Assisi, it will be seen that his works will justify even more than the general praise awarded to them.' (Vol. i. p. 244.)

They will, no doubt, justify the general praise, but the words of the great novelist seem to be too specific to admit of being

---

* Giov. Villani Stor. Fior., lib. xi. c. 12.

† Giorno vi. Nov. 5.

‡ 'Arecó l' arte naturale e la gentilezza, con esso non uscendo delle misure.' (*Lor. Ghiberti MS.* quoted by Rumohr, b. ii. s. 42, *a.*)

'Il quale Giotto rimutò l' arte del dipignere di Greco in Latino e ridusse al moderno; ed ebbe l' arte più compiuta, che avessi mai più nessuno.' (*Cennino Cennini, Trattato della Pittura,* Roma, 1821, p. 3.)

thus explained. They do not praise him relatively, but absolutely, by asserting the fact that he deceived many eyes. We must, of course, allow something for the rhetorical expressions of Boccaccio when speaking in commendation of one whom he looked on as the pride and glory of Florence. We must also consider that men's notions of resemblance, and men's standard of perfection in a work of art, vary according to the kind and excellence of the productions to which their age has been previously accustomed. The real key, however, to the nature of the praise bestowed on Giotto is probably to be found in the twofold character of the change which he had wrought. It was not simply that he had improved on the execution of the rude masters who preceded him, and that he had altered the vehicle of colour and the general tone of the painting with which his countrymen were familiar. He had also done that which, in all probability, especially carried with it the notion of reality. He had conceived the sacred subjects with which an artist had to deal in a totally different spirit from the masters who had gone before. The Virgin and Child of Cimabue was a grand and imposing picture; but, like other works of the previous time, it was more or less conventional, and, so to speak, mythological in its conception and treatment. The beings portrayed in such pictures were abstractions and emblems, rather than representatives of anything real and palpable. They did not express that which had been conceived in the mind of the artist as a scene or event which was a reality, and which was treated as such by the painter. So far as the subjects were concerned, they were too in principle the same as some of the pictures of a later age—of the Immaculate Conception by Murillo and others. The place of action was not on earth, but in heaven. Now Giotto, on the other hand, conceived the sacred subjects of our Lord's life, or of the life of St. Francis, as real events, and endeavoured to trace them on the wall or on the panel, in such a manner as to convey to the spectator the impression of actual events which had occurred on earth, surrounded with the passions and feelings of men and women who had been spectators of them or actors in them. The imperfect technical appliances of the day, and the painter's scanty knowledge of anatomy, caused him to fall far short of the test of reality when judged by our standard; but when they were painted, his compositions opened a new world to his contemporaries. This want of the actual feeling of real events in the early Christian pictures jars on the sympathies of many men even now, whose appreciation of the devotional tenderness and the higher qualities of such works cannot

be doubted. It is curiously shown in the evidence of Mr. Herbert, R.A. before the Royal Academy Commission.*

It was no doubt a similar craving for reality on the part of the contemporaries of Giotto which led them to accept his natural treatment of sacred subjects as a wonderful relief from the symbolism and the conventional character of the older Italian and Greek masters. They felt as if the events recorded in his pictures were transferred from the domain of mythology to that of real life, and they thus exaggerated, in their own minds and in the language which they have used with reference to his works, the impression of reality and actual resemblance to nature which was stamped on these productions of his pencil.

Giotto was born in the year 1276, and lived until 1336. His early progress may be best traced at Assisi, and it is worth while to extract from the work before us the authors' remarks on the technical character of his painting and its gradual improvement:—

'Giotto improved with every year of his artistic life, till he reached the zenith of his power in the frescoes of the Peruzzi chapel at Florence. But, in one direction particularly, the progress of Giotto was more remarkable than in any other. In the frescoes of the Upper Church at Assisi his drawing is slightly hard, his figures tall and slender, his colour cold in general tones, somewhat raw and ill fused. In the ceilings of the Lower Church the figures gained better proportions, more nature and repose. The extremities were less defective, and more in accord with the rest of the person. The whole, in fact, gained harmony. The feeling for action vehemently expressed made place for a quieter and truer movement. The outlines, no longer hard, determined the forms with greater accuracy. The draperies were reduced to the simplest expression by the rejection, even to a fault, of every superfluous or useless fold. A spacious mass of light and shade imparted to the form a relief and rotundity which had long been absent. The system of colouring underwent a considerable change, and whilst it gained in breadth of modelling and fusion, preserved a lightness and clearness equally new and remarkable. The general undertone, instead of being of a dark verde, was laid on in light grey. Over it, warm colour, glazed with rosy and transparent tints, gave clearness to the flesh. The high lights were carefully stippled and fused without altering the general breadth of the masses. Giotto, in fact, founded a new law of colour, and entitled the Florentine school to assert its own supremacy in this respect. In a regular and ever progressing sequence, Giotto, Orcagna, Masolino, Angelico, and Masaccio, and at last Fra Bartolommeo and Andrea del Sarto, carried the art of colour-

* See Evidence—Answers No. 4807–4818.

ing in fresco to perfection.* Raphael, though he surpassed all others in most qualities of art, remained behind the pure Tuscan school in this; whilst in the quality of chiaroscuro the master of all in the sixteenth century was Correggio. In the hands of Giotto, art in the peninsula became entitled for the first time to the name of Italian; for in composition, form, design, expression, and colour, he gave it one uniform stamp of originality in progress, an universal harmony of improvement. To Cimabue Giotto owed certain peculiarities of form. As in the first we may trace, in the altarpiece of the Rucellai, the change from open gazing eyes to long closed lids and an elliptical iris, a reaction from one extreme to another, so in the second the maintenance of this reaction may be observed. But although this feature descended generally to almost all the Giottesques, the master himself in his maturity seemed inclined to correct it.' (Vol. i. pp. 242, 243.)

The portraits in the Chapel of the Podestà at Florence were probably executed in 1301.

With regard to Giotto's visit to Avignon there is some little difficulty. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle say:—

'The result of Benedict's inquiries, however, was, that he engaged Giotto at a large salary to proceed to Avignon, to execute a series illustrating the lives of the martyrs. But before Giotto had had time to start, the death of his new patron intervened, and the commission was not executed. This fact, authoritatively stated by Albertini, has hitherto escaped the commentators who follow the error of Vasari, and describe Giotto as having visited Avignon and other parts of France; the truth being that no trace of Giotto's presence has ever been discovered out of the Italian peninsula.' (Vol. i. pp. 272, 273.)

Now Benedict XI. died at Perugia, very probably from the effects of poison, in July 1304, and the conclave at which his successor, Clement V., was elected was held in that city. It is, therefore, no doubt clear that Giotto was not taken to Avignon by that Pope: in fact, the papal residence was transferred thither only under his successor, who was crowned at Lyons on the 14th of November 1305.† It may be true that there are no remains of Giotto's works at Avignon; but it is difficult to believe that he never was there. In the first place, we

* Compare this with Horace Walpole's criticism quoted above (p. 75), in which he speaks of Andrea's colour as 'a mixture of mist 'and tawdry!' There can be no doubt which is right. Our author's subsequent expressions with reference to Raphael are more questionable.

† See Milman, 'History of Latin Christianity,' vol. v. pp. 273, 275, 398.

have the plain statement of the contemporary commentator on Dante referred to by Vasari in his life of Cimabue, who lived about 1334, and who says distinctly that his works bore record of his skill 'at Rome, Naples, *Avignon*, Florence, and 'Padua.' In the next place, we have the evidence of Vasari in his Life of Andrea Pisano, in which he tells us explicitly that that sculptor proved his skill by a crucifix sent to the Pope at Avignon, by the hands of Giotto, who was Andrea's great friend, and who at that time was resident at the Court there.* Lord Lindsay, moreover, observes with great truth, that the way in which Petrarch speaks of his personal acquaintance with Giotto seems to imply something more than a casual meeting, and that he probably knew him whilst residing at Avignon.† It is most likely, however, if this be so, that Giotto's visit to that city took place in the pontificate of John XXII., and subsequently to the year 1324.

The frescoes in the Arena Chapel at Padua were executed about the year 1306; and we may say, that among the many good services rendered to art in this country by the Arundel Society, none has been more praiseworthy than the publication of these designs. It would be useless and presumptuous for us to discuss them at any length, when the reader can refer with so much ease to the engravings themselves, and to the comments of Mr. Ruskin.

The works of Giotto in the Peruzzi Chapel in Santa Croce at Florence, were whitewashed over in the eighteenth century, and have only been recovered since the year 1841. They are spoken of in the work before us as the finest series of frescoes which he ever produced, and as 'the vouchers which clear 'contemporary admirers from the charge of exaggerated admi-'ration and unwarranted flattery.' It is probable that they were completed after 1307.

In this same church the painter decorated four or five chapels, and here also, in the Baroncelli Chapel, was deposited his great picture of the 'Coronation of the Virgin.' We remember thinking that Rumohr‡, in his criticism of this picture, had underrated its merits; but at any rate, Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle have vindicated its excellences, whilst they admit

* 'Avendo mandato al papa in Avignone per mezzo di Giotto suo amicissimo, che allora in quell' corte dimorava, una croce di getto molto bella.' (*Vita de Andrea Pisano.*)

† Lord Lindsay, 'Sketches of the History of Christian Art,' vol. ii. p. 242.

‡ Rumohr, Italienische Forschungen, b. ii. s. 60.

that its tone of colour and its transparency have been injured by successive coats of varnish.

From the frescoes which Giotto executed in the Carmine at Florence, we have in the National Gallery two heads of Apostles, which bear marks of his style, and show strong feeling. The greater part of these works perished by fire in the year 1771.*

On the 12th of April, 1334, he was made master of works of the Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore. In this capacity he designed the beautiful Campanile and the sculptured ornaments which were executed from his drawings or models by Andrea Pisano. His fame as an architect stands, therefore, deservedly on a level with his fame as a painter. He painted afterwards for one of the Visconti at Milan, and executed a picture now in the Treasury of the Duomo at Florence, which bears his name, with the date of February 15th, 1334. In 1336 he died, leaving unfinished the bell-tower and the façade of the church on which he had worked and in which he is buried.

We have referred to the passage in which Petrarch couples together the names of Giotto and Simone of Sienna as the two celebrated painters of his day, whom he had known personally. In two of his sonnets he refers to the portrait of Laura, which the second of these artists had executed:—

> 'Ma certo il mio Simon fu in paradiso
> Onde questa gentil donna si parte,
> Ivi la vide, e la ritrasse in carte,
> Per far fide quà giù del suo bel viso.' †

This Simone di Martino, born in 1283, became the representative of the school of Sienna, as Giotto was that of Florence. Vasari erroneously call him Simone Memmi, and asserts with as little reason that he was the pupil of Giotto,‡ although it is quite possible that the advance in art made by the great Florentine master may have exercised a material influence on his Siennese contemporary. His great work in the Palazzo

* See above, p. 80, note as to Patch's publication of them in the last century.

† Sonnets 56 and 57. Rome: 1821.

‡ This occurs not only in the life of Simone, but also in that of Taddeo Gaddi, where he says—'Perciocchè amava sommamente 'Simone per essergli state con Giotto condiscepolo.' Rumohr (b. ii. s. 94) says that Vasari has been peculiarly careless in his life of Simone. In the archives of Sienna he is styled 'Maestro Simone di 'Martino,' and on the pictures in the gallery at Florence, 'Simon 'Martini.'

Publico of his native city shows us a mode of handling and a type of form different in many respects from that of Giotto. Neither Rumohr nor the authors of the book before us accept the frescoes in the Spanish Chapel of Santa Maria Novella at Florence as the genuine works of Simone, to whom Vasari attributes them, and the artist's works at Avignon have disappeared long ago.

It is curious enough to compare the remarks of Rumohr on the frescoes of Taddeo Gaddi in Santa Croce with the comments of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. The former, with reference to the 'Birth of the Virgin,' and 'The Espousals,' says, quite truly, that the feeling shown in the group of women caressing the infant, cannot be surpassed, and that all the same *naïveté* and genial character unites itself with greater truth and variety in the damaged fresco of 'The Betrothal.'* So far as our notes and our recollections after many years will allow us to speak, we cordially concur in this praise. Unless we are mistaken, the composition of this last fresco is nearly the same as that of one by Agnolo Gaddi, at Prato. On the other hand, our authors state roundly, as if provoked by Rumohr's commendations—'Utter want of repose and order characterises the 'composition of the Sposalizio.' We cannot help thinking that in their zeal to exalt Giotto they have been inclined to press hardly on the fame of his immediate successors and scholars as represented by Taddeo Gaddi.

We must pass on without delay to the names of those whom we look on as the real links between modern painting and the old productions of the fourteenth century: but we must pause for a moment at another of those points in the history of Art when a fresh start was made, and a sudden impulse given to its progress—an impulse not indeed so great as that which it received from the hand of Giotto, or the genius of Michael Angelo, but one which caused it suddenly to approximate in character to what we now consider as painting. In fact, in the frescoes of Masolino and Masaccio, the roundness of form, the principles of composition, and the masses of light and shadow which contributed to the perfection of Raphael's mature productions, are already visible. Already too the theory of perspective had been worked out by Paolo Uccello, Piero della Francesca, and others; and the representation of life and action by means of colour on a flat surface had attained a very high degree of excellence. This movement coincides as nearly as possible with the commencement of the fifteenth century, and it

* Rumohr, b. ii. s. 80.

is impossible to separate it from the progress of sculpture at the same period. Now as ever, the worker in marble and in bronze stood out before the painter, and reached at once a point of excellence higher in proportion than that which had been attained in the sister-art. Strangely enough, in the present case, Lorenzo Ghiberti, the man who thus led the way in sculpture, was himself a painter, and when he worked in marble or in bronze, he still worked on the principles of painting. 'He was,' as Mr. Perkins says, 'a painter in bronze—less so in the first 'Baptistery gate than in the second, in which he completely 'overleaped the boundaries which separate the two arts.'* He was born in 1381, and had been employed as a painter in 1399 by Carlo Malatesta at Rimini. The great contest for the gates of the Florence Baptistery was decided in 1403. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the works which he executed there, but nothing can be further from the true conditions of sculpture than the principles on which he dealt with his subjects. Perhaps it enhances our admiration of the man when we reflect on the violation of all such principles as exhibited in these glorious basreliefs, and yet admire, as we must do, the result which he produced. In the panel of the Creation he has represented four different actions, without the gradations of atmosphere which painting could give, and in sole reliance on the diminution of size and the effect of the four stages of relief in the bronze.

Rumohr has observed with great truth that Ghiberti's violation of the true principles of style, threw all modern sculpture, as it were, off its hinges.† His brilliant success seduced his successors to attempt a picturesque conception of their subject in spite of the material, which really opposed insurmountable obstacles to such a course: —

'People (he goes on to say) commonly assign the commencement of this error to a later period, because they cannot make up their minds to condemn, so decisively as they ought to be condemned, so many early works, which are distinguished by beauty, feeling, and character, on the mere ground of style and treatment of the stubborn material. It may have escaped them that Ghiberti himself succeeded only that one time in overcoming and, as it were, obliterating by his own genius and by subtle devices the fearful inconsistency of the material and of the purpose to which it was applied . . . that his picturesque conception of his subjects in other works of his, whether

* Perkins, History of Tuscan Sculpture, vol. i. p. 127. It is unnecessary for us to dwell on the merits of Mr. Perkins's book, because it has been so recently reviewed in this Journal.

† Rumohr, b. ii. s. 235.

later or earlier, gains upon us more or less; and that his example misled his more immediate contemporaries, especially one much less gifted than himself, Donato, to conceive as pictures the subject matter to be treated.'

Donatello, indeed, who was born in 1386, furnishes additional evidence of the advance of sculpture at this time. His St. George alone is sufficient to give him a high place as an artist. Luca della Robbia too, who was born in 1400, deserves to be quoted, especially for that beautiful bas-relief the Singing Boys, which was executed in marble for the gallery of one of the organs of the Duomo. In this work he has shown none of the 'picturesque' tendencies of Ghiberti; and there is in it a genuine feeling and simplicity of conception, joined with a power of execution, which in our opinion places it above most works of modern sculpture. These men had been preceded by Giacomo della Quercia (b. 1371), and were followed by Verocchio, Desiderio da Settignano, and others.

Among the principal evidences of the corresponding advance in painting, at the beginning of the fifteenth century, are the frescoes of the Brancacci Chapel in the Carmine at Florence; and no portion of the work which we are reviewing is more valuable than the chapter which deals with this particular subject. Fresh data are afforded us, and much unfounded conjecture and confusion in the narrative of Vasari is set aside or corrected, by the research of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle.

Two painters named Tommaso, one of whom acquired the nickname of 'Masolino,' and the other that of 'Masaccio,' are stated by Vasari to have worked in the Brancacci Chapel; and a portion of the frescoes there were finished by Filippino Lippi forty years afterwards. It is in these paintings that the principles of modern composition and perspective, as well as the roundness of form and the breadth of light and shadow which we look for in modern painting, first meet us.* The reader will see, therefore, the interest which attaches to these two men, and to their particular works: for they mark, so to speak, the turning point at which painting assumed a new garb, and they paved the way for Michael Angelo and Raphael.

---

* Vasari's expressions in relation to Masaccio are—'E tanto modernamente trasse fuori degli altri i suoi lineamenti ed il suo dipignere, che l' opere sue sicuramente possono stare al paragone con ogni disegno e colorito moderno.' Speaking of another of Masaccio's works, he says, 'Considerando questa opera un giorno, Michelagnolo ed io, egli la lodò molto.' (*Vita di Masaccio.*)

In the first place it appears that certain frescoes of Masolino, unknown to Vasari, have been stripped of the whitewash which covered them in the church of Castiglione de Olona, between Sarono and Varese, near Milan. They were executed in 1428, by the order of Cardinal Branda, and represent scenes from the lives of the Virgin, St. Stephen, and St. Lawrence. The conclusion drawn from these works is that the frescoes in the Brancacci were painted before those at Castiglione, and by a different hand; consequently that Masolino did not execute any one of the former which is now extant.

The proper name of Masaccio was Tommaso Guidi da San Giovanni di Val d'Arno, and he was born in 1402. The depreciatory form of his Christian name is said to have been given him from his slovenly or careless habits, and Mr. Wornum translates it as 'Slovenly Tom.'

Masaccio's frescoes in San Clemente, at Rome, exhibit the same principles of art as the works of Masolino, but they are not on a level even with the earliest works in the Brancacci Chapel. The latter were painted probably in the interval between 1423 and 1428. Reynolds in his Notes* mentions the fact of Raphael having taken his Adam and Eve Driven out of Paradise from these paintings of Masaccio's; and in his Discourses he dwells on the imitation in the Cartoons of that master's figures of Felix and of St. Paul. He remarks:—

'The two figures of St. Paul which I lately mentioned are so nobly conceived by Masaccio, that perhaps it was not in the power even of Raphael himself to raise and improve them, nor has he attempted it.'

A little earlier he had said:—

'He first introduced large drapery, flowing in an easy and natural manner: indeed he appears to be the first who discovered the path that leads to every excellence to which the art afterwards arrived, and may be justly considered as one of the great patterns of modern art.'

We cannot have a better proof than these sentences how far Masaccio approached to the true perfection of modern painting, for it would be difficult to find any other instance in which Reynolds praised in this way a work anterior to Raphael and Michael Angelo. The masterly composition of the whole subject of 'The Tribute Money,' and his application of architecture in the backgrounds, may be cited as sufficient proofs of the real position which Masaccio is entitled to assume.

* Life of Reynolds, by Tom Taylor, vol. i. p. 61. Compare, for what follows, the 12th Discourse, Works, vol. ii. pp. 93, 98.

Our authors appear to doubt whether the portrait of himself, attributed to Masaccio, which is in the Uffizi at Florence, or that in our own National Gallery, is really by his hand. The former they incline to attribute to Filippino Lippi, and the latter (which is admirable for life and expression) either to the same master, or perhaps to Sandro Botticelli—a conjecture the truth of which we greatly doubt. His death took place in 1427, it has been said by poison. What he might have done for painting if a longer life had been granted to him, we may conjecture from what he accomplished by the time he reached the age of twenty-five.

But we must turn to a contemporary of Masaccio's, who exhibited qualities of a very different kind, but whose name deserves to live as one of the most eminent painters of the Tuscan school—we mean Fra Giovanni, or, as he is commonly called, Fra Angelico da Fiesole. He was born in 1387, and entered the recently-founded convent of San Domenico at Fiesole, in 1407. His noviciate and the early years of his monastic life were spent at Cortona, and some of his works are still to be found there.

Masaccio was, as we have said, the link between mediæval and modern art: he dealt with chiaroscuro and composition, and he handled his subject, with a strength and decision which has rarely been equalled by any master. Fra Angelico, on the other hand, was the painter of the convent and of the old Christian type. The tinge of asceticism still clings to him. We have indeed in his backgrounds the skill in perspective which the older masters lacked; but we have not the reflected light and the rounded half-shadows, nor the knowledge of the nude, which give relief and projection to the figures as part of a whole. We find however in his works a pure and brilliant colour, an extreme beauty of form and composition, and a power of expression of a particular kind such as has never been surpassed. The clear open gaze of virgin innocence; the earnestness of fervent prayer; the triumphant exultation of angelic praise; the tenderness of humble love; and the devout ecstasy of a soul absorbed in God, are all rendered marvellously by the pencil of this great master.

August Wilhelm von Schlegel, in the paper referred to already in this article, says with the utmost truth:—

'Lanzi has called Giovanni da Fiesole "the Guido of the earlier "painting" on account of his gentle grace. No doubt he intended this for a high compliment, and it may be that those who admire the soft superficial manner of Guido will think their favourite injured by the comparison. Whoever, on the contrary, looks to originality and

deep feeling in art will consider the comparison as neither happy nor satisfactory.'*

The works of Angelico in the Chapel of Nicholas V. in the Vatican, and the frescoes in St. Mark at Florence, are the memorials of his skill; but he has left many pictures besides, which are scattered over Europe.

Fra Angelico died at the age of sixty-eight, in the year 1485, leaving a pupil, Benozzo Gozzoli, whose works in the Campo Santo at Pisa form a wonderful series, and present us, as it were, with a superficial and 'mundane' version of his master's excellence. They were begun in 1469, and completed in sixteen years. We think that Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle go too far, and are unjust to the real value of Benozzo when they treat him as one who cleverly 'appropriated and 'absorbed the pictorial features characteristic of divers masters 'and periods.'

Another painter of great merit, Fra Filippo Lippi, became a Carmelite monk in 1420, and if we believe Vasari, his life was a strong contrast with the pious uniformity which characterised that of Fra Angelico. The work before us discredits the stories told by Vasari of his adventures as a slave in Barbary, and of his love for Lucrezia Buti. Now, we know that Vasari was gossiping and credulous, as well as inaccurate in his dates. We allow that he has calumniated Andrea del Castagno; but it does not follow that he invented the whole of the romance incorporated in the life of Lippi. He quotes no authorities certainly; but we see no such inconsistency and improbability in the story as would induce us at once to reject it. Where documentary evidence can be had, the assertions of Vasari should of course be set aside; but we scarcely think that the following sentences contain a refutation of his charges against Lippi:—

'Is it likely that the seducer of Lucretia Buti should, in 1452, have been chaplain, as we know he was, to the convent of nuns of S. Giovannino at Florence, and that, in 1457, he should be rector of S. Quirico at Legnaia? But the historian whose faith in the veracity of Vasari is justly shaken, will pause even before he admits that Filippino Lippi is the natural son of a Carmelite friar; and we prefer to believe that he was adopted, in the manner usual to the time.' (Vol. ii. p. 324.)

We have heard of things more improbable than the promotion of a monk of bad character in the fifteenth century to the rectory of a parish, and to the post of chaplain to a convent

* Gemischte Schriften, b. ii. s. 408. The words are—'Weder als 'treffend noch als befriedigend.'

of nuns. Lippi's poverty, which is dwelt on as a proof of his innocence, raises a very slight presumption in favour of his good conduct, and it seems to us rather as if Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle thought it in itself a pious work to vindicate the fame of a great artist from charges of immorality, than that they have any tangible ground for throwing aside the whole detailed narrative of Vasari. That narrative may, no doubt, be false; other stories of Vasari's are unfounded; but the circumstances are not improbable in themselves, and it is difficult to believe that even he composed a little novel of this kind without something to found it upon.

Whatever Fra Filippo's life may have been, he was an exquisite painter. His frescoes at Spoleto and in the choir of the church at Prato vouch for his skill on a large scale, and the English reader has a good opportunity of judging of his sweetness and grace in the two lunettes in the National Gallery.* There is a tenderness in the feeling of the Annunciation, and a beauty in the treatment of both these panels, which makes them worthy of close examination and study.

After what has been said above, it seems an idle controversy to discuss the question whether Filippino Lippi was or was not the natural son of Fra Filippo. That he was held in high esteem as an artist is vouched for by the fact of his selection to complete the unfinished frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel:—'His precision in defining form is admirable; his ability in 'depicting populous life in distance astonishing for its realistic 'truth; his colour is a little raw, but pleasant still, and 'modelled with great care and success.' (Vol. ii. p. 441.)

Rumohr says of him that 'in the best heads of his Madonnas 'he attained a beauty of profile which few of the modern 'painters have equalled. I allude especially to the admirable 'Tabernacle near Sta. Margerita at Prato, the beauty of which 'will be remembered by many amateurs and artists.' This Madonna of Filippino's, when we saw it many years ago, was in a tabernacle, not even locked, in the open street at Prato, and we can vouch for it that the praise of Rumohr is by no means exaggerated.†

---

* One of these was given by Sir Charles Eastlake, the other purchased from Mr. Barker. They are numbered 666 and 667. We observe that our authors decide in favour of the Louvre picture as the genuine Barbadori altarpiece, in preference to that in our Gallery (No. 586). The vision of St. Bernard (No. 248) is not equal to the specimens cited in the text.

† Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle tell us that the blue of the dress has been abraded, but that no restoring has taken place. (Vol.

We have occupied so much of the space allotted to us that we have no opportunity for dwelling on the peculiarities of the imitator of Fra Filippo and the teacher of Filippino, Sandro Botticelli, whose Madonnas make up for their occasional ugliness of form by their genuine tenderness of feeling and expression, and whose fancy is sometimes exuberant and sportive.* But there is one artist whose claims we must recognise, not only on account of his own great merits, but because as the master of Michael Angelo, he may be called the harbinger of the dawn which was about to break upon Italy. We mean Domenico Ghirlandaio, the son of Tommaso di Currado Bigordi, a goldsmith on the Ponte Vecchio.

Born in 1449, Domenico worked in his father's shop, and no doubt acquired by his education the practice of modelling and drawing which afterwards aided him most materially as a painter. He became the pupil of Alessio Baldovinetti; but it is obvious that so much of the frescoes in the Brancacci Chapel as was then finished told most powerfully in the development of Ghirlandaio's artistic power. †

No work of Ghirlandaio's bears date before 1480. His 'Last Supper' in the church of Ognisanti was executed in that year. The composition of this fresco is exceedingly simple, and resembles that of the same master in the convent of St. Mark, to which however it is superior. The expression of the heads of the apostles, and the different character assigned to each, are very remarkable. We are told in a note of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's that the head of Christ has been repainted on intonaco apparently of the seventeenth century. The artist was invited to assist in decorating the Sixtine Chapel

---

ii. p. 446.) The reader will find three specimens of Filippino in the National Gallery which will give a very fair idea of his character and excellence as a painter.

* One of the best instances of these qualities is in the 'Nativity,' formerly in Mr. Ottley's hands, and now belonging to Mr. Fuller Maitland. The centre only was engraved and published by Ottley, but the dance of angels in the air above the roof of the stable, and those embracing each other in the foreground, are full of imagination and beauty. It is a late picture of the master. (See Waagen, Art Treasures, vol. ii. p. 3.)

† We are fortunate in possessing an excellent essay by Mr. Layard on Domenico Ghirlandaio, published by the Arundel Society in 1860, as an accompaniment to their print of the 'Death of St. 'Francis.' We are happy to learn that the Society possess excellent drawings of many of his frescoes, and that they intend shortly to issue a chromolithograph of the 'Last Supper' in the Ognisanti.

at Rome, and having gone thither, probably in 1482, he executed the beautiful composition of the Calling of St. Peter and St. Andrew. In this, as Mr. Layard observes, the influence of Masaccio is very visible. The figure and attitude of Christ are most striking, and the grouping admirable, whilst the landscape background shows a great advance in the treatment of the other portions of the picture. 'The death of St. Francis,' and the other frescoes in the Sassetti Chapel in the church of the Santa Trinita, give a complete idea of Ghirlandaio's powers in this species of decoration. They have a nerve and force worthy of the master of Michael Angelo, whilst the beauty of the forms and the straightforward simplicity with which each story is told, contrast most favourably on the one hand with the less graceful productions of the earlier Florentine masters, and on the other with the artificial and studied compositions of the late eclectic schools. That portraits are introduced, and that the costume of the day is used, are no drawbacks in our eyes; on the contrary, these circumstances add to the reality and vigour of work. He afterwards decorated the choir of Santa Maria Novella, and it is perhaps in these frescoes that the beauty of his architectural backgrounds and his accessories is especially visible. The 'Birth of the Virgin,' engraved in the work which we are reviewing, affords an excellent example of these qualities. The painter died before the year 1498. Mr. Layard says, 'I know of no genuine work entirely 'by the hand of Ghirlandaio in England, although several pic-'tures in private collections are attributed to him. The beau-'tiful picture of "The Virgin and Child between two Angels," 'in the National Gallery, assigned to him, is undoubtedly by 'another and very different painter.' In this judgment of Mr. Layard's our authors concur.

In the course of this article we have often had to refer to some of the pictures in our own National Gallery. We hope we may be allowed to add a few words with reference to this collection, its past history and its future prospects.

In the first place, we are convinced that all lovers of art will agree with us in thinking that the thanks of the nation are due to Sir Charles Eastlake for the good sense and discrimination which he has shown in his selection of pictures purchased for the nation. A National Gallery ought to be formed upon the double principle of acquiring such masterpieces as are beautiful and interesting in themselves, and of securing by degrees specimens of each school, and of each important painter, sufficient to illustrate the history of the art. Both these objects have been kept in view by Sir Charles Eastlake. But the collection

of works of art for this double purpose is a gradual process. If our progress has been slower than some sanguine persons may have hoped, the fault has been rather in the system pursued than in the representatives of the nation, who have not been backward in affording funds for the purpose, but whose liberality has occasionally been succeeded by a fit of parsimony or mistrust. We sincerely hope that there will be no hesitation in providing the means by which our treasures of art may be for many years to come enlarged, and their utility increased. We should like to see a fair and liberal sum voted annually, to be applied as occasions present themselves, under a proper responsibility to Parliament for its judicious expenditure. But there is no use in concealing the fact that if first-rate works are to be bought, first-rate prices must be paid. The history of art can be learnt only by a study of the productions of the old masters, and this is not one of those cases in which the demand for an article will produce an increased supply, for the minds which conceived and the hands which executed these masterpieces are past and gone. The stock is a limited one, whilst the spread of civilisation and taste for art will cause its value to be enhanced from day to day. A private person who lays out a large sum on a picture or a statue, knows that he can live but a few years, and his heir or personal representative may care nothing for art, and may disperse the collection which he has laboriously made. It is not so with a great nation. The life of the community is presumed to be without an end which we can foresee; and may reasonably hope that among our sons and successors there will always be a certain proportion who will estimate such acquisitions at their true value.

It is, however, of little use to buy pictures or excavate statues, if we have no place in which to show them to the people, with whose money they have been purchased. Whilst the interminable quarrels on the subject of South Kensington and Trafalgar Square are going on, and whilst the treasures of the British Museum lie year after year in underground vaults or in wooden sheds, men begin to despair of any satisfactory conclusion being arrived at. But we hope better things.

We will conclude by expressing a hope that the remaining portion of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's great work (for such it is) will be executed with the same care and judgment as the two volumes now in our hands. We shall be rejoiced to welcome their account of the great epoch of Michael Angelo and Raphael, and thus to trace the consequence of that earlier progress which has been so diligently examined in this commencement of their labours.

ART. IV.—1. *Novum Testamentum Græcè: antiquissimorum Codicum Textus in ordine parallelo dispositi: accedit Collatio Codicis Sinaitici.* Edidit EDVARDUS H. HANSELL, S.T.B., Lector Theologiæ in Collegio S. Magdalenæ Oxon. Vol. III. Oxonii e Typographio Clarendoniano, 1865. Londini apud Alexandrum Macmillan.

2. *Discussions on the Gospels, in Two Parts. Part I. On the Language employed by our Lord and His Disciples; Part II. On the Original Language of St. Matthew's Gospel, and on the Origin and Authenticity of the Gospels.* By ALEXANDER ROBERTS, D.D. Second edition, revised and enlarged. Cambridge and London: 1864.

3. *Novum Testamentum Græcè ex Sinaitico Codice omnium antiquissimo, Vaticanâ itemque Elzeviranâ Lectione notatâ.* Edidit ÆNOTH. FRID. CONST. TISCHENDORF. Cum Tabulâ. Lipsiæ: 1865.

4. *The New Testament of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, illustrated by a plain Explanatory Comment, and by Authentic Views of Places mentioned in the Sacred Text from Sketches and Photographs taken on the spot.* Edited by EDWARD CHURTON, M.A., Archdeacon of Cleveland and Prebendary of York; and WILLIAM BASIL JONES, M.A., Prebendary of York and of St. David's. In two vols. London: 1865.

AT no time since the promulgation of the Christian religion has the prophecy of Daniel, that many should run to and fro, and knowledge should be increased, appeared nearer its fulfilment than at the present moment. If we withdraw our gaze from secular and confine it to theological matters, we find it still the same; new manuscripts have year after year been discovered or collated, new editions of the whole or portions of the Scriptures are put forth, fresh explanations of old difficulties are proposed, in some cases ancient statements and views have received remarkable confirmation, while in others rude and unceremonious assaults have been made upon cherished theories of the most venerable antiquity. All betokens life, energy, and movement, both in the world of sense and in the world of intellect; and it is but those who live in and for the past only who will look, on the whole, otherwise than with hope upon the phenomena that are so freely and vigorously developing themselves around them.

Yet, when we come to inquire what practical use has been or is being made by the Church of England, in her official

capacity, of all that has been or is being done in theology, we are shocked to find it absolutely nothing. In former days a translation of the Scriptures, intended and authorised to be read in churches, was considered a thing to be amended and improved with the increase of knowledge and materials; nor was it otherwise even with the Liturgy and Articles. But a spirit of finality—a kind of water-colour copy, on a small scale of that infallibility claimed by the Church of Rome—appears for the last two hundred years or thereabouts to have taken possession of the dominant party in the Church of England, and to have caused it to stop its ears altogether to the voice of Truth, lest haply the siren Falsehood should prove too attractive to the unstable, the froward, or the unlearned.

A writer in one of our most orthodox contemporaries * has counted up no less than 1,237 places in the single Gospel of St. Matthew, and 1,089 in that of St. Mark, in which the Authorised Version falls short of the original. Yet the same writer at the same time endeavours to stem the current which is setting with more or less of steadiness in the direction of demanding a new or revised translation of the Scriptures corresponding to the present accumulation of materials and increase of knowledge, in the first place by adding the very partially applicable limitation: 'as every translation must do;' and in the second place by inquiring whether the time has yet arrived when we can venture to undertake the work; whether sufficient materials have been accumulated; whether any one of the three sources from which the Greek text of the New Testament must be derived—manuscripts, versions, and quotations—has been adequately examined, and so forth. But the fact is, that these pseudo-conservative theologians always take good care *never* to admit that the time has come and the labourers are prepared for such a work, and to place every obstacle in the way of its ever being accomplished. There will always be some 'unhappy' book or writer to render the present moment unfit in the eyes of many for even the most urgent and necessary corrections or improvements.

It would be very easy to bring forward a considerable list of important passages with regard to the true meaning of which 'adhuc sub judice lis est,' and for the satisfactory solution of which divines of the stationary school will profess themselves desirous to wait. They find themselves too busily engaged in crying up the wisdom of our reformers, our translators, or our forefathers, to take practical example by it. Yet the existence

* Quarterly Review for Jan. 1863, p. 90.

of such difficulties cannot but be felt by them as a most grievous slur upon the finality which they to all intents and purposes demand for both the Authorised Version and the existing Prayer-book, which is to a certain extent dependent upon it, though not so much so as many people appear to imagine.

The fact of the existence of such questions as the old and undecided strife between the words 'covenant' and 'testament' for the post of honour on the title-page of the Christian Scriptures; the dispute whether the Last Supper was or was not a strictly Paschal meal, and if so, of what nature; the controversy whether our Lord and His disciples habitually conversed in Greek or Aramaic, or used either language indifferently, which Dr. Roberts has discussed at great length and with great learning in one of the works which we have placed at the head of this article*—questions which may some day be decided, and towards the solution of some of which it may possibly be given to our own times to make a nearer approach—is decisive at once, we freely admit, against the finality of a revision of the present Authorised Version, while it is no argument whatever against such a revision itself. Indeed, no revision and no translation, in our present state of imperfection and change on earth, can ever be more than provisional, or can have a right to claim more for itself than to be and to be considered a

---

* So far as Dr. Roberts maintains in general that the inhabitants of Palestine were bilingual, using Greek and Aramaic more or less indifferently, we consider that his reasoning is satisfactory. We are not, however, prepared to put entirely aside the statements of ancient writers as to the existence of an original Aramaic Gospel. If St. Paul addressed the Jews at Jerusalem (Acts xxi. 40) ἐν Ἑβραΐδι διαλέκτῳ, in order to gain their ear, it would have been but ordinary prudence in the disciples to put forth as soon as possible a Gospel in the same language. The Aramaic would have occupied the position of a translation as regards what passed between our Lord and His disciples in Greek, and the Greek as regards what passed between them in Aramaic. In Acts xxii. 1—21, we have an undoubted specimen of a translation from Aramaic into Greek, which does not present phenomena greatly differing from the records of what unquestionably passed in the Greek language.

Dr. Roberts vouchsafes but little notice to the fact of our Lord's quotation from the Psalms being made in Aramaic (Matt. xxvii. 46), 'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani.' And the suggestion that a 'rude Egyptian' might possibly have been unable to speak Greek, by no means meets the difficulties of Acts xxi. 37—39; for Egypt was undoubtedly the stronghold of Hellenism, and if an Egyptian Jew could not speak Greek, it is difficult to imagine what language he could have spoken.

practical improvement for the present, and a satisfactory basis for future improvements to be made in future generations. But how can the half-hearted finality of the dominant factions in the Church of England contrast otherwise than unfavourably, in the eyes of waverers, with the daring infallibility of the Church of Rome, even as a blushing prevarication wins far less confidence and is far less likely to attain its end than a brazen and unblushing falsehood?

Indeed, it is most lamentable to hear the same persons loudly maintaining the plenary or rather verbal inspiration of the Scriptures, and yet opposing themselves to all proposals for making endeavours to place a less corrupted and more faithful Bible in the hands of those students of God's Word who are dependent upon the learned to place that word before them in their native language. It matters little that, as Satan assumes the garb of an angel of light, so does the evil spirit of finality apparel itself in the garb of that truly and peculiarly Christian virtue, humility. 'We are unfit,' say these men, 'in 'our divided and distracted state to enter upon such a work; 'there are no giants of learning now in the land as there were 'in the days of our forefathers; it is rather ours humbly and 'meekly to make use of what they have handed down to us, 'than to set ourselves up for wiser and better than they were.' But how much more faithful, if not more humble, and how much more consistent with our position as God's *συνεργοί*,* to make use of the accumulated materials of above two centuries, and humbly and honestly endeavour to improve and complete the structure, as our forefathers would doubtless have improved and completed it, had they possessed even a portion of our means and opportunities!

And, as there are said to have been giants of scholarship, learning, and intellect in the land in the days of our forefathers, so, too, upon consideration, we shall perhaps find that there are giants of very tolerable stature even now. Is there not Wordsworth, Archdeacon and Canon of Westminster, who has discovered in the Apocalypse a new grammar—a grammar unknown to Greek and Hellenist, and apparently to the other writers of the New Testament, and even to St. John himself in his Gospel and Epistles,—'The Grammar of Inspiration?'† Is there not Ellicott, Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, whom all with one voice acknowledge to have done good service in

* 1 Cor. iii. 9.

† On Rev. i. 4 and 5. Dr. Wordsworth must forgive us for drawing attention to this singular flight of rhetoric.

bringing together in an available form, and with great judgment, nearly all the grammatical and exegetical materials that the industry of ancient and modern times has accumulated on such of St. Paul's Epistles as he has edited? Is there not Alford, Dean of Canterbury, who has accomplished one of the most Herculean tasks of modern days in furnishing the English student with the only complete edition of the Christian Scriptures which is provided with critical apparatus and an exegetical commentary in his native tongue? Is there not Jowett, Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford, whose magnitude may be estimated by the fact that the authorities of his University long conspired to keep him poor and grievously pinch him in pocket, in order to restrain the pride and presumption of his heterodoxy? Is there not—but, so far at least as the question of New Testament revision is concerned, we have now named a number of fairly representative men sufficient for our purpose. We have Wordsworth as the representative of the extreme Right, Jowett as that of the extreme Left, and Ellicott and Alford representing respectively the Right and Left Centre. Even excluding, in spite of their acknowledged learning and ability, the extreme Right and Left, as unlikely to command the confidence of those who differ from them respectively, there are unquestionably men enough of reasonable minds, moderate views, and unimpeachable scholarship, who could be grouped round Ellicott and Alford for such a work as the revision of the English version of the Scriptures of the New Covenant. And if the men themselves, after all, are pigmies, have they not the shoulders of the giants of former days to mount upon? Is there not the existing Authorised Version to serve as a basis for their labours? We must not forget, either, that, just when we were threatened with the utter and entire decay and degeneration of our race in a physical point of view, it occurred to a sporting nobleman to revive the ancient tournament, and when the combatants proceeded to arm themselves for the fray, the plate and mail of olden heroes were found too small for the pheasant-slayers and foxhunters of modern days. Something of the kind, *mutatis mutandis*, may possibly be true with regard to the field of selection that would be open to Queen Victoria for the formation of a body of commissioners for the purpose above mentioned, as compared with that which was open to his most sacred Majesty James I. In the critical knowledge of the Greek tongue, in the science of language, in familiarity with the Eastern languages, and in the accuracy of our historical and topographical researches, the men of our

day are as superior to the scholars of the 17th century as they were, in their day, to the scholastic churchmen and disputants of the middle ages.

We must admit that, as regards the Old Testament, we cannot easily—to the discredit of both our Church and our Universities—bring forward so brilliant a list of eminent persons, in prominent positions, who have devoted themselves to the study of the Hebrew and cognate languages. And a person very competent to have taken a prominent part in such a commission, Dr. M'Caul, has lately been removed from the Church militant by the hand of death. Still, there is no doubt whatever that, even as regards the Old Testament, at least as good a field of selection is open to her present Majesty and her advisers as was available in the time of James I. And those who constantly charge Bishop Colenso with being led astray by the English version, ought surely to be forward in placing a more correct and trustworthy translation in the hands of those to whom the 'People's Edition' of his destructive work has now become so easily accessible. But strange indeed it is, that those who are satisfied with the statement that the Bible *contains*, rather than *is*, the Word of God, appear, on the whole, to be far more anxious to place what they consider the vehicle of that Holy Word fairly and accurately in the hands of the people, than those who declare it to be that very Word itself, fully, absolutely, and verbally inspired in every part. Alas! the reason is, that, with a large majority of divines, hatred of heresy is a much stronger passion than love of truth.

But when we turn from noisy controversialists to the efforts made by honest, believing, and laborious students to accumulate materials and make preparations which shall render such a revision, especially of the New Testament, a comparatively plain and easy task, we seem to find ourselves in a different atmosphere, an atmosphere bracing, invigorating, and altogether cheering. In a former Number (cxci.), we considered the progress so far made in this great work, and spoke highly of the (provisional) method of Lachmann, who endeavoured to discover, not so much *the* original text, as *a* really ancient text of the Scriptures of the New Testament. Since that time a more complete, though unfortunately not quite complete and trustworthy, edition of the great Vatican Manuscript has been given us by Cardinal Mai, the deficiencies of which we acknowledged and deplored in our 227th Number. These deficiencies have to a great extent been supplied by Dean Alford and others, who have been allowed access to the Manu-

script, although a copy of it, in *facsimile*, is still a desideratum. Moreover, the great Sinai Manuscript has been discovered and published by Tischendorf—a manuscript which is generally acknowledged to rival at least, if not to excel, that of the Vatican in antiquity and value. The third or manual edition of this MS. has this year appeared, unfortunately, however, without the Epistle of Barnabas and fragments of Hermas. Mr. B. H. Cowper, the editor of the 'Journal of Sacred 'Literature,' has given us a complete edition of the Alexandrian MS. which is in the British Museum, and Mr. Scrivener has published the Beza MS. which is in the University Library at Cambridge. But Mr. Hansell has brought all these materials, as well as others, together within a small compass, in the valuable work which we have placed in the post of honour at the head of this article, and of the contents of which we shall now proceed to give an account.

It consists of three volumes, the first of which contains in four parallel columns the texts of the Gospels given by the Codex Alexandrinus (A), which is ascribed to the last half of the fourth or the first half of the fifth century after Christ; the Codex Vaticanus, 1209 (B), ascribed to the middle of the fourth century; the Codex Ephraëmi Syri Rescriptus (C), which was written before the middle of the fifth century, and is in the Imperial Library at Paris; and the Codex Bezæ Cantabrigiensis (D), which is ascribed to the middle of the sixth century. As the Codex Alexandrinus is deficient up to Matt. xxv. 6, the lacuna is supplied by the Codex Dublinensis Rescriptus (Z), which is ascribed to the sixth century—the remaining portions of this MS., which is but fragmentary, being arranged in a fifth division under the other four after the point where A begins.

The second volume contains the remainder of the canonical books of the New Testament. The book of the Acts appears in four columns from A, B, C, and D, with the text of the Laudian MS. (E), which is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and is ascribed to the end of the sixth century, in a fifth division at the foot of the page. The Catholic Epistles are given in three columns from A, B, and C, D only containing the Gospels and Acts. The Pauline Epistles are given in four columns from A, B, and C, and the Codex Claromontanus (D for the Epistles), which is in the Imperial Library at Paris, and is supposed to have been written before the middle of the sixth century. The Apocalypse appears in three columns from A, C, and the Codex Vaticanus 2066 (B for the Apocalypse), which is assigned to the early part of the eighth century.

The third volume contains a preface to the whole well worth perusal, notes on various peculiarities in the MSS. from which the texts have been copied, a complete collation of the great Sinai MS., known by the sign ℵ in token of its antiquity and importance, and appendices containing amongst other things facsimile pages of several of the MSS. represented in the work.

The whole is creditable alike to the editor, the delegates of the Oxford University Press, and the planner of the work, generally understood to have been the Rev. J. Barrow, D.D., lately Principal of St. Edmund's Hall. There is a list of errata and corrigenda attached to each volume, and doubtless the editor is by this time aware of more. We are sorry that Mr. Hansell has remarked (vol. iii. p. x.) upon the errors of fellow-labourers in the same good cause in a manner scarcely called for, drawing attention, for instance, to a few misplaced accents in Mr. Cowper's edition of Codex A. It is therefore the less to be regretted that Tischendorf, in his manual edition of the Sinai MS., has not spared the shortcomings and trips of the Oxford editor (p. li. note 1). Were it not that the extreme sensitiveness of scholars and critics to each other's blunders is a great security for the unlearned public, we might have felt and expressed our regret at this tendency to dwell upon the few errors committed rather than upon the great works accomplished by fellow-labourers. No doubt some of our reactionary friends will endeavour to make capital out of these little passages of arms, in order to throw suspicion upon the vast amount that has beyond question been accomplished. For ourselves, although we do not pretend to deny that a second edition of Mr. Hansell's work would be more perfect than the present one, yet we receive what he has done for us with a hearty welcome, and only desire to see it turned to practical account.

Indeed, so far as early MSS. are concerned, this work contains almost everything necessary for the revision of the text of the New Testament. Lachmann, Tischendorf, Tregelles, Scrivener, and others, have furnished pretty nearly complete collations of ancient versions and citations, as well as of many later and inferior manuscripts. So that, unless the authorities of the Church of England are disposed to class themselves with the 'silly women' described by St. Paul* as 'ever learning 'and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth,' or the Protestant Church of England herself is to wait, doing

* 2 Tim. iii. 6, 7.

penance, as it were, at the gates of the Vatican, until it shall please his Holiness the Pope to unlock the library door and permit MS. B 1209 to be photographed, there is really nothing worth mentioning to wait for, except that favourable opportunity which divines of the reactionary school will *never* admit to have arrived. To them the sacred words, 'Now is 'the accepted time,' have no meaning and no value, except to point the exhortations of a sermon. Yet it may be that a time of trial is coming upon the Church of England, when the want of a faithful translation of God's Holy Scriptures will be most deeply felt and most bitterly regretted.

If we leave the consideration of the New Testament Scriptures collectively, and turn our attention to the condition of individual books, we shall find one thing that is most shocking to the mind of one who loves truth as such, and desires both himself to possess, and to see others in possession of, the fullest possible means of ascertaining the truth. Dr. Wordsworth (in such a matter an unexceptionable witness) tells us * that 'the present generation enjoys an inestimable benefit in pos- 'sessing a correct text of the Apocalypse.' 'It is much to 'be regretted, therefore, that some English expositions of 'the Apocalypse should have been based on the English 'version of this book without careful reference to the original.' Erasmus, the first editor, it appears, had only one imperfect MS.; Stephens only two, which were inaccurately collated; Beza took Stephens's third edition as the basis of his editions, the latest of which, that of 1598, was the groundwork of the English Authorised Version of the New Testament, published in 1611 and appointed to be used in churches. 'The English 'authorised translation of the Apocalypse does not rest upon 'the same sound (!) † foundation of MS. authority as the 'authorised translation of the other books of the New Testa-

* Introduction to the Book of Revelation, p. 153.

† The utter worthlessness, in a critical point of view, of the so-called 'Textus Receptus,' was demonstrated by us fourteen years ago (No. cxci. p. 4 *sqq.*). We are happy to be able to add the testimony of another name of weight in support of the theory of the little value of the Textus Receptus. Professor Lightfoot, in the preface to his edition of the Epistle to the Galatians, just published, says, 'It is no longer necessary, I trust, to offer any apology for 'laying aside the received text. When so much conscientious labour 'has been expended on textual criticism, it would be unpardonable 'in an editor to acquiesce in readings which for the most part are 'recommended neither by intrinsic fitness nor by the sanction of 'antiquity.'

'ment. It stands in a place by itself, and ought to be re-'garded accordingly.' Thus, upon Dr. Wordsworth's showing, the Apocalypse at any rate ought to be retranslated, if there were any real desire on the part of the authorities of the Church of England to place 'every inspired Scripture' in a satisfactory translation in the hands of the laity. Indeed, Dr. Wordsworth's admissions as to the present Authorised Version of the Apocalyse, amount, to all intents and purposes, to a distinct confession that in its present condition *it is not Scripture.*

It is manifest that if a Royal Commission were to be set on foot for the revision of the Authorised Version of the Scriptures, its attention would have to be directed to two principal points—(1) the settlement of the text with which the existing version should be compared, and (2) the alterations to be made in the translation itself from grammatical and exegetical considerations. In the Old Testament the task would be comparatively easy as regards the first point, it being plain that the text generally received by 'our librarians,' the Jews, must be, for the present at least, accepted for practical purposes; and the grand business would be the correction of the translation, so as to correspond with the changes of our own language and the advances made in Hebrew learning. Obsolete words and indelicate expressions, many of which are usually omitted or altered in the reading-desk, would be removed, and others more intelligible or less disagreeable would be introduced in their stead. And, generally, care would be taken that the honest and intelligent student should be under as few disadvantages as possible in forming a judgment on matters in dispute amongst Christians. In all probability all discrepancy would cease to exist between the statements of 2 Cor. iii. 13, and Exod. xxxiv. 30—38, in the latter of which passages the word 'till' is merely an erroneous and misleading insertion of the translators; offerings, the peculiarity of which was the absence of 'meat' in the present sense of the word, would also probably cease to designate 'meat-offerings;' 'quick' would probably make way for 'living,' and 'leasing' and 'artillery' be replaced by more appropriate terms, &c. &c. &c.

In the New Testament the question of text is of much greater importance, and here the work of Mr. Hansell must prove of the very highest value. If we turn to 1 John v. 7, 8, we find no trace whatever of the 'three heavenly witnesses' in any of his manuscripts. On further inquiry we find no difficulty whatever in ascertaining the passage containing them to be a mere interpolation in the *Greek*, although we may

be perfectly willing to accept Bentley's suggestion, that it intruded accidentally into the *Latin* from a marginal gloss consisting of an extract from Cyprian. Fear of the Church of Rome on the one hand, and of the Socinians on the other, appears to have induced the half-hearted authorities of the Church of England to retain this known interpolation in a version which was to be the sole appeal of the unlearned vulgar. And we cannot consider it creditable to our Church, that this spurious passage is annually read to the laity in the Epistle for the First Sunday after Easter, and in one of the lessons on Trinity Sunday.

If we turn back to what we must beg to call the legend of the descent of an angel in John v. 4, we find considerable variation in Mr. Hansell's MSS. B, C, and the Sinai MS. simply omit the words. D contains *ἐκδεχομένων τὴν τοῦ ὕδατος κίνησιν*, 'expecting the troubling of the water,' only. A contains the whole passage; but instead of saying that an angel *κατέβαινεν*, 'used to descend' into the pool and trouble the water, it tells us that at stated seasons an angel '*used to take a bath* (*ἐλούετο*) 'in the pool and trouble the water.' In the face of such phenomena, is it possible to consider the passage as aught but a legend interpolated from an early marginal gloss, which was written to explain the subsequent words, *ὅταν ταραχθῇ τὸ ὕδωρ*, in verse 7?

Dr. Wordsworth, setting at nought the facts presented at one view by Mr. Hansell, tells us that the manuscript evidence is about equal for the omission and for the retention of the passage, which he accordingly retains; at the same time he unfortunately passes over the argument from the internal evidence of the language of the passage, in which, as Dean Alford informs us, no less than *seven* words occur as *ἅπαξ λεγόμενα* in the New Testament, either absolutely or in the sense which they here possess. In the case of the narrative of the woman taken in adultery (John vii. 53—viii. 11), Dr. Wordsworth enunciates the argument too strongly against the passage, by stating that A and C do not contain it, instead of noticing that they are simply deficient in this part of St. John's Gospel, and he concludes by rejecting it from the Canon of Scripture.

The concluding verses of the Gospel of St. Mark are not contained in B or in the Sinai Manuscript. Internal evidence is very strongly against their being by the same hand as the rest of the Gospel, which appears to conclude with the words *ἐφοβοῦντο γάρ* in chapter xvi. verse 8. It has been conjectured with considerable plausibility that the epithet *ὁ κολοβοδάκτυλος*, 'the 'stump-fingered,' was applied to St. Mark on account of this

abrupt termination of his Gospel, which was probably finished by another hand.* Such passages ought to be retained in their places, but enclosed between brackets, to denote that more or less of uncertainty has from the earliest times been considered to attach to them.

The celebrated passage (Acts viii. 37) containing the profession of faith supposed to have been made by the Ethiopian eunuch before baptism, is absent from the whole of Mr. Hansell's MSS., with the exception of the least valuable, E, in which it appears under the very modified form:—'If thou believest 'with all thy heart, thou shalt be saved. And he answered 'and said, I believe in the Christ, the Son of God.' The Sinai MS. agrees with the other early MSS. in the omission. This is one of the instances of consensus on the part of the really ancient MSS. in points of importance, which some people endeavour to cast into the shade by counting up their variations in matters of little or no importance. Indeed, some of the best authorities are of opinion that the early Church attached much less importance to slight verbal discrepancies than we are inclined to do at the present day.

Ere we pass on to the question of corrections and improvements in translation, we cannot forbear quoting the weighty words of Dean Alford, in Dr. Guthrie's 'Sunday Magazine.' He says, and says with truth:—

'A formidable list of passages might be given in which our version has confessedly misrendered the original, or has followed a form of the text now well known not to have been the original form. These might be corrected at any time, and it is a grievous thing that this has not been done and is not now doing. For, as matters now stand, we are printing for reading in our churches, we are sending forth into the cottage and the mansion, books containing passages and phrases which pretend to be the Word of God and are not; and that when the remedy is easy and lies at any time in our own power.'

Indeed, this dishonest practice of reservation has been carried to a frightful extent by the faithless champions of orthodoxy in England. An enemy might claim to have only too good grounds for asserting that 'Hunt the heretic down, but keep 'the exact state of the case from the vulgar laity,' has been practically the maxim of the authorities and zealots in all ages.

We also invite attention to the practical bearing of the words of Bishop Ellicott, when ('Aids to Faith,' p. 422) he entreats

* This epithet is found in the lately discovered work of Hippolytus against all heresies, vii. 30.

and conjures 'those who would only too gladly put the whole 'question in abeyance, to pause, seriously to pause, before they 'do such dishonour to the words of inspiration, and leave cling-'ing to our Church both the reproaches which are now so piti-'lessly cast upon us all by the gainsayer, and that still deeper 'reproach of our own hearts—that, believing the Bible to be a 'special, direct, and inspired revelation from God, we have yet 'not used the means now at hand of ascertaining the exact 'language in which that revelation is vouchsafed. Mournful 'indeed,' he continues, 'will be the retrospect, and gloomy in-'deed the future, if unbecoming anxiety or a timid conservatism 'is to tempt honest hearts to show sadly lacking measures of 'faith and to deal deceitfully with the oracles of God.' Surely at least as much dishonour is done to the words of inspiration, and at least as much deceitfulness in dealing with the oracles of God is shown, by those who endeavour to keep the results of the labours of scholars and critics confined to the learned, as by those who refuse to take them into consideration altogether, and prefer to take their stand upon the basis of an antiquity not yet three centuries old. It is difficult to imagine a stronger case of *καπηλεία τοῦ λόγου* (2 Cor. ii. 7), i.e. of retailing the Word with petty adulterations, than that exhibited by the upholders of the present Authorised Version.

But the grand reason for objecting to a revision of the English Bible is, with some carefulness, kept out of sight, while trifling and silly ones, such as the query whether the other Protestant Churches will be willing to adopt the revised instead of the old translation, as if that were any business of ours, are pushed into the front. That reason is neither more nor less than an apprehension lest the correction of known errors in the translation of the Scriptures should eventually bring about alterations in the Prayer-book. It would, no doubt, be desirable to have the Prayer-book also corrected, so as to be in harmony with the version of the Scriptures which is read in churches, but the experience both of ourselves and our ancestors is against the probability of an early realisation of this change. The Psalms, which are chanted or read in the services of the Church, are not taken from either the Authorised Version or its immediate predecessor, but from the one before that. Neither were the Epistles and Gospels taken from the Authorised Version until the last revision of the Prayer-book in the time of Charles II. This secret terror has been able to paralyse the love of truth and sense of honesty in the authorities of the Church of England for many a year.

We presume that, in case of a revision, one of the first

things would be to reduce the subdivisions of chapters and verses to their proper place, the margin, and their proper use, that of mere aids for reference. We can imagine nothing more perplexing to a reader than to have the sequence of thought and narrative broken up without the slightest regard to the sense, and in the New Testament without the shadow of authority, into the form of a set of detached maxims or verses. But perhaps our ecclesiastical authorities desire to mark their sense of the heinousness of the heresy of 'treating 'the Bible like any other book,' by printing it in a form which necessitates its being much less intelligible than any other book. Several 'paragraph' Bibles have already appeared, though without any special sanction of 'authority,' one of which, a very good one, was published by the Religious Tract Society in 1845, and republished with very creditable annotations between 1851 and 1860.

The Authorised Version and its predecessor, the Bishops' Bible, were not always improvements on their predecessors. In Philipp. ii. 10, they introduced the undoubted mistranslation 'at' for 'in the name of Jesus every knee shall bow.' Thus, during the time of Charles I., the Lessons and Epistles differed as to the translation of a passage which was, senselessly enough, supposed to have considerable bearing upon the custom of bowing the *head*—females only bowing the *knee*—*at* the name of *Jesus*.

Again, in Matt. ii. 7, it is a singular fact that Tyndale and the Geneva Bible of 1560 are grammatically correct in their rendering of *τὸν χρόνον τοῦ φαινομένου ἀστέρος*, viz. 'the time 'of the star that appeared,' whereas Cranmer's Great Bible, the Bishops' Bible, and the Authorised Version paraphrase as if the words had run, *τὸν χρόνον τοῦ ἀστέρος φαινομένου*. It was clearly a scientific astronomical question, that Herod asked the Magi, intending to employ their unsuspecting answer for an evil purpose. The beginning and end of this 'time' furnished him with the requisite data for the massacre of the innocents 'from two years old and under.'

The manifest fault in translating 1 Cor. iv. 4, *οὐδὲν γὰρ ἐμαυτῷ σύνοιδα, κ.τ.λ.*, 'for I know nothing *by* myself, yet am I 'not hereby justified,' which in ordinary English is simply unintelligible, appears to have been not so much a mistranslation as a provincialism. We have been informed by a Derbyshire friend, that, when a man's character is asked of a peasant in that district, if he knows no harm of him, he is very likely to reply, 'I know nothing *by* him,' i. e. against him. 'I 'know nothing *against* myself' would not be far in significa-

tion from the correct rendering: 'I am not conscious of any-'thing, yet do I not thereby stand justified.'

In John x. 16 there is a very gross mistranslation in the Authorised Version, which runs:—'And other sheep I have, 'which are not of this FOLD; them also I must bring, and they 'shall hear my voice; and there shall be one FOLD and one 'shepherd.' An ordinary reader would naturally suppose that the word 'fold,' which occurs twice, represented the same word in the original in each case. No such thing. In the first place it represents *αὐλῆς*, FOLD, in the second *ποίμνη*, FLOCK. In the Authorised Version the point of the sentence lies in the correspondence of the word FOLD, twice repeated; in the original in the identity of derivation of the words *ποίμνη*, FLOCK, and *ποίμην*, SHEPHERD. A very different effect is given by the correct translation:—'And other sheep I have, which are 'not of this FOLD; them also I must bring, and they shall 'hear my voice; and there shall be one FLOCK, one SHEP-'HERD.' No doubt the Authorised Version supplies a convenient weapon against inconvenient schismatics, but the original indicates far more strongly the substantial unity of the one FLOCK, whether folded in this FOLD or in that, under the One SHEPHERD, JESUS.

We fear that a revision of the present translation must necessarily deprive us of the exclamation of King Agrippa, 'Almost 'thou persuadest me to be a Christian,' in Acts xxvi. 28, on which so many eloquent and touching sermons have been preached. We admit that scholars are not perfectly agreed as to what *ἐν ὀλίγῳ* actually does mean, and that consequently an alternative rendering would probably appear in the margin, but there is no doubt whatever that those words do not and cannot mean 'almost.' We do not trouble our readers with our own opinion on the matter, because our desire is rather to bring forward *things that cannot be gainsaid*, and that in the plainest language, in order to exhibit the necessity of a revision of the English Bible, than to display our own ingenuity in the interpretation of disputed passages.

The word 'hell' is used in two senses, and represents two Greek words, in the New Testament. In the sense in which it represents *ᾅδης*, *Hades*, we know both that our Lord descended into 'hell,' and that all of us, who are not among the 'quick' or living at the last day, must also 'go to hell.' In the sense in which it represents *γέεννα*, *Gehenna*, the earliest terror impressed upon our minds is lest we should 'go to hell.' 'Hell' properly signifies 'a covered place,' and is thus, so far as its original signification is concerned, a much more suitable repre-

sentative of *Hades*, i.e. *ἀΓίδης*, 'the unseen place,' than of *Gehenna*. The word 'hell' ought to be restricted to one or other of these senses exclusively in a revised translation, and it must be left to the revisers to determine whether the future office of the word is to follow its popular acceptation or its original meaning.

Similar remarks apply to the use of one English word, 'devil,' to represent both the *διάβολος*, who tempted our Lord, and the *δαιμόνια*, or 'demons,' that were cast out from such unfortunate persons as were possessed by them. In this case the revisers would not be called upon to exercise the slightest discrimination, but would simply make the correction above suggested without hesitation.

In Acts ii. 3, we shall probably hear no more of the apparition of 'cloven' tongues, the prototypes of the bishop's mitre. If there be any symbolic meaning in the 'dividing 'tongues,' or 'tongues dividing themselves,' *διαμεριζόμεναι γλῶσσαι*, under the form of which the Holy Spirit descended on the day of Pentecost, it would naturally be that, so long as the tongues of men should divide themselves upon the earth, so long should prayers be said, the Scriptures be read, and the Spirit be an animating power in each man's native tongue. But the existing translation, 'cloven' tongues, is equally senseless and ungrammatical.

It is strange that the expression 'foolishness of preaching' should so long have held its ground in 1 Cor. i. 21, in spite of the remarks of Hooker, who, observing in a note that 'the 'Apostle useth the word *κήρυγμα*, and not *κήρυξις*,' argues as follows (v. xxii. 9):—

'It pleaseth God by the "foolishness of preaching" to save. These words declare how admirable force those mysteries have, which the world doth deride as follies; they show that the *foolishness of the cross of Christ* is the *wisdom of true believers*; they concern the *object* of our faith, the matter preached of and believed in by Christian men. This we know that the Grecians or Gentiles did account foolishness; but that they did ever think it a fond or unlikely way to seek men's conversion by sermons we have not heard. Manifest, therefore, it is, that the apostle, applying the name of *foolishness* in such sort as they [*q.* he] did, must needs by "the "foolishness of preaching" mean the doctrine of Christ, which we learn that we may be saved; but that sermons are the only manner of teaching whereby it pleaseth our Lord to save he could not mean.'

The wording of the Authorised Version undoubtedly conveys the erroneous impression which Hooker seeks to remove, and nothing but an alteration of that wording can exhibit to an unlearned reader the true meaning of the passage.

There is a singular confusion in the Authorised Version of Heb. vii. 18, 19, arising from neglect of the manifest opposition between the two particles μὲν and δὲ, which are here used most strictly in accordance with their origin respectively from old forms of the Greek numerals signifying 'one' and 'two.' That version runs: 'For there is verily a disannulling of the 'commandment going before, for the weakness and unprofitable-'ness thereof. For the law made nothing perfect, but the 'bringing in of a better hope *did:* by the which we draw nigh 'unto God.' Translating with strict attention to the antithesis of μὲν and δὲ and several other minor matters, we have a very much more intelligible statement. 'For there is in the first 'place an annulling of the preceding commandment on account 'of the weakness and unprofitableness thereof (for the law 'made nothing perfect), and in the second place an introduction 'of a better hope, by which we draw near to God.'

If we take such a passage as 2 Cor. v. 14, [εἰ] εἷς ὑπὲρ πάντων ἀπέθανεν, ἄρα οἱ πάντες ἀπέθανον, we find the Authorised Version, 'If one died for all, then were all dead,' to be neither more nor less than simple nonsense. Yet a correction, which any well-informed schoolboy could supply, would exhibit the grand scheme of the Atonement in the fewest words:—'If one died 'for (i.e. on behalf of) all, then (or rather, therefore) all died,' virtually or symbolically, in Him as their representative. We scarcely think that the warmest supporters of the present translation will venture to assert that the translators employed by James I. paid more regard to the doctrine of the Greek tenses than they did to that of the Greek article, which, indeed, was not satisfactorily elucidated till long after their time.

It is impossible within the narrow limits of a review to give more than a few specimens of the shortcomings and errors of the Authorised Version. Considering the changes of our own language and the advances made in both Greek and Hebrew scholarship, such a task would require a large volume, ἐπεὶ ψάμμος ἀριθμὸν περιπέφευγεν.* Laudation of the Authorised Version has so long been a portion of the Anglican creed that we almost fear a charge of heresy, if we state our opinion that

* Such a volume fell into our hands when we were just completing the present article. It is entitled 'A Plea for a New English Ver-'sion of the Scriptures, by a Licentiate of the Church of Scotland.' Macmillan & Co. 1864. It is a very commendable performance, although the writer's scholarship does not always seem equal to his acuteness.

King James's translators have carried off a very large portion of the credit really due to others. This has indeed been a grievous case of 'Hos ego versiculos feci, tulit alter honores.' We frequently find the eulogisers of the Authorised Version quoting Selden's dictum, that 'the English translation of the 'Bible is the best in the world, and renders the sense of the 'original best,' while they quite forget to add the remainder of the sentence, 'taking in for the English translation the 'Bishops' Bible as well as King James's.' And we have never seen any allusion made to the paragraph which comes next to the above in Selden's 'Table-talk,' and seriously qualifies it. We give it *in extenso*:—

'There is no book so translated as the Bible for the purpose. If I translate a French book into English, I turn it into English phrase, not into French English. "Il fait froid," I say, *'tis cold*, not *it makes cold*; but the Bible is rather translated into English words than into English phrase. The Hebraisms are kept, and the phrase of that language is kept. As for example—[here follows a phrase given apparently from memory, which does not occur *totidem verbis* in the Authorised Version, and is not a very agreeable one to quote] —which is well enough, so long as scholars have to do with it; but when it comes among the common people, Lord, what jeer do they make of it!'

Instead of citing Selden's Hebraistic example, we may fairly complain of the incorrect and offensive use of the word 'bowels' as the representative of the Greek *σπλάγχνα*. In the offertory sentence, taken from 1 John iii. 12, that word is usually omitted in Prayer-books, and we read 'shutteth up 'his compassion' in lieu of 'shutteth up his *bowels* of com- 'passion.' It is very well known to scholars, that the *σπλάγχνα* are the *viscera* or larger entrails, such as the heart and liver, whereas the 'bowels' or smaller entrails correspond to the Greek *ἔντερα* and the Latin *ilia*.

Many instances might easily be pointed out in which the Hebrew or Greek idiom could with advantage be exchanged for more idiomatic English expressions, and many others in which, conversely, a more literal translation of the Hebrew or Greek would be very preferable to the present clumsy paraphrastic renderings. But such questions must be left to the judgment of translators or revisers, who know what to expect from the criticisms of a free press if they do not perform their office with tolerable discrimination and fidelity. And the mere natural changes of a language are quite enough to demand periodical revision in this respect. Strange indeed it is, that between 1535 and 1611 there should have been no less than

seven translations or revisions of the English Bible, whereas since 1611, a space of two hundred and fifty-four years has elapsed without the slightest official attempt at correction or revision.* And we think we have given a fair instalment of proof to show that it is not the real intrinsic merit of the Authorised Version that has kept it thus unreasonably and unwarrantably in its present position.

We say this, we are aware, in the teeth of Messrs. Churton and Jones, who tell us in the preface to their second volume, that in giving fresh translations in the notes in order to represent the exact sense of the sacred writers, they do not intend in any way to depreciate the Authorised Version. 'For its own 'purpose,' they continue, 'that priceless treasure is the best 'translation ever produced; and in many, perhaps most re-'spects, *it is far superior to anything which can possibly be* '*substituted for it.*' This falls but little short of claiming inspiration for King James's translators; and were it not that their practice is better than their theory, and that a reasonable portion of their commentary is taken up with the flaws they cannot honestly help finding in their 'priceless jewel,' we should have remarked with considerable severity upon them. But when they admit the existence of 'manifest errors,' however tenderly they are disposed to deal with them, we cannot but think them very inconsistent in desiring to retain them in the text of the English version of the Scriptures, and very foolish in presuming to judge by anticipation of the future, and to venture the assertion that nothing equal to the present Authorised Version can ever be produced. The 'purpose' of that, or any version, ought surely to be to represent the original as faithfully as possible, and it is rather the duty of every age to improve what it has received from its predecessors, than to perpetuate and pass onwards known, recognised, and 'manifest 'errors.'

What, then, is 'the conclusion of the whole matter?' That, as in the early days of the Reformed Anglican Church the greatest care and pains were taken to provide the English reader with the best translation of the Scriptures that the times, opportunities, and stock of materials allowed, so, on the contrary, have these latter days been marked by a studied neglect and dishonest avoidance of this sacred duty.

We turn, however, to the authorities and dignitaries of the Church of England, to the archbishops and bishops, the deans and canons, and call upon them in the sacred name of Truth

* See Mr. Westcott's 'Bible in the Church,' p. 282 *sqq.*

to acknowledge and take cognisance of the long-neglected duty of the Church of which they are ministers, as a 'witness and 'keeper of Holy Writ,'* and to address Her Majesty the Queen of these realms to issue a Royal Commission for the revision of the present authorised translation of the Scriptures to men whose learning and moderation shall deserve and command the confidence of the nation.

And if the official mind in the Church be as deaf to the voice of the charmer as it has often been asserted to be in the State—if the fear of alterations in the English Prayer-book be too strong with the dignified clergy for the crying need of revision and correction in the English Bible—if our prelates are too much occupied with the repression of error to busy themselves with the disentanglement and propagation of truth—we turn from them to the responsible advisers of Her Majesty, to advise Her Majesty to issue her Royal Commission for the revision of the present Authorised Version of the Scriptures to such learned and moderate men as shall deserve and command universal confidence.

If this be done, especially if it be done on the application of the authorities and dignitaries of the Church, as we hope and trust it will be, and if this great and desirable work be performed as it ought to be, we can imagine the Church of England presenting the revised and corrected Bible to her sons and daughters somewhat in this wise:—'Receive,' she would say, 'my children, this revised and corrected translation of the 'Word of God in your own language, as nearly and closely 'corresponding to the original as the accumulated materials of 'centuries and the labour of my most learned and single-'minded sons have been able to render it. I thank God that 'I have at length been enabled to grant you this long-deferred 'and long-needed boon. And, under God, my gratitude is 'due to those who, by uttering stern truths and merited re-'proofs, have awakened my servants to a fuller and truer sense 'of my office as a "witness and keeper of Holy Writ," and 'freed me from the reproach of unfaithfulness and untruthful-'ness, which has long been injurious to my best energies. 'Take, then, this book, and make use of it with faith and 'prayer; may it, by God's blessing, bring forth in you an in-'crease of both wisdom and charity, and tend to diminish the 'number, extent, and acrimony of controversies among the 'followers of one common Lord and Master!'

---

* Art. xvii.

ART. V.—1. *Traforo delle Alpi tra Bardonnèche e Modane: Relazione della Direzione Tecnica alla Direzione Generale delle Strade Ferrate dello Stato.* Torino: 1863.

2. *Rapport adressé à la Compagnie des Chemins de Fer du Nord de l'Espagne sur les Travaux de Percement du Mont Cenis.* Par M. NOBLEMAINE. Neuilly: 1861.

3. *Notice Historique sur la Percée du Mont Cenis et les Nouvelles Machines de MM. Sommeiller, Grandis et Grattoni.* Par M. BONJEAN. Chambéry: 1863.

AMONGST the 'imperial works and worthy kings' which this age, prolific in triumphs of engineering skill, has produced, there is none which—whether we regard the difficulty of the undertaking or the importance of the object—more conspicuously challenges attention and deserves admiration than the great tunnel through the Alps, now steadily advancing, of which we propose, in the following article, to give a short account.

Although the most frequented in modern times, the Mont Cenis is by no means the oldest of the passes of the Alps. It seems not to have been known to the ancient Romans, nor to have been used as a highway, or at all events not as a military road, until the middle ages. Recent researches have established the fact, almost beyond a doubt, that Hannibal led his army into Italy by the pass of the Little St. Bernard. To reach the north of Italy and the plains of Lombardy from France, however, the shortest route is by way of Chambéry and the valley of the Arc. The railway, which leaves the Paris and Lyons line at Ambérieux and passes by Culoz and Chambéry, has been pushed forward to St. Michel in that valley, and from this point the traveller proceeds in a diligence as far as the village of Lans-le-bourg—a distance of about sixteen miles—where the ascent of the Mont Cenis begins. About one-fourth of the distance between St. Michel and Lans-le-bourg, in a romantic part of the deep valley through which the rapid torrent of the Arc forces its way—shut in by lofty snow-covered mountains—lies the poor little hamlet of Fourneaux, and about a mile beyond it the larger but still insignificant village of Modane. On the right of the road, close to Fourneaux, the attention of the traveller is arrested by numerous white buildings which have the appearance of barracks; behind them a steep inclined plane, with two lines of iron tramway, ascends to a considerable height, and stops at two square-framed doors placed against the side of the mountain, near which are perched a few cottages and workshops. On

the same line with the top of the incline, and a few paces to the east or right, may be distinguished a semicircular hole, out of which the spectator may perhaps, at the moment when he gazes, see a waggon or waggons issuing loaded with broken stones, and tilting their contents down the steep side of the mountain. Those buildings are the dwellings and workshops of the men employed in piercing the Alps, and that hole is the mouth of the great tunnel itself on the Savoy or northern side.

Hopeless indeed must have appeared even a few years ago the idea of carrying a railway through the mighty barrier with which Nature has girdled Italy, and which, while it has too often failed as a defence against invasion, has had the effect of isolating her in a great degree from the rest of Europe, and has impeded her material prosperity. The genius of Napoleon did much when under his auspices the Simplon road was made, and the traveller could climb the lofty summit of the Alps comfortably seated in his carriage. M. Céard of Geneva, to whom that noble work is due, the more remarkable as it was the first of its kind, relates in his account of it that the Emperor Napoleon frequently summoned him to his presence to ask the same question: '*Eh bien! le canon, quand 'passera-t-il le Simplon?*' This was followed by similar roads across the St. Gothard, the Splugen, and the Stelvio; and when these magnificent roads were completed, it seemed as if all had been done that engineering skill could accomplish to make a highway into Italy. Nor is it likely that more would have been attempted if steam had not entirely changed the nature of the case. The delay occasioned on a long journey by the ascent and descent of these mountain-passes was little felt when the greatest rate of speed on level roads did not exceed eight or nine miles an hour. But when railways began to spread their multitudinous arms on both sides of the Alps —when they crept up the valleys, and the course of the locomotive was suddenly arrested by the frowning masses of rock which seemed to say, 'Thus far shalt thou come and no 'farther'—when the traveller had to exchange the luxurious saloon in which he was whirled along like an arrow through the air for the uncomfortable seat of a slow and jolting diligence—the question irresistibly occurred, 'Is it possible for 'a locomotive to scale that lofty wall? or, if not, is it impos-'sible to carry on the railway *through* the Alps?' The Austrian engineers, who have shown the greatest boldness and skill in the construction of Alpine roads, were the first to deal with this difficult problem. The railroad from Vienna to Trieste

crosses the Noric chain of the Alps at Semmering. The line ascends in gradients varying from 1 in 40 to 1 in 100 for 25 miles from Gloggnitz station to the summit of the pass, and then crosses the watershed in a tunnel 4,000 yards in length at an elevation of 2,893 English feet above the sea. This colossal work was accomplished for the Austrian Government by the engineer Carlo Chega, between 1848 and 1854. Another line of railway is also far advanced across the Brenner, between Botzen and Inspruck, which will open a very easy and direct mode of communication between central Europe and Northern Italy. But the Italian Government was naturally anxious that these important Alpine passes for steam-carriages should not be exclusively in the hands of Austria; and they therefore applied themselves with great energy to open a similar connexion between the Italian kingdom and the French provinces both of Savoy and of Nice.

At first the favourite idea was that a practicable railway could be so constructed as to climb the mountain, and many were the ingenious schemes devised for the purpose. Perhaps in nothing has engineering science made more rapid progress than in the power of overcoming steep gradients. We well remember when the man would have been thought a visionary who should have proposed to make a locomotive line with a gradient of one in fifty; even one in a hundred was thought a formidable obstacle. Now, however, gradients are faced of one in thirty, or even one in twenty-seven, of which an example exists in England, and a ruling gradient of one in fifty is only considered objectionable, inasmuch as it limits the carrying power of the engine, and so increases the ratio of the working expenses to the gross returns. It is, in fact, a mere question of expense. But the gradient of the Alps! That was a gradient which transcended all experience. Still, engineers did not despair. The possibility of a railway across the Simplon was seriously discussed, and we believe that the late lamented Mr. Robert Stephenson was employed by a company to survey the pass, but his report was unfavourable. We remember, ten years ago, meeting in a small *chalet* near the summit of the mountain a foreign gentleman surrounded by maps, and plans, and sections, who told us that he was bent upon the same errand. Stationary engines, cog-wheels, pneumatic tubes — every kind of mechanical apparatus, were proposed to meet the difficulty, but hitherto without result.*

* An experimental line is at this moment in operation on the Mont Cenis, on the plan invented by Mr. Fell, an American, for

A tunnel was thought of and talked of, but it seemed the dream of enthusiasts. The difficulties in the way were indeed tremendous, and might well appal the boldest engineer. In the first place, the length would be much greater than had ever been before attempted, and how was a sufficient quantity of air to be obtained in the gloomy heart of the mountain to enable the passengers to avoid suffocation? How, in the progress of the excavation, were the workmen to breathe? At the distance of miles in the interior what might not be found? Perhaps some yawning chasm and dark unfathomable abyss—or, still worse, some subterranean lake which, bursting through the aperture, would drown the workmen and sweep in a resistless torrent through the gallery. The materials of the rock might be harder than granite or the hardest whinstone yet encountered, which so often in Scotland has tired the patience and exhausted the purse of the contractor. To put down bores, the ordinary mode of ascertaining the nature of the ground to be excavated, was of course out of the question, and the imagination ran riot as it depicted the character of the unknown region of the interior. The quickest and cheapest mode of making ordinary tunnels is by sinking vertical shafts at intervals from the summit, but this would be plainly impossible in the Alps. It has been calculated that it would take forty years to make one of these shafts so as to strike the line of the axis of the Alpine tunnel; and if, owing to the almost insuperable difficulty of sinking a vertical one, it were made oblique, it would be as long as the actual tunnel itself. The gallery,

---

the application of steam traction to ordinary carriage roads across mountains. The spot selected for the trial is on the zigzag road that ascends the mountain on the Savoy side, and the line is two miles and a quarter in length. The inclines vary from 1 in 23 to 1 in 12, and the smallest radius of the curves is one-fifth of a furlong. There are three sets of rails, of which the middle one is placed on an elevation, and it is used to secure the adhesion of four horizontal wheels attached two to each side of the locomotive. The lower rim of each of these wheels has a catch that firmly clasps the middle rail, so as to prevent the engine from being thrown off the line. They have also a lateral movement which acts as a powerful break and enables the train to be almost instantaneously stopped, even when going at full speed. It is calculated that by means of this system, when completed, the distance between St. Michel and Susa could be traversed in four hours and a half. We saw the locomotive at work a few months ago, and the effect at a distance was very curious. It seemed with its train like an avalanche descending the mountain, and the illusion was increased by the long line of steam which floated above the snow and was hardly distinguishable from it.

therefore, must be excavated by horizontal cutting from end to end, although, of course, the cutting might begin at each extremity at the same time, and go on simultaneously until the two sections met half-way in the middle of the mountain. But here a fresh difficulty occurred. Suppose that the lines did *not* meet? It is obvious that, unless the axis of each half of the tunnel was mathematically in the same straight line, the result would be either that the one line would cross the other at an angle impracticable for a locomotive, or that they would be in parallel lines and so miss each other, causing thus the expense to be incurred of two tunnels instead of one. In fact, a more serious mistake would be committed than that which is said to have happened in Ireland, where a line of railway was begun at the two ends with different gauges, and it was not until each half of the work was completed that it was discovered that the one would not fit into the other.

Notwithstanding, however, all objections and all obstacles, the minds of thinking men were haunted with the idea of the practicability of a tunnel, and it was even made the subject of poetry. In 1851 the Academy of Sciences in Savoy offered a prize for the best poem on *la Percée du Mont Cenis*, and the successful competitor was a lady, Mdlle. Chevron, of Barberaz, of whose verses, however, we are not able to speak in very high terms. She represents the Mont Cenis as angry at the *affront* it was about to suffer at the hands of unromantic engineers:—

> 'Le Mont Cenis pourtant lève un front courroucé,
> S'indignant de l'affront dont il est menacé.'

And the injured mountain exclaims:—

> 'Et l'on viendrait tenter de me réduire en poudre,
> Quand depuis six mille ans je résiste à la foudre.'

Happily, however, as we shall see, Mont Cenis has been spared this humiliation.

The first question was to determine the spot which presented the conditions most favourable for the solution of the problem. These obviously were: 1, the least thickness in the intervening barrier, or, in other words, the shortest passage through the mountains; 2, the most penetrable kind of rock; and 3, the most convenient points on each side for connecting the tunnel with the existing railways in Savoy and Piedmont. The honour of first hitting upon the exact place on the Italian side which subsequent researches have confirmed as that which is most suitable for the line of the tunnel is due to an inhabitant of the village of Bardonnèche in the valley of Rochemolles,

which runs parallel in Piedmont to the valley of the Arc in Savoy. His name was Joseph Médail, and he was a contractor for public works in the neighbourhood. In 1832 he drew up a report to the King, Charles Albert, in which he indicated the point afterwards chosen for the commencement of the work. But Médail's idea of the direction which the tunnel ought to take was different from that which was finally selected. After ten years of laborious investigation and solitary wanderings amongst the mountains, he, in 1842, communicated to the Chamber of Agriculture and Commerce, at Chambéry, a project for carrying the tunnel in a north-westerly direction so as to communicate with the French railways running towards Lyons. King Charles Albert now summoned to his councils a Belgian engineer named Maus, who was favourably known for the skill with which he had overcome the difficulty of carrying a practicable railway down the steep descent that leads to the city of Liège. Assisted by M. Sismonda, the naturalist, he devoted four years to the study of the problem, and at last determined upon the line for the tunnel which has ultimately been adopted. According to his plan the extremity of the tunnel at Bardonnèche would have been considerably higher than the extremity on the opposite side, so that there would have been a continuously ascending gradient from the entrance in Savoy to the exit in Piedmont. It is obvious that by this arrangement, as the work commenced on the Bardonnèche side must have proceeded, so to speak, downhill, there would have been considerable difficulty in getting rid of the water in what may be called the Italian section of the tunnel. This difficulty has been obviated by making an ascending and a descending gradient. The tunnel rises from the Savoy side with an easy gradient until it reaches the middle of the mountain, and it then falls almost insensibly towards Bardonnèche. When we remember that in the fens of Lincolnshire the drainage of large districts is effected by means of a fall not more than an inch in a mile, we see at once how extremely slight the inclination need be which will carry off the water from the works of the tunnel.

After the disastrous campaign of 1848, and the battle of Novara, which laid Piedmont prostrate at the foot of Austria, the question of the Alpine tunnel slept for a time. There was neither money nor spirit for such an enterprise. A commission was appointed, and this reported unfavourably on an apparatus which had been invented by M. Maus for perforating the rock. But when Count Cavour became the head of the Government, his energetic intellect revived the scheme of

the tunnel and gave it a practical development. A concession was made to a French company of a line connecting the Mont Cenis with the railways of France by the valley of the Arc. In Piedmont the Italian Government undertook the construction of a line along the valley of Dora Riparia as far as Susa on the other side of the mountain, and for some time the idea was entertained of the possibility of carrying a tramway across the Alps, and so connecting the two systems of railway. Independently, however, of all other difficulties, there was one which, in an economic point of view, rendered such a scheme objectionable. To overcome a given height a locomotive must expend as much force as is required for travelling a given length; and it was found, on calculation, that to climb to the top of the Mont Cenis was equivalent to adding more than ninety-two miles to the length of the journey which the train would have to perform.

The next step was to consolidate the two lines of railway on each side of the Alps in the hands of the same company; and the distance between Culoz in France and the extremity of Lombardy, with the exception of the interruption caused by the pass of the Mont Cenis, was traversed by a railway to the whole of which the name of the Victor Emmanuel line was given. This stimulated the desire to drive a tunnel through the wall of rock which broke the chain of communication, and the aid of the science of geology was invoked to examine the structure of the mountain range, and by inference and analogy declare what was the secret of its interior. It was found that the rock might be divided into two classes, anthracite and oolite, and subdivided into groups, of which mica, talc, limestone, and quartz were the distinguishing ingredients. So far as the excavation has yet gone, the result has corresponded with the theory, and on the Savoy side may be seen the constantly increasing heap of anthracite stone which is dug out of the bowels of the mountain and thrown down its side so as to form an artificial platform like the works of a slate quarry.

In the meantime, an English engineer, named Bartlett, had patented, in 1855, a machine for perforating the rock. The principle of this engine was a combination of steam and compressed air, by which an iron bar was darted out like the tongue of an adder against the opposing rock with wonderful velocity and force. It worked admirably under ordinary circumstances—that is, in open cuttings and short tunnellings. But it was useless for a project in which the chief desideratum was to keep up a supply of fresh air. Steam could only be produced by fire, and fire is the great devourer of air, so that

to introduce it into the Alpine tunnel would have been a kind of suicide. The glory of inventing a method by which steam should be superseded, and compressed air alone employed as a motive power, was reserved for three Italian engineers acting together in amicable concert, MM. Sommeiller, Grandis, and Grattoni. They had been sent, when young men fresh from the University of Turin, by the Sardinian Government in 1846, to Belgium and England to study railway engineering; and on their return to Italy, in 1850, their attention was directed almost accidentally to the question of compressed air as a moving force. They agreed to work out the idea in common, and endeavour by joint studies and experiments to give a practical application of the principle. We are not able to apportion the degree of merit which belongs to each in the course of this remarkable partnership of inventive ingenuity, nor is it necessary that we should do so. They were content to throw their ideas into a common stock, and they are all equally entitled to share in the honour of the product, which is the machine now so successfully employed in piercing a tunnel through the Alps, and which acts simply by the force of air reduced to one-sixth of its ordinary volume or bulk by means of the pressure of water.

The advantages of employing such a principle, if it could be practically made to work, were immense. Air costs nothing, nor does water in a country where it abounds. Its supply was unlimited in the neighbourhood of the two sides of the mountain where the tunnel was likely to be attempted; and as no fuel—that costly element in the generation of steam—would be required, the only expense of any moment would be the machinery by which the water could be brought to act upon the air by way of permanent pressure, so as to reduce it to a given fraction of its volume, and thereby increase its force in a corresponding ratio.

But it was not to the object of making a tunnel through the Alps that the labours of M. Sommeiller and his colleagues were first directed. They were in hopes of inventing a machine which, by means of the agency of compressed air, would be able to work the steep and dangerous inclines of the railway between Turin and Genoa, where it issues from the long tunnel of Giovi in the Apennines. And they did produce a machine, the principle of which found such favour in the eyes of the Sardinian Government, led on by Count Cavour in 1854, that the right was granted to the three engineers of applying it within a limited period to the propelling of trains up those inclines. It was, however, destined

to achieve a nobler work; for the idea now occurred to M. Sommeiller and his friends that if a combination could be effected between Bartlett's perforating apparatus and the new compressing engine, the result would be just the kind of machine required for piercing the Alps. In 1856 a bill was carried through the Chambers which authorised the Government to undertake the necessary experiments under the direction of MM. Sommeiller, Grandis, and Grattoni. But some idea of the cost and difficulty of these experiments may be formed when we mention that the whole of the machinery had to be made in Belgium, at the foundry of Messrs. Cockerell, near Liège, and transported to Piedmont. The place chosen for these experiments was La Coscia, near San Pier d' Arena, and here at last the problem was practically solved. The report of a Government Commission appointed to examine the question in 1857 was favourable, and a machine, or rather series of machines, was produced, of which M. Sommeiller, then himself a member of the Sardinian Parliament, could proudly say from the tribune, 'The discovery of the means of applying compressed air has 'now been made. The torrents of the Alps are our slaves; 'they will do our work for us. The machines are erected 'and work regularly. When once they are established at 'the Mont Cenis, they will go on not for four months only, 'but for seven, ay, ten years, and will be always new; for 'machinery which is only in contact with water does not easily 'wear out.' The enthusiasm with which these words were received was immense. The Giovi inclines were thenceforth forgotten, and the whole power and resources of the Government were concentrated upon the establishment of works at Bardonnèche and Fourneaux, where the two ends of the great tunnel were to be commenced.

Bardonnèche is a poor Alpine village in the valley of Rochemolles, about 4,255 feet above the level of the sea, with a population, in 1857, of a thousand souls, all simple mountaineers; and here workshops and dwelling-houses had to be built for the workmen collected to receive instruction in the difficult task before them. In the valley of the Arc they were obliged to lodge for some time at Modane, distant fully a mile from Fourneaux which could not furnish a cottage fit to live in, and there was not a shop in the place. Well might M. Sommeiller say, 'The difficulties that were encoun-'tered at the beginning of the enterprise can be little under-'stood by those who had not visited Bardonnèche and 'Fourneaux before the transformation they underwent in 'consequence of the works of the tunnel.' The reason why

these two places were selected for the site of the two extremities of the intended tunnel was owing to the configuration of the mountain range. The two valleys, of the Arc on the Savoy side and of Rochemolles on the Piedmont side, here approach most closely to each other, and therefore the intervening barrier of rock has the least thickness, so that a hole can be bored in the wall, so to speak, at the least cost and with the least difficulty. The name of the mountain actually attacked is the Grand Vallon, although, perhaps, we ought to include that which is called Frejus, and they are both in the immediate vicinity of Mont Thabor. To speak, therefore, of the tunnel as the Mont Cenis tunnel, is a misnomer, for that mountain is fully eighteen miles distant from the scene of operations; and yet this name is constantly given to it, and it seems as if it were destined to carry off the honour, or, as Mdlle. Chevron styles it, the *affront*, of the title, just as Amerigo Vespucci, instead of Columbus, carried off the honour of bestowing his name upon the Western Continent.

The tunnel at each extremity was commenced and excavated for a short distance in the ordinary manner. The new principle and mechanism were first applied at Bardonnèche, and the iron frame and its perforators, which we shall explain hereafter, entered the gallery there on the 12th of June, 1861.

As France had an interest in the scheme second only to the interest of Italy, a convention was soon afterwards made with the French Government to the following effect. The Italian Government was to execute the work, and on its completion France was to pay 760,000*l.* for that portion of the tunnel situated in its territory—one-half of the entire length—together with a premium of 20,000*l.* for each year, by which a term of twenty-five years, dating from the 1st of January, 1862, was reduced. This premium was to be increased to 24,000*l.* for each year, by which a term of fifteen years was reduced, counting from the same time. In addition, the French Government were to pay interest at five per cent. per annum on such portion of the tunnel as was finished. If, however, the Italian Government did not complete the work within twenty-five years from the date of the convention, or if they renounced its prosecution before that time, the French Government were absolved from farther payment. If the tunnel was completed in ten years from the 30th of June, 1863, the French Government were to pay 1,287,000*l.* for the construction of one-half of the tunnel—being at the rate of 210*l.* per *mètre* or 1·09 yards.

We will now proceed to describe the plan of operations, the means employed, and the progress of the work. It was necessary first of all to determine the position of the axis of the tunnel, and this was done by marking at proper intervals on the summit certain points through which a vertical plane containing the imaginary axis would pass. This was, however, a task of no ordinary difficulty, and we have seldom perused a more interesting document than the modest report drawn up by Signor Copello, who, with another engineer named Borelli, executed this part of the work. They and their assistants had to scale the snowy barrier of the Alps and plant flagstaffs or build signal-towers—no fewer than nineteen in number—above the line of the axis of the intended gallery. But how were they to determine what this line really would be between the valley of the Arc and the valley of Rochemolles?

The culminating point of the intermediate range is the top of the Grand Vallon mountain, nearly 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, and almost equidistant from the two extremities of the proposed tunnel. Here a signal-tower was placed, and from it the eye of the spectator commanded both the slopes of the mountain on the opposite sides. On the south between it and the valley of Rochemolles is the subsidiary range of Bauda, on which was placed another signal-tower, in such a position that an imaginary line drawn from a point on the mountain side of the valley of Rochemolles opposite to the southern mouth of the tunnel, would pass through the two points at Bauda, and the Grand Vallon. Owing to the great depth of the valley of the Arc, it was impossible to see the signal-tower on the Grand Vallon from the point of the mountain horizontally opposite the spot where the northern extremity of the tunnel was to be, and it was therefore necessary to select a point much higher up the mountain from which that signal-tower was visible. This point was called Pietra Bianca. It was comparatively easy now to determine by means of the theodolite the vertical plane which, passing through the Grand Vallon, and cutting in two the valley of the Arc and the valley of Rochemolles, would contain the axis of the tunnel, and its two mouths would of course lie in that plane on the opposite sides of the mountain.

The distance between the two points fixed for the mouths, or, in other words, the length of the gallery, was determined by triangulation, and it was found to be 7·5932 miles. The importance of ascertaining this was with reference not only to the expense, but also the gradient, for it is intended that the tunnel shall rise from the north to the middle with an incline of

1 in 45½, and then drop insensibly towards the southern extremity with an incline of 1 in 2000; and unless the length was known beforehand, it would be impossible to get the proper gradient in driving the excavation forward into the heart of the mountain. Independently of what we may call the intellectual difficulty in accomplishing this, there were physical obstacles of no ordinary kind. Signor Copello says in his report:—

'Cloud and snow and storm succeed each other in these lofty regions with rapid vicissitudes, and frequently render any operation impossible. To this must be added the necessity of ascending and descending from 800 to 1,000 *mètres* of height over rocks and by the most wretched paths. For this purpose it will be sufficient to mention the fact that, for the measurement of seven particular angles (which S^r. Copello specifies), we were obliged, for seven consecutive days, to reconstruct the steep path which leads from the point called Pelouse to the chalets of Rionda, situated about 2,000 *mètres* above the sea, it rarely happening, on account of the inclemency of the weather, that we were able to observe more than two angles in a day, whilst it frequently occurred that we were not able to measure one.'

On reaching the village of Fourneaux, the traveller observes on the left of the road an oblong building, behind which rise some twenty iron cylindrical pipes, on which rests a large tank or reservoir of water. From beneath the wall of this building issues a pipe rather less than a foot in diameter, which, divided into lengths of three or four yards each, and jointed together by strong rivets, crosses under the road, and is carried on the right-hand side upon a series of rectangular pillars of masonry distant a few yards from each other, until it reaches the large workshop at the foot of the inclined plane of which we have already spoken. It then turns sharp round to the right, and is carried up the side of the incline like a monstrous serpent, until it buries itself in the side of the mountain at the spot where the two square-framed doors are placed. The building with the vertical pipes and tank contains the apparatus for the manufacture, so to speak, of the compressed air, and that long white painted pipe that crawls along the side of the road and climbs the steep face of the mountain is the conduit which conveys the compressed air into the mountain for the purpose of performing its marvellous work there.

It is not our intention to go into technical details in describing the different machines, which indeed could hardly be made completely intelligible without the aid of diagrams; but we think we can give a sufficiently clear account of them to enable the reader to understand their principle and mode of operation. And we will first speak of the compressing machine

employed at Bardonnèche, where the work was first commenced, and where the conditions are different from those at Fourneaux as regards the supply of water power.

We have already said that the principle of the *modus operandi* is the compression of the atmosphere by means of water, so as to reduce its volume and thereby increase its elastic pressure. If a body of air is reduced to one-sixth of its ordinary bulk, it acquires an expansive force equal to that of six atmospheres, and this has been found amply sufficient for all the purposes required. The problem was how to get a constant equable supply of air at this pressure, just as a supply of steam at a given pressure is generated by means of fire constantly kept up at a certain degree of heat. It was, of course, easy to ascertain what weight of water was sufficient to compress a given quantity of air to one-sixth part of its volume, and enable the opposing forces—namely, the elasticity of the air and the pressure of the water—to exactly balance each other and maintain a state of equilibrium. But the practical difficulty was so to arrange the machinery as to have always at command a reservoir of compressed air, like steam, ready for constant and immediate use. And here it was that the ingenuity of the three Italian engineers was called into play.

At Bardonnèche, at an elevation above the mouth of the tunnel, there is a mountain torrent called Melezet, which is never frozen in the coldest winter. If a canal were traced from this at a height of 160 feet above the works, it would be able to convey a mass of water with a moving force per second equal to 900 horse-power. But this is more than was required, and a reservoir has been constructed at a height of 85·2 feet, which gives a moving force of 208 horse-power. It must be borne in mind that the great object was to fill a receptacle or reservoir of the proper strength and solidity with compressed air, and keep it there stored for use. Let us call this reservoir A. The water confined in pipes is admitted into the compressing machine, which is like a huge inverted syphon, by opening a valve B. The door, so to speak, of the reservoir to be filled is a valve C, which opens inwards, that is, in the direction in which the water flows. When the valve B is opened, the water, obeying the hydrostatic law which makes it rise to the level of its origin, rushes forward and ascends a vertical cylinder which communicates with the reservoir A by means of the valve B, forcing back the air as with the blow of a battering-ram, until (the required amount of pressure having been duly calculated and provided for) it is compressed to one-sixth of its volume, or, in other words, acquires an amount of

pressure equal to six atmospheres. At this point the resistance of the valve B (which has been kept closed by an internal pressure equal to five atmospheres) is overcome, and the air escapes through the opening into the reservoir. The admission valve A is then closed, an escape valve D is opened, the water flows out of the pipe, and the valve C being forced back by the compressed air in the reservoir keeps it there a close prisoner. The position of the valve C in the vertical cylinder has been determined by experiment, and it has been so placed as to secure that the advancing column of water shall exactly reach it, and drive into the reservoir the whole of the compressed air. Sometimes a little of the water, in what we might almost call the eagerness of the chase, gets into the reservoir, just as part of a besieging force, when it drives back a sortie of the garrison, gets within the gates; but this is remedied by a simple arrangement which enables it to escape through a tube.

At Fourneaux, different machinery is employed. There is there a torrent called Charmaix, from which it would have been easy during part of the year to obtain a fall of 26 *mètres* (85·2 feet), which would compress the atmospheric air to one-sixth of its volume. But its flow is unequal, and the water would be frequently insufficient for the purpose. The Arc flows at the bottom of the valley, and has always enough water, but not a sufficient fall. By cutting a canal parallel to its course, a fall of nearly twenty feet was obtained, but this was not enough. Pumps, therefore, are there employed, moved by hydraulic wheels, and there are two vertical iron columns, communicating with each other, in which water is allowed to rise to a certain height. An oscillating movement is given to the water by means of a piston, and it rises and falls alternately on the two columns. When it rises, it compresses the air and forces it through an outlet valve; when it falls, it creates a vacuum which is filled by air at atmospheric pressure. This is called the system *a tromba*, or pump-system, while that at Bardonnèche is called the system *a colonna*, from the column of water employed. The escape of compressed air in the reservoirs is so small as to be inappreciable. At Bardonnèche they were left charged to the full for twenty-four consecutive days, and the loss was less than $\frac{1}{5000}$th part of the whole; nor was it possible to discover any escape from the conduit pipe by carrying a light along it for a distance of more than two thousand yards. And hitherto all the complicated operations have been carried on without any serious accident. Once, indeed, at an early period, the pipe which conveyed the water to grapple with its antagonist the air,

burst, and a small deluge was the consequence; and on another the same thing occurred to two of the tubes filled with compressed air, which exploded with the noise of artillery. But these are trifles; and there is perhaps no undertaking of any magnitude where the feeling of security is more profound than that which is inspired by a visit to this gigantic work.

Little need be said of the conduit pipe itself. We have already described how it is formed of jointed sections, and we need only add that each extremity or nozzle at the point of junction is protected by an inner collar of caoutchouc, and that the pipe does not rest immediately upon the pillars of masonry, but upon short red cylindrical tubes exactly like drainage tiles placed on the top of these, the object being to give play to the changes that take place in the diameter of the pipe as dilatation or contraction is produced by heat or cold in the surrounding atmosphere. Let us now follow the conduit pipe as it climbs up the mountain side and plunges into the yawning throat of the tunnel where the compressed air which it conveys has to do its work. The inclined plane which we have already mentioned is self-acting, and is used for the purpose of bringing up the materials required, and especially the large stones employed in casing the tunnel with solid masonry. The waggons that ascend and descend are large iron boxes of a *kangaroo* shape, the two front wheels being much smaller than those behind—an arrangement which enables the load to keep a horizontal position during its steep journey up the side of the mountain. In a yard that surrounds the workshop at the foot of the incline may be seen two large blocks of stone riddled through and honeycombed with holes. These are pieces of rock on which experiments with the perforating machines were made, and they look exactly as if they had been bored like wood with large gimlets.

On a platform beside the entrance formed by scarping the rock there are workshops and a forge like that of a blacksmith, where the business of preparing and sharpening the perforating rods or 'needles' is carried on. We saw large bundles of these lying on the ground, and they looked exactly like alpenstocks —shorter, indeed, than those well-known walking-poles, but hardly thicker, with the exception of such as are employed in drilling the central holes, as will be explained hereafter. They are made of tempered steel, and the points, or rather extremities, are about two inches in width, with a twist like that of an adze. Swarthy men were actively employed in putting the ends of these needles into the fire and hammering them when

red-hot upon the anvil, for the extremely hard nature of the rock they have to attack makes it necessary to sharpen them continually.

The arch of the tunnel is nearly a semicircle. It is 25 feet $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches wide at the base, 26 feet $2\frac{3}{4}$ inches wide at the broadest part, and 24 feet 7 inches high. At Bardonnèche, however, the height has been increased $11\frac{3}{4}$ inches. So much of the northern end as is finished is cased throughout with stone, but at the southern end the sides only are of stone and the vaulting is brick. Two lines of rails are laid down, and lead to the advanced gallery where the excavation is going on in the manner we will now describe.

An iron frame containing the perforating needles moves along the rails and confronts the rock which is to be attacked in the gallery, which is not so large as the actual tunnel when finished, for it is found more convenient to enlarge by ordinary tools the space after the holes have been bored and the blasting with gunpowder has taken place. So that, in fact, as the excavation advances, the tunnel may be compared to a reversed telescope, of which the narrower end is the gallery in which the perforating machines operate. The advanced galleries in the two sections of the tunnel are, however, worked at different levels. That on the Bardonnèche side is on a level with the floor, while that on the Modane side is at the top, close to the roof. We are not aware of the reason of this difference, but it may be that, as the Bardonnèche end was begun first, it has been there so continued, while subsequent experience may have shown that, on the Modane side at all events, it was more convenient to adopt the higher level. The entrance to each gallery is closed by two large moveable gates or doors which turn on pivots, and behind which the workmen take refuge from the shower of stones that follows the explosion of the mines. The iron frame called *l'affusto* is armed with nine or ten perforating machines, like the bow of an ancient trireme from which the *rostra* projected, and they are arranged in a circular form, but so that the greatest number of holes can be bored in the centre of the opposing mass of rock. To each of these are attached flexible tubes, the one containing the compressed air which impels forward the striking rods or needles, and the other water, which is injected into the holes as they are bored. The machines consist of two parts; the one a cylinder for propelling, by means of a piston, the boring needle against the rock, and the other a rotary engine for working the valve of the striking cylinder and turning the needle on its axis at each successive stroke. It is

impossible to describe these machines in detail without reference to a diagram, for, as may well be supposed, their mechanism is exceedingly complex. And owing to the severe work they have to perform, they are constantly getting out of order, and require repair. M. Sommeiller says in his report that 'there is not in any manufactory a self-acting machine 'composed of such multiplied and delicate organs with so 'many continuous and intermittent movements, placed in con-'ditions so difficult, and which is subject to so many causes of 'destruction as these perforators.' It is calculated that before the tunnel is finished two thousand of them will have been used up. The great object was to make them light and portable, and this, of course, increased their fragility. To bore eight holes of the requisite depth, the piston-rod gives 57,600 blows, and the cylinder performs the same number of revolutions! The action of each machine is independent of the others, so that if one of them is broken or gets out of order, the action of the rest is not delayed; and it often happens that where the face of the rock opposite to some of them is softer than that which is opposite the others, or they are in a better condition for working, they will drill double the number of holes in the same time. The rock on the south or Italian side, 'so far as the perforator is interested,' says M. Sommeiller, 'is 'very refractory (*molto ribelle*). The stratification there is extremely irregular, and the surface of the front of the advanced gallery at the point of attack is all streaked with veins of quartz in every possible direction, which frequently turn aside the boring needles and disable them. On the north side, the rock is even still harder, but it is more homogeneous and is more easily worked. The perforators act at different angles, so as to pierce the rock in all directions, and when the proper number of holes have been bored, the iron frame is pushed back, and the large centre holes are charged with gunpowder, and the mine is fired. This makes a large cavity in the rock, which is called the breach, and the smaller surrounding holes are then charged and fired in a similar manner. At the same time a strong jet of compressed air is thrown into the advanced gallery, which scatters the smoke and supplies air for respiration. Waggons are next pushed forward and filled with the fragments of rock and broken stone, which are conveyed to the mouth of the tunnel and tilted down the side of the mountain.

After each attack a fresh relay of workmen is brought in, and the same operation is repeated night and day. We were told on the spot that the only holiday in the year is Easter

Sunday. And so the siege of the rock goes on continually, at a varying rate of progress, which on the northern side at the present time is a daily advance of about two *mètres* or 2·18 yards. After the gallery has been cleared of the *débris*, it is enlarged to the proper size of the tunnel by workmen using their ordinary tools, and then the sides and roof are cased with masonry, and the tunnel is up to that point complete.

One of the objections urged against the use of compressed air as a motive force was, that, as the elasticity of a given volume varies inversely as the space it occupies, if it were conveyed a long distance it would lose so much of its tension or elasticity as to be unavailable for any practical purpose. But here, as so often has been the case, theory was confuted by fact. It will be remembered that the same kind of objection was urged against the project of submarine telegraphs, and it was said that the electric current would lose its force and *die along the road.* It has been found that the loss of pressure at the ends of the conduit pipe where the air is applied, as compared with the pressure in the reservoir, is only one-sixtieth of the whole; and M. Sommeiller calculates that at the centre of the tunnel, a distance of 3·7966 miles from the reservoir, he will be able easily to apply a pressure or force of six atmospheres. Again, another objection. By compression caloric is disengaged, and it was thought that the air discharged in the gallery for the purpose of ventilation would be too hot to breathe. But as the air when it is emitted from the pipe immediately expands, it absorbs the same quantity of caloric which it had discharged at the moment of emission, so that the one effect neutralises the other; and M. Sommeiller refers with pardonable pride to the visits of ladies, '*delicatissime signore*,' and amongst others the Princess Mary of Savoy, who stood at the extremity of the gallery while the perforators were at work, and did not suffer the slightest inconvenience from the state of the air. The whole of the works are lighted with gas conducted in iron pipes along the ground, and in the advanced gallery thirty or forty lights are kept constantly burning, some of gas and some of oil; so that which was prophesied as one of the greatest difficulties of the undertaking, an abundant supply of fresh air, is shown to be the easiest part of it.

In the middle of the tunnel line beneath the rails, there is made contemporaneously with the excavation a covered way like a drain or sewer, in which are laid the pipes for gas and water, and it serves also as a passage by which the workmen employed at the advanced gallery could effect their escape in

case of a fall of rock from the roof, or any other accident which might block up the tunnel itself. And by it the drainage is effected of the water that filters from the rock, which must be considerable, if we may judge by the quantity of large stalactites which may be seen hanging from the roof.

One of the most important points to attend to is the accurate direction of the axis of the gallery, which is indispensable to prevent the two simultaneous excavations not meeting at last in the centre. This is accomplished by means of an observatory at each end perched aloft on the opposite side of the valley, not unlike a summer-house, to which a steep zigzag path ascends, and from which the spectator looks into the cavity of the tunnel, where lights are always kept burning to guide the eye in the right direction. It is easy by proper instruments to determine whether or not any deflection from a straight line has occurred, and the tests are applied about once in every three months; but hitherto no error has been detected.

We have frequently spoken of the two mouths of the tunnel, such as they appear on the mountain sides at Fourneaux and Bardonnèche. But it is not intended, as might at first be supposed, that the railway from the two valleys shall enter either of these mouths. Indeed, a moment's reflection will show that this is impossible. For the direction of the railway as it approaches the tunnel will be at right angles with its axis, and it would therefore require a large space by the side and in front of the mouth to give room for a curve sufficiently flat for safety. Two subsidiary tunnels will be formed at each extremity, which will enter the great tunnel on a curve at some little distance from the actual mouth. The valley of the Arc widens considerably above Modane, and the railway will describe a majestic sweep as it curves with an ascending gradient towards the mountain which is to engulf it. It is obvious that much expense of construction might be saved if, instead of making this grand curve across the valley, the line were to shunt; by which means the train would be brought to a standstill at a point beyond Modane, and the locomotive with its train would take a fresh start in a line diagonally crossing the valley. But a shunt is always awkward and involves delay, and we have not heard that it was ever seriously contemplated.

The length of the tunnel already finished is a little more than two miles and a half. This leaves about five miles and eight chains yet to be excavated, and at the rate of progress which the work is now making, it ought, unless some unexpected accident occur, to be completed in four years and seven

months from the present time. It would be too much to predict with certainty that this expectation will be realised. It may be, indeed, that unknown difficulties will mar the enterprise, for it cannot be denied that these will increase in a certain ratio as the work advances. But it must be borne in mind that, as each section of the tunnel embraces only half of the entire length, the question is not whether the mechanical apparatus is fitted to deal with seven miles and a half of the interior of the mountain, but with just half of that distance. Now, subtracting 2,000 *mètres* (which is something less than the advance made at each extremity) from 6,110 *mètres,* which is half of the entire length, there are left only 4,110 *mètres,* or 2 miles 983 yards, to test the powers of the compressed air and the perforating machines. This does not seem a very formidable distance, and, judging from the experience of the past, we think that M. Sommeiller and his colleagues are well justified in looking forward hopefully to the result. At all events *absit omen ;*—we will not dwell on the possibilities of failure. Let us rather fancy the moment arrived when each section of the tunnel has been pushed forward so far that the blows of the perforating rods on the opposite sides of the last interval of rock can be heard together, as if each were the echo of the other ; one of them darts forward into the empty space formed by the excavation of the meeting gallery—the holes are filled with powder—the mine is fired—and when the explosion has taken place, and the smoke has cleared away, there is no longer a barrier to overcome, but the passage from France to Italy is open without obstruction from end to end ! Then will have been accomplished an enterprise which, to use the words of M. Menabrea, when addressing the Italian Chamber on the 4th of March, 1863, ' will be for the glory of Italy and the greatest ' benefit to all her population.' And not Italy alone. The whole of Europe has an interest in the success of the tunnel through which will flow the stream of traffic from Germany and France. A few years ago the pass of the Mont Cenis glittered with the bayonets and resounded with the tramp of a French army marching on its way to rescue fair Italy from the grasp of the foreigner. Now a more peaceful conquest is going on over the obstacles which Nature has imposed, and the Alps themselves are yielding to the potent spell which science and art together are able to evoke. It would be difficult to exaggerate the importance of the result ; and if it is achieved, the Alpine tunnel will be one of the blessings of humanity, and exist for ages an imperishable monument of patient industry and engineering skill.

ART. VI.—*Some Account of Gothic Architecture in Spain.* By GEORGE EDMUND STREET, F.S.A. London: 1865.

THIS volume, which furnishes a valuable contribution to the history of Gothic architecture, and treats of the least known chapter in it, comes most opportunely before the public. It will form a useful addition to the few books with which a traveller may profitably equip himself for the Peninsula; and travellers in that direction grow yearly more numerous from the increased and increasing facility of railway communications. The railway which enters Spain at Irun ascends through the mountainous districts of the Basque Provinces to their frontier at Miranda, and thence the traveller has the choice of two routes to Madrid—one, the most direct, by way of Burgos, and the other by way of Saragossa; and these lines place the capital in relation with nearly all the great towns of the north of Spain—with Barcelona, Pamplona, Santander, Bilbao, Valladolid, Burgos, and Vittoria. Lines to Salamanca, Leon, and Vigo, through mountainous regions of rainy Galicia, are also in process of construction. In Portugal, the line from Badajoz to Lisbon is open, and Badajoz will before long be connected with Madrid, the two capitals of the Peninsula being thus brought within an easy journey of each other. In the south Granada and Malaga still stand isolated from the general network of railways; but before two years Malaga will be united to Cordoba with a branch to Granada; and from Valencia and Alicante the line has been open for some years to Madrid. At all the chief places on the main line of railway hotels are now to be found. None equalling indeed, except at Madrid, those of the largest provincial towns of France, but they nevertheless offer entertainment of which none but the over-fastidious can complain. In out-of-the-way places, and in towns where the increased abundance of travellers have not yet stimulated local enterprise, the *posadas*, *paradors*, and *ventas* still justify the old classification of Spanish inns into three divisions—the bad, worse, and worst; but even here the discomfort has often been much exaggerated. Gastronomers and lovers of fleshly comfort will assuredly find little to their taste in any part of the Peninsula; but lovers of art and of the picturesque will be content enough with the comparatively easy terms on which they can now enjoy beauties once so much more inaccessible. In all the ordinary routes passable accommodation is to be found in the *fondas*, as the first-class hotels are called: it is only when passing out of the

beaten track, that travellers will be obliged to seek refuge in the old-fashioned *posada* and *parador*, where the smell of mules, the assaults of fleas, and the ceaseless hubbub of sounds from man and mule*, and the tough and tasteless beef of the *puchero* exhaust the traveller's equanimity.†

These new methods are doubtless not so favourable as the old customs of the country for making intimate acquaintance with the inhabitants. A traveller may now arrive at Madrid almost without having had intercourse with a Spaniard. Many of the railway officials are French, the innkeepers are for the most part Italian; the companions of railway travel are often foreigners themselves, and from the moving apartment of the railway carriage, the traveller may see the country and people pass rapidly before his eyes like a panorama. We are not at all sure that the pleasant spirit of Richard Ford can look down with any complacency upon modes of Spanish travel so entirely unlike his own Quixotic outfit: and certainly none of these railway passengers will ever know, as he knew, every inch of the whole country.

In diligence, on horseback, and on muleback, the traveller was brought perforce into companionship with the native; and such experience, notwithstanding the monotony and delay inseparable from such modes of travelling, provided matter for much amusement both immediately and in remembrance. *Mayorals*, *zagals*, *delanteros*, and *arrieros* were living beings, whose characteristic costumes, quaint humour, sayings and doings, illustrated the character of their countrymen, and kept alive in the traveller the sense of individuality—whereas railway officials are as much like one another as their own locomotives. In the days of diligences, too, everybody along the route took a personal interest in their lumbering progress; *arrieros* and *caleseros* would leave their teams for a moment at the invitation of the *mayoral* to give 'four cuts,' *cuatro palos*, to a lagging mule of the team of ten or twelve attached to the ponderous vehicle. Whereas the mechanism of the railway seems to take possession of conductors, passengers, and spectators, rendering impossible all exercise of volition or caprice, and reducing all to take part in the proceedings with the inflexible uniformity and countenance of fate.

---

* The *ruido de la casa*, for which the traveller is charged in his bill.

† Yet sometimes at such places even as Avila, on the main route, but not often a place of sojourn for tourists, the traveller will be driven to make use of the old class of hotel. At Avila, however, we believe, a *fonda* is in process of erection by an Englishman.

It is difficult to say which is the best season of the year for visiting Spain: to know the country well we should doubtless see it in every season, and every season has some advantage. The winter offers immunity from dust and intense heat, and, except in the central table-lands and in their exceptional seasons, is never too cold for enjoyment; but at that time of the year the trees are without foliage, and the fields and mountains are destitute of the exuberance characteristic of Southern vegetation: nature hybernates and man is torpid; for here, even more than in more rigorous climes, do the natives abstain from public entertainments and *funciones* of all kinds in the winter. The spring is the only season in which the vast dreary plateaux of Castile can be seen to advantage, covered as they then are with boundless oceans of green corn; but then one misses the rich tints of autumn, the joys and festivals of harvest and of vintage; the luxuriance of vine, fig-tree, and pomegranate in the vineyard and the field; the ruddy piles of melons, gourds, *calabazas* and *pimientas*, with the profusion of flower, fruit, and vegetable in the market-places, where Plenty bestows her gifts with a prodigality delightful to witness for one accustomed to dwell under colder skies.

'On the whole, from my own experience, I should be inclined to recommend the autumn as the most favourable season for a Spanish journey, the weather being then generally more settled than in the spring. But, on the other hand, there is no doubt that any one who wishes to judge fairly of the scenery of Old and New Castile, of great part of Aragon, and of Leon, ought on no account to visit these provinces save in the spring. Then I know no sight more glorious in its way than the sea of corn which is seen covering with its luxuriance and lovely colour the endless sweeps of the great landscape on all sides; whereas in the autumn the same landscape looks parched and barren, burnt up as it is by the furious sun until it assumes everywhere a dusty hue, painful to the eye, and most monotonous and depressing to the mind; whilst the roads suffer sometimes from an accumulation of dust such as can scarcely be imagined by those who have never travelled along them. Even at this season, however, there are some recompenses; and one of them is the power of realising somewhat of the beauty of an Eastern atmosphere, and the singular contrasts of colours which Eastern landscapes and skies generally present; for nowhere else have I ever seen sunsets more beautiful or more extraordinary than in the dreariest part of dreary Castile.' (P. 2.)

This book is the result of observations taken during three separate journeys to the Peninsula. We regret that Mr. Street has confined his attention to the northern parts of Spain, and that his peculiarly purist taste — his exclusive admiration of the purest forms of Gothic architecture, and his

abhorrence of everything approaching to the Renaissance or, as he styles it, the Pagan character—prevented his proceeding to Andalusia and giving us any account of the Mosque of Cordoba and the magnificent Cathedral of Seville; but we trust he may yet be induced to extend his architectural survey over the whole country. We shall proceed at once to follow him through the cities and edifices to which he chiefly directed his attention.

Most of the Spanish cathedrals have plain and often unfinished exteriors—Burgos being one of the chief exceptions to the rule: their beauty is thus mainly confined to their interiors; and to get a clear idea of the magnificence of these interiors, it is necessary to take into account their peculiar inside arrangements. One of them is the placing of the choir in the nave, an arrangement which, however, often interferes with the effect of the interior.

'I have already said that the choir proper (*coro*) is transferred to the nave, of which it occupies commonly the eastern half; the portion of the nave outside, or to the west of the coro, being called the "*trascoro*," and that to the east of it the "*entre los dos coros;*" and in most great churches the "*crucero*," or crossing, and the transept really do the work of the nave, in the way of accommodating the people. The floor of the nave proper is, indeed, too often a useless appendage to the building, desolate, dreary, unused, and cold; whereas in the transepts, the services at the altar and in the choir are both seen and heard, and this accordingly is the people's place. A passage is sometimes, or perhaps I ought to say is usually, made with low iron or brass screens or rails leading from the eastern gate of the coro to the screen in front of the altar. This is especially necessary here, as the choir proper is deep, and the people are thus kept from pressing on the clergy as they pass to and fro in the long passage from the altar to the coro. Gates in these screens admit of the passage of the people from one transept to the other whenever the services in the coro are not going on. The coro is usually fitted with two rows of stalls on its north, south, and west sides, the front row having no desks before them. The only entrance is usually through the screen on the eastern side, and there are generally two organs placed on either side of the western bay of the coro, above the stalls. In the centre of the coro there is always one, and sometimes two or three lecterns, for the great illuminated office-books, which most of the Spanish churches seem still to preserve and use. High metal screens are placed across the nave to the east of the coro, and across the entrance to the choir, or "*capilla mayor*," as its eastern part is called. These screens are called *rejas*. Above the crossing of the choir and transepts there is usually an open raised lantern, called by the Spaniards the *cimborio;* and behind the altar, at the end of the capilla mayor, is usually a great sculptured and painted *retablo* or reredos.' (P. 16.)

At the church of the Convent of San Tomas at Avila, in the Chapel of the Escurial, and in some other places, the *coro* is placed in a western gallery, which, as at San Esteban at Burgos, is often a striking feature in the church; and at San Tomas a peculiar effect is produced by the *coro* being placed in the western gallery, while the altar is equally elevated at the other extremity of the church, so that the congregation who stand on the pavement have both the *coro* and *capilla mayor* at equal altitudes above them. There are other peculiar arangements which strongly attract a visitor's attention. The extreme richness of the church furniture is unsurpassed in Europe; the baldachins are often magnificent; the lofty *retablos* or *reredos* (especially those by Berruguete) are carved, sculptured, and gilded to a degree of gorgeousness not to be found elsewhere; the elaborately chiselled monuments of marble and alabaster are unrivalled, and look as though covered with the richest lace; those of Ferdinand and Isabella, of their daughter Juana, and the Archduke Philip, at Granada; of Alfonso at Burgos, and above all of their son Prince Juan at Avila, are the chief examples of these beautiful memorials. The choir-stalls are for the most part marvellously rich, fine, and elaborate. The choir lecterns of brass and wood are often grand in design and fine in execution. In no other country can one see so many magnificent *Rejas* or metal screens. The organ fronts, usually on both sides the choirs, are in harmony with the grand style of the rest of the furniture, presenting usually a striking feature in their rows of pipes projecting vertically out or slightly tilted upwards, presenting files of huge trumpet-shaped throats, looking like a vast artillery of sound. No temporary structure in the shape of pews or seats, not even chairs, are permitted: the men either stand or kneel, the women, when not kneeling, in Oriental fashion squat on the pavement, with skirts decorously spread around them. The rich church plate, the silver and gilded ornaments of the richly carved altars of jasper and precious marbles, the crowded constellations of lights on the altar, the towering wax flambeaux in the magnificent candelabra in front of them, the glaring brilliance of painted glass and canvas, the mysterious and glorious effect of the rays of light piercing the darkened interiors, the purple, crimson, scarlet and gold robes of crowds of ecclesiastics, the grand roll of organ music, the beautiful silver sounds of wheels of bells used at the elevation of the host—all combine to produce a gorgeousness of effect unparalleled in any other country.

With respect to the artists employed in the production of Spanish church furniture, Mr. Street thus speaks:—

'In every one of these works Spanish workmen excelled, because they devoted themselves to them. We have lists of men who made screens, of others who carved the choir-stalls, of others who made retablos, and of others, again, who painted and gilded them. Each class of men is named after the furniture to the execution of which they devoted themselves, and occasionally individuals rose to rare eminence from this kind of work. The time was late, indeed, when it happened, but see how Borgoña and Berruguete strove for mastery over their work on the upper stalls at Toledo, or how the poor Matias Bonifé, at Barcelona, was bound to carve no beasts or subjects on his stalls, to which we may suppose he was addicted; and how his successor died of distress because the Chapter did not like the pinnacles he added to the canopies; and consider how people interested themselves in the matter, how they were excited in the contest between Borgoña and Berruguete, and no doubt in the others also, and we see at once how different was the position which these men occupied from that which, so far as we know, their contemporaries in England held.'

The eminently purist taste of Mr. Street in Gothic architecture is nowhere more apparent than in his description of the Cathedral of Burgos. The features which principally engage his attention are just those of which the ordinary tourist omits to take notice; dazzled and bewildered by the florid ornamentation of the *cimborio*, the elaborate carving, groining, and highly-wrought pendentives of the *Capilla del Condestable*, and the gorgeous staircase of the northern transept, made still more gorgeous in the well-known picture of Roberts, where the dragons with their flaming wings which crown the balustrades are made at least three times as large as they are in reality. But Mr. Street's object was everywhere to discover the church of the thirteenth century beneath the magnificent incrustation of the fourteenth and fifteenth.

'There are some views of Burgos Cathedral which are constantly met with, and upon which I confess all my ideas of its style and merits had been founded, to their no little detriment. The western steeples, the central lantern, and the lantern-like roof and pinnacles of the chapel of the Constable at the east end, are all very late in date—the first of the latest fifteenth century, and the others of early Renaissance work; and their mass is so important, their character so picturesque, and their detail so exuberantly ornate, that they have often been drawn and described to the entire exclusion of all notice of the noble early church, out of which they rise. . . . The fabric consists of a thirteenth-century church, added to somewhat in the fourteenth century, altered again in the fifteenth, and even more in the sixteenth century. The substratum, so to speak, is throughout of the thirteenth century, but the two western steeples, with their crocketed and perforated spires, the gorgeous and fantastic lantern over the crossing, and the lofty and sumptuous monumental

chapel at the east end, are all later additions, and so important in their effect, as at first sight to give an entirely wrong impression both of the age and character of the whole church.' (P. 12.)

The Cathedral of Burgos is one of the best known to English travellers, standing as it does on the high road to Madrid, and never fails to make an impression which is not effaced by the grander proportions of the cathedrals of the South; for it is here we find that elaborate and massive richness so characteristic of the later Gothic in Spain, and so truly expressive of the national taste. The founder of the church was a bishop whom tradition represents to have been an Englishman, first Archdeacon of Toledo, then Bishop of Burgos in 1213, who came over in the train of the English Princess Alienor, Queen of Alfonso VIII. In 1221 he laid the first stone of the Cathedral. Two years before this, he went on an embassy through France to Germany to bring Beatrice, daughter of the Duke of Suabia, to marry King Ferdinand, and thus he had at least an opportunity of seeing the noblest works of France and Germany then in progress and completed. The early church founded by this Bishop seems to have consisted of—

'a nave and aisles of six bays, deep transepts, and a choir and aisles, with apses and chapels round it. The transepts probably had chapels on the east, of which one still remains in the north transept; but this is the only original chapel, none of those round the chevet having been spared. Externally, the two transept fronts are the only conspicuous portions of the old church, but, on mounting to the roof, the flying buttresses, clerestory windows, and some other parts, are found still little damaged or altered. Never was a church more altered for the worse after its first erection than was this. It is now a vast congeries of chapels and excrescences of every shape and every style, which have grown round it at various dates, and, to a great extent, concealed the whole of the original plan and structure; and of these, the only valuable Mediæval portions are the cloisters and sacristies, which are, indeed, but little later in date than the church, and two of the chapels on the north side of the chevet, one of which is original, and the other at any rate not much altered. The rest of the additions are all either of the latest Gothic, or of Renaissance.'

The planning of the chevet of this early church is very similar to the arrangement of the Cathedral of Leon, and shows both to be of French origin; a deduction the proof of which is further established by examination of the only remaining side chapel of the original plan on the north side of the chevet, where the groining evidently denotes that the architect was familiar with the churches of Anjou and Poitou.

Indeed, what is more probable than that the queen Alienor, the daughter of our Henry II., should introduce architects from her father's Angevine dominions? Of this cathedral considerable portions still remain at the east end and in the body of the church, but the immense alterations made in the fifteenth century by the German architects, Juan and his son Simon de Colonia*, have obscured the remainder. To them are to be ascribed the western spires, the upper portion of the towers, several of the chapels in the arches of the nave, the alterations of the choir and nave, and the gorgeous octagonal *Capilla del Condestable* at the extreme east end, with the lantern-like roof and rich pinnacles, which, with the pinnacles, *agujas*, of the central lantern and those of the transepts and cloisters and the western spires, form a varied richness of outline unsurpassed by any French or English cathedral. The latest addition to the Cathedral is the central lantern or *cimborio*. The original *cimborio*, which was probably of similar construction to the lantern still remaining in the nearly coeval Church of Las Huelgas in the vicinity of Burgos, fell to the ground in 1539, and the new *cimborio* was erected by the Burgalese artists, Juan de Vallejo and Juan de Castañeda, under the superintendence of Felipe de Borgoña, a Frenchman whom Charles V. had induced to come to Spain, and had already been employed in the sculpture of the stalls of the Coro at Toledo. This was finished in 1567. The last and worst alteration was made at the end of the last century, when the deeply embayed and sculptured portals of the western front were replaced by modern entrances of a nondescript character, whose bald and mean deformity is entirely out of harmony with the superior portion of the structure, which thus has a base seemingly inadequate for its support. In a cathedral thus subjected to alteration at so many different periods, there is, of course, an assemblage of very various styles, the combined effect of which calls from Mr. Street the following qualified approbation notwithstanding his predilections for work of the earlier period:—

'The later architects all seem to have wrought in a fairly original mode; and even where architects were brought from Germany, there was some influence evidently used to prevent their work being a mere repetition of what was being done in their own land; and

* It would seem from the name borne by these men that they came from Cologne, and they had probably learned what they knew of their art, in that cathedral, which indeed they imitated in some degree at Burgos.

so aided by the admirable skill of the Spanish artists who worked under them, the result is much more happy than might have been expected. Much, no doubt, of the picturesque effect of such a church is owing to the way in which it has been added to from time to time: to the large number, therefore, of personal interests embodied in it, the variety of styles and parts each of them full of individuality, and finally to the noble memorials of the dead which abound in it. In France—thanks to revolutions and whitewash without stint—the noblest churches have a certain air of baldness which tires the eye of an Englishman used to our storied cathedrals: but in Spain this is never the case, and we may go to Burgos, as we may anywhere else in the land, certain that we shall find in each cathedral much that will illustrate every page of the history of the country, if well studied and rightly read.'

Amid these stupendous masses of human labour, decorated at the expense of the most infinite chiselling there was perhaps ever bestowed on any edifice, Mr. Street dwells most willingly on the remains of the thirteenth century work—the arcades, the peculiar triforia, and the clerestory of the nave, the transepts similar in design to the nave, the cloisters erected in the first half of the fourteenth century, at the side of which is the world-famous coffer of the Cid, in which he pledged his honour to the Jews, the portion of the original west front remaining between the work of Juan de Colonia and the detestable portals of the last century, containing the beautifully traceried rose window which lights the nave, above which are the lofty traceried openings each of four lights, with effigies of saints standing, one under each light, forming a screen connecting the steeples and entirely concealing the roof. For the German open-work spires Mr. Street has not a good word to say; he finds the details of these spires coarse, the crockets enormous, projecting two feet from the side, and curiously scooped out at the top to diminish their weight, with holes drilled through them to prevent the lodgment of water. These spires were the work of the two German masons mentioned above; such open-work spires were to have crowned the façade of Cologne, and such a spire, 385 feet in height, is complete at Friburg, but the Cathedral of Berne alone can exhibit two complete ones of the same design. Those at Burgos, though 100 feet less in height than the spire at Friburg, have nevertheless, in our judgment, a fine effect, though open to the criticism of Mr. Street on the clumsiness of the galleries and of the finials which compose their summits. Mr. Street's regret is so great for the loss of the thirteenth century *cimborio,* that it will not allow him to say a word of praise for the interior of Felipe de Borgoña's production,

whose wonderfully rich ornamentation is the first thing which arrests the visitor's attention after advancing from the finely sculptured Puerta del Sarmental up the southern transept. For the doming of this *cimborio*, Charles V. and Philip II., both good judges of the fine arts, expressed their admiration; the first said that it was too good to look at any day, and that like a jewel it ought to be kept in a case; and the second 'that it seemed the work rather of angels than men.' The carving which covers this dome is elaborate and fine as that of an India ivory fan, and the whole cupola looks like one elaborate vault of ivory or white coral; under the hands of the builder the white stone of which it is made was as pliable as wax, and came forth as glittering as porcelain. The *capilla del Condestable* is also unrivalled in the rich and picturesque ornamentation of its interior, the engrailed arches, the flamboyant traceries, the coats of arms, the ogee canopies, the star-like groining of the roof, all interwoven with the richest lace-like filagree stone-work, present an effect of elaborate richness not to be found out of Spain, except perhaps in the Chapel of Emanuel the Fortunate at Batalha, near Lisbon. The Convent of Las Huelgas outside the walls is a better preserved specimen of the early pointed style than the Cathedral, and receives, consequently, due attention from Mr. Street, who does not fail to do justice to the magnificent tomb of Juan II. and Isabella at the Cartuja de Miraflores, about a mile beyond the walls of the town.

'The monument of Juan and Isabel is as magnificent a work of its kind as I have ever seen—richly wrought all over. The heraldic achievements are very gorgeous, and the dresses are everywhere covered with very delicate patterns in low relief. The whole detail is of the nature of the very best German third-pointed work rather than of flamboyant, and I think, for beauty of execution, vigour and animation of design, finer than any other work of the age. The plan of the high tomb on which the effigies lie is a square with another laid diagonally on it. At the four cardinal angles are sitting figures of the four evangelists, rather loosely placed on the slab, with which they seem to have no connexion; the king holds a sceptre, the queen a book, and both lie under canopies with a very elaborate perforated stone division between the figures; round the sides of the tomb are effigies of kings and saints, figures of the Virtues, sculptured subjects, naked figures, and foliage of marvellous delicacy. A railing encloses the tomb. The whole is the work of Maestro Gil de Siloe; and from the Archives of the Church it appears that, in A.D. 1486, he was paid 1340 maravedis for the design of the work, that he commenced its execution in A.D. 1489, and completed it in A.D. 1493. The monument cost 442,667 maravedis, exclusive of the alabaster, which cost 158,252 maravedis.' (P. 42.)

Valladolid, the ancient capital of Castile, once the scene of royal jousts, tournaments, bull fights, and *autos da fè*, the city where Gil Blas prescribed water-drinking and blood-letting under the direction of Doctor Sangrado, offers little to detain Mr. Street beyond the Church of Sta. Maria Antigua, and an opportunity of expressing his contempt for Berruguete and Herrera. Salamanca, the Oxford of Spain — the city of ancient colleges, convents, churches, and nunneries, though the birthplace of Churriguera, whose name has become synonymous with bad taste in Spain — is more fortunate. It has two cathedrals—one built in the twelfth, the other in the sixteenth century. The former was founded by Geronimo or Jerome, the bishop of Salamanca. He was a Frenchman, a native of Périgord, and brought to Spain by his countryman Bernard, then primate of Toledo. He was confessor of the Cid and Doña Ximena his wife, and lived for a long time in close companionship with the Spanish Achilles. This prelate was made Bishop of Valencia by the Cid after its capture by the Moors. After the death of the Cid, he brought his body to the monastery of Cardeña, near Burgos, mounted on Bavieca with the sword Tisona in his right hand, where the hero rested in peace until the French invasion. As Valencia, after the death of the Cid, fell again into the hands of the Moors, Geronimo remained at Cardeña until Count Ramon and Doña Urraca his wife, Queen of Castile and Leon, made him Bishop of Salamanca, after which he persuaded his sovereign to erect this cathedral. There is little cause for wonder, then, that a prelate who had passed so large a portion of his life in frontier warfare, with the knowledge that the Moors were still in the land, should have built an edifice in its simple and massive grandeur as much resembling a fortress as a church; so that it well merits the title '*Fortis Salamantina*,' by which it is distinguished from other Spanish cathedrals. The principal feature of this church selected by Mr. Street for admiration is the dome:—

'The most interesting feature in this old cathedral still remains to be mentioned: this is the dome over the crossing. The remainder of the original fabric is bold, vigorous, and massive, well justifying the line in an old saying about the Spanish cathedrals, "Fortis Salmantina;" but still it is merely a good example of a class of work, of which other examples on a grander scale are to be met with elsewhere. Not so, however, the dome; for here we have a rare feature treated with rare success, and, so far as I know, with complete originality. The French domed churches, such as S. Front, Perigueux, and others of the same class, Notre Dame du Port, Clermont, and Notre Dame, le Puy, have, it is true, domes, but these

are all commenced immediately above the pendentives or arches which carry them. The lack of light in their interiors is consequently a great defect, and those which I have seen have always seemed to me to have something dark, savage, and repulsive in their character. And it was here that the architect of Salamanca Cathedral showed his extreme skill, for, instead of the common low form of dome, he raised his upon a stage arcaded all round inside and out, pierced it with windows, and then, to resist the pressure of his vault, built against the external angles four great circular pinnacles.

'The effect of his work both inside and out is admirable. It is divided into sixteen compartments by bold shafts, which carry the groining ribs; and three of these divisions over each of the cardinal sides are pierced as windows. The other four occur where the turrets on the exterior make it impossible to obtain light.' (P. 81.)

The new cathedral was erected under the direction of Juan Gil de Hontañon, the architect of the cathedral at Segovia. Previously, however, a Junta of all the most celebrated architects in Spain was assembled to settle the plan of the building. It was first opened for service in 1560, and, consequently, has hard measure of justice dealt out upon it by Mr. Street; yet this was one of the latest efforts of Gothic art in Spain before the Renaissance style achieved its final victory.

Nevertheless, Mr. Street does, finally, applaud the grand conception of the whole building:—

'In conclusion, I am bound to say of this great church that, whilst its exterior fails in almost every single particular, its interior, thanks to compliance with certain broad rules of Gothic building, is beyond question very grand and impressive. To the vast size and height of the columns this is mainly owing, for though they are cut up with endless little mouldings ingeniously "stopped," one does not observe their pettinesses, and the arches which they carry are bolder and more important than might have been expected.'

From Salamanca we pass to Zamora, twelve hours' ride distant, grandly situated on the Douro, once a barrier river between the Moors and Christians, under whose walls, in 939, occurred two of the desperate conflicts between Abdurahman and Ramiro, in which the Moslems were finally defeated with a loss of 40,000 men. Having been utterly destroyed in 985 by Almansur in a second invasion, it was finally rebuilt by Ferdinand in 1065. Mr. Street thus describes the approach to the town:—

'The entrance to Zamora is very striking: the city crowns the long back of a rock, falling steeply on the south to the Douro, and on the north to another valley. At the extreme end of this hill is the cathedral, as far away from the bulk of the people as it can be, but, for all that, very picturesquely and finely perched. Below the

cathedral is a scarped rock, and to the left the noble river flows round a wooded point, and then out of sight under a long line of green vine-covered hills. All this view is taken in from the end of an old bridge, carried on sixteen or seventeen pointed arches, across which, near the southern end, is built a picturesque and tall gate-tower. The long line of houses occupies the top of the rock, and then opposite the bridge the street descends by a steep stepped hill, and the houses cluster round the water side.

'The want of water in most Spanish landscapes is so great, that I was never tired of the views here, where it is so abundant. One of the best, perhaps, is that from just below the cathedral, looking past the picturesque bridge across the cattle-peopled plains to a long line of hills which bounds the horizon, with the dead-level line with which so many of the Spanish table-lands finish above the banks of their rivers.' (P. 92.)

The cathedral has been much altered, but Mr. Street saw reason to make the date of the earlier portions anterior to that of Salamanca by some years. The principal features of this church are its dome, and a fine and large Romanesque steeple —evidently erected during the episcopate of one of the French bishops—who here, as elsewhere, came into office under the auspices of Bernard, Bishop of Toledo. Some of the other churches in this town also contain features of great merit; the tall tower of San Vicente is especially worthy of notice:—

'It has a fine west doorway, and rises above the roof in three stages, lighted respectively by windows of one, two, and three lights. It is finished with a simple corbel-table, above which is a modern roof. The whole of the detail here is fine, simple, early-pointed, very pure and good.' (P. 99.)

From Zamora we pass by Benevente to Leon, a two days' ride; for neither carriage roads nor railways yet exist. The Cathedral of Leon is one of the most graceful and pleasing in existence, and the natives not without some reason claim for it pre-eminence in beauty among the cathedrals of Spain; a claim which they have set forth in various proverbs—

'Sevilla en grandeza, Toledo en riqueza,
Compostella en fortaleza, esta en sutileza.'

A Latin couplet inscribed on a column in front of the principal door asserts,

'Sunt licet Hispaniis ditissima pulchraque templa,
Hoc tamen egregiis omnibus arte prius.'

Another proverb characterises the Spanish cathedrals as follows:—

'Dives Toletana, Sancta Oretensis,
Pulchra Leontina, fortis Salamantina.'

Hitherto Don Manrique, Bishop of Leon, from the year 1181 to 1205, was said to have been the founder of this cathedral. But Mr. Street shows from examination of the church itself, that it is impossible to believe in this or any of the dates given for the subsequent additions to the cathedral: —

'I have elsewhere in this volume had occasion to show how much the Spaniards borrowed from the French in their architecture. Certain entire buildings, such as Burgos, Toledo, and Santiago, are distinctly derived from French churches, and in all cases are somewhat later in date than the French examples with which they most nearly correspond. If we apply this test to Leon it will be impossible to admit that any part of the existing church was built much before A.D. 1250. The church from beginning to end is thoroughly French; French in its detail, in its plan, and in its general design. And inasmuch as there is no long and regular sequence of Spanish buildings leading up step by step to the developed style which it exhibits, it is quite out of the question to give it credit for an earlier existence than the corresponding French churches, in the history of which such steps are not wanting.

'The churches which are nearest in style to Leon are, I think, the cathedrals at Amiens and Rheims, and perhaps the later part of S. Denis. Of these, Amiens was in building from A.D. 1220 to A.D. 1269, and Rheims from A.D. 1211 to A.D. 1241. But both are slightly earlier in their character than Leon. In all three the chapels of the apse are planned in the same way; that is to say, they are polygonal and not circular in their outlines, and the sections of the columns, the plans of the bases and capitals, and the detail of the arches and groining ribs are as nearly as may be the same; and in all these points the resemblance between them and Leon Cathedral is close and remarkable.' (P. 108.)

The chief qualities of this cathedral are lightness, elegance, and simplicity.

'The columns of the nave are of moderate size, and the arches which they carry very thin, whilst the large and lofty clerestory, and the triforium below it, were both pierced to such an extent as to leave a pier to receive the groining smaller than I think I ever saw elsewhere in so large a church. There are double flying buttresses, one above the other, and the architect trusted, no doubt, that the weight of the groining would be carried down through them to such an extent as to make it safe to venture on as much as he did. Moreover, he was careful to economise the weight where possible; and with this view he filled the whole of his vaults with a very light tufa, obtained from the mountains to the north of Leon. In short, when this cathedral was planned, its architect must either have resolved that it should exceed all others in the slender airiness of its construction, or he must have been extremely incautious if not reckless.' (P. 110.)

'This cathedral is a mere lantern, it has scarcely a yard of plain unpierced wall anywhere, and the main thought of its architect was evidently how he might increase to the utmost extent the size of the windows, and the spaces for the glorious glass with which he contrived to fill the church. No greater fault could be committed in such a climate. This lavish indulgence in windows would have been excessive even in England, and must have always been all but insupportable in Spain. It was the design of French and not Spanish artists, for in their own undoubted works these last always wisely reduced their windows to the smallest possible dimensions. The cathedral at Milan is a case of the same kind, for there a German architect, called to build a church in a foreign land, built it with as many windows as he would have put had it been in his own country, and with a similar contempt for the customs of the national architects to that which marks the work of the architect of Leon Cathedral.' (P. 111.)

The Church of San Isidoro at Leon is of earlier date than the cathedral, being of the Romanesque order, and in it Mr. Street finds much to admire. But we must pass by this and the twelfth century cathedral of Lugo to take notice of Mr. Street's observations upon the world-famous shrine of Santiago de Compostella.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Street did not extend his journey northwards to Oviedo, which contains besides its fine cathedral—preferred by some even to Leon—one at least of the oldest edifices in the Peninsula, the interesting Church of Sta. Maria de Naranco. The Cathedral of Santiago de Compostella is of singular interest, inasmuch as it is a curiously exact repetition of the Church of S. Sernin at Toulouse. S. Sernin, however, is earlier in date by some years, having been consecrated by Pope Urban II. in 1096, whereas the Cathedral of Santiago was not completed in 1124, and the cloisters seem to have been still unfinished in 1134. The old exterior of the church has been completely effaced by tasteless alterations, but the interior remains still in its original condition.

Mr. Street gives a minute description of the western entrance, with its elaborately sculptured portals, fitly called the Portico de la Gloria, the work of the Maestro Matthew of Santiago. This astonishing composition, one of the most elaborate productions of Christian sculpture, seems indeed to be the work of the mind and hand of one man. It is characterised throughout by an unusual amount of originality, freshness, and vigour, and one is disposed to wonder at the existence in a remote province of Spain, of so remarkable an artist.

From Santiago, the rainiest town of Galicia, itself the rainiest

province of Spain, the long route must be retraced to Valladolid, whence the railway to Madrid passes by Medina del Campo with its magnificent old mediæval castle, of lofty square keep and projecting corner towers sustained on corbels, to Avila, whose complete mediæval fortifications carry us back at once to the end of the eleventh century. Few cities in Spain more deserve the attention of the artist and the ecclesiologist than this fine old capital of its mountainous province, which proudly styles itself indifferently Avila del Rey and Avila de los Caballeros, from the time that its loyal cavaliers and citizens in 1158 defended their infant king Alonzo against his usurping uncle Ferdinand II. of Leon, for which action they received for armorial bearings a tower enclosing a royal figure at the window. Its ancient houses, built of the granite of the neighbourhood, still show carved on the solid stones the proud heraldic ensigns of their former knightly owners. Here, too, several conventual edifices of gloomy grandeur bear record of the ascendancy attained by the spiritual rhapsodist and conventual reformer, Nuestra Serafica Madre Santa Theresa de Jesus, who was born here in 1515, and died in 1582, with 10,000 martyrs in attendance at her bedside, while our Saviour himself came down from heaven to fetch his devoted bride. In the immense monastery of San Tomas is a small gloomy chapel, which is reached after traversing courts and winding round cloisters of rough grey granite. Beneath a black dismal-looking slab, without name or inscription, reposes one whose name will stand for ever prominent among the ferocious fanatics of the world, the Grand Inquisitor Torquemada.

The antique city is finely situated on the crest of an eminence rising up in face of the Puerto de Guadarrama, which separates it from Madrid. The views across the valleys on all sides but the one towards the railway are very fine, bounded by mountains and upland *dehesas*. From no other point does the pine-clad range of the Sierra de Guadarrama with its deeply indented line of summits look more picturesque; and the air of the mountain district is always bracing and restoring even amid the stifling heat of a Castilian summer. The walls of the city are still almost perfect, battlemented and built plainly with strongly marked courses of stories and of great height; less than a stone's cast apart from each other, eighty-six circular towers crown the walls, and may, in some degree, remind the traveller of the stern towers of 'dark Angiers.' There are ten gateways, each formed by bringing two of the towers close together, carrying them up higher than the rest, and then joining them at the summits by a bold battlement, thus

forming a lofty bridge of extremely aerial and picturesque appearance. The town lies hidden behind these stern and repellant walls, but it has broken through them at some places to find space for its civil and religious edifices, some of which are built entirely outside the antique fortifications.

The walls of Avila were commenced in 1090 and finished in 1099; its cathedral was begun in 1091, but it is doubtful whether any part of the existing cathedral is of that early date. Its general character is that of the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. The cathedral is remarkable for having its apse built through the walls and projecting beyond them, thus making an additional circular tower larger and bolder than any of the others.

'The external wall of the apse is a semicircle divided into bays by buttresses of slight projection alternating with engaged shafts. The chapels do not therefore show at all in the external view; and indeed all that does appear here is a projecting tower of vast size pierced with a few very small windows—mere slits in the wall—and flanked on either side by the wall and towers of the town. It is finished at the top by a corbel-table and lofty battlemented parapet; and behind this again, leaving a passage five feet and a half in width, is a second and higher battlemented wall, from within which one looks down upon the aisle-roof of the chevet, and into the triforium and clerestory windows of the central apse. From below very little of the apse and flying buttresses which support it are seen; and one is more struck perhaps by the strange unlikeness to any other east-end one has ever seen, than by any real beauty in the work itself; though at the same time it is pleasant to see that not even so difficult a problem as that of a windowless fortified chevet presented any serious difficulty to these old architects.' (P. 164.)

Avila, however, has a church—that of San Vicente, built just outside the walls—which in some points surpasses the cathedral. It is like San Millan of Segovia, the work of a school of late Romanesque architects. The eastern apses are lofty, simple, and fine; the emphasis of the stringcourses and the eaves cornice which runs round the church and includes the buttresses, gives an elegant finish to the simplicity of the whole design. But the noblest portion of the whole church is the west end. The exquisite elaboration of the deep round archivolt over the door of the upper cornice, and the sculptures of the door jambs, contrast so beautifully with the grand simplicity of the whole design, that the effect is faultless.

The Dominican Convent of San Tomas, of which we have spoken as the burialplace of Torquemada, was founded at his petition by Ferdinand and Isabella. It is of immense size and

built of granite, but the church alone offers nothing remarkable in design.

'It has a nave of five bays with side chapels between the buttresses, short transepts, and a very short square chancel to the east of the crossing; but the remarkable feature is, that not only is there a large gallery filling the two western bays of the nave and fitted up with seventy stalls with richly-carved canopies, the old choir-book desk in the centre, and two ambons projecting from the eastern parapet, but that there is also another gallery at the east end, in which the high altar, with its fine carved and painted retablo, is placed. This eastern gallery has also gospel and epistle ambons projecting from its front. Strange as the whole arrangement of this interior is, it strikes me as almost more strange that it should not have been one of constant occurrence in a country where at one period the coro was so constantly elevated in a western gallery. For there is a sort of natural propriety, as it seems to me, in the elevation of an altar, where folk care at all for the mysteries celebrated at it, to at least as high a level as any part of the church used for service; and undoubtedly the effect of the altar-service to those in the raised coro is much, if not altogether, marred where the altar is in its usual place on the floor. Here the effect is certainly very fine, whether the altar is looked at from the coro or from the floor of the nave below it; and from the former in particular, the strangeness of looking across the deep-sunk well of the nave to the noble altar raised high above it at the east is in every way most attractive.' (P. 178.)

Notwithstanding Mr. Street's prejudice against Renaissance works, he does not fail to do justice to the very beautiful alabaster tomb on the floor of the church, erected for the boy-prince Don Juan, which is a worthy companion of the exquisite works of the same class at Granada, raised over the bodies of his parents Ferdinand and Isabella.

'Rarely as I trouble my reader with any reference to Renaissance works, I must here in justice say that the great tomb of Don Juan, the son of Ferdinand and Isabella, which occupies the floor below the altar, is one of the most tender, fine, and graceful works I have ever seen, and worthy of any school of architecture. The recumbent effigy, in particular, is as dignified, graceful, and religious as it well could be, and in no respect unworthy of a good Gothic artist. It was executed by Micer Domenico Alexandro Florentesi, who refers to it in a contract which he entered into with Cardinal Ximenes in 1518; but it is said to have been completed as early as A.D. 1498.' (P. 179.)

Segovia, an hour's descent from La Granja, the Alpine residence of the monarchs of Spain, amid the pines and firs and rocky heights of the Sierra de Guadarrama, contains matter of more interest even than Avila. Its situation is on a

rocky knoll immediately under the heights of the Guadarrama, at the confluence of two mountain streams with finely wooded banks: its strong walls and round towers, its magnificent alcazar with its glorious keep, studded with the round turrets corbelled boldly out from the face of the wall so distinctive of Spanish castles, with parapets also boldly corbelled out on machicoulis between them, the quaint houses, balconies, and truly characteristic *plaza*, make this one of the most picturesque towns in Europe. Its picturesqueness, moreover, is wonderfully heightened by the glorious Roman aqueduct, which still bestrides the valley, overtops the town, and supplies the citizens with water.

'A steep hill leads up from the valley below the aqueduct through a gateway in the walls into the city, and after threading the narrow winding streets we find ourselves in the fine Plaza de la Constitucion, which is surrounded by picturesque balconied houses, save at its north-west angle, where it opens so as to allow a fine view of the east end of the cathedral. The houses have generally extremely picturesque open upper stages of wood arcading, and the windows and balconies are all gay with the heavy curtains which protect them from the sun.' (P. 181.)

The cathedral, a florid Gothic pile, the largest ecclesiastical building in Segovia, is of the sixteenth century, the work of Hontañon, the architect of the new Cathedral of Salamanca, of which latter building it is in most respects a copy. It is sufficient to quote its date to know that it extracts but cold praise from Mr. Street, who finds more congenial exercise for his taste in the Church of the Templars of the beginning of the thirteenth century and the Church of San Millan, a few years later. The Convent of El Parral he likewise finds worthy of notice, but especially the north steeple of San Esteban, one of the finest architectural features of the whole town. Mr. Street has some interesting remarks on the use of plaster as exemplified on the walls of the Alcazar and several other parts of the town.

'The Moors were always distinguished by the beautiful use they made of plaster; and whether or no these Segovian buildings were executed by Moorish architects, it is quite certain that at any rate we owe them to their influence and example. The patterns used are generally such as in stone-work would be unhesitatingly attributed to the end of the fifteenth or first half of the sixteenth century, and to this period no doubt the works I have been describing belong. They deserve a detailed notice because they prove, as do most Moorish works, that plaster may be used truthfully and artistically, and that without any approach to the contemptible effect which the imbecility and dishonesty of the nineteenth-century

designers of plaster-work have contrived to impress on almost all their productions.' (P. 194.)

Mr. Street felt small interest in the Escurial, which he did not stay to visit, but contented himself with observing from the window of the railway carriage; it was enough, he says, to know that Herrera designed it, to be satisfied that it would be cold, insipid, and formal in character. Here, as elsewhere, we think Mr. Street's prepossessions were unfortunate in preventing him from seeing any grandeur in conception in this vast pile, which asserts its dignity not unworthily amid the desolate and frowning peaks of the Sierra which rise above it. The exterior of the building is doubtless open to much criticism both in the small size and monotonous arrangement of the windows; but even here is not the inflexible uniformity of the immense exterior an artistic expression of the stern, all-grasping, undeviating fanaticism which characterised the times and the monarch to whom it owes its origin? Moreover, we can hardly conceive the mind which is incapable of being overcome with religious awe when on entering the grand chapel, at the western door, he stands beneath the vault upon which is erected the *coro-alto*, and from this sombre arch contemplates the stupendous round arches supporting the central dome. All is of unadorned and solemn granite, and the justness of the proportions and the simplicity of the design—a Greek cross—allows us to see what St. Peter's would have been had Bramante's original design been adhered to. The feelings evoked by such a work of art are entirely different from those produced by a Gothic structure. Some may prefer the one and some the other, but both are entitled to patient criticism and discriminating admiration.

A student of Gothic, or indeed of any form of architecture, finds little to detain him in Madrid, but he will linger with pleasure in that incomparable gallery, little visited by the Spaniards themselves, which contains so many of the noblest works of the painters of Italy, Flanders, and Seville. The university of Ximenes at Alcalà (Alkalat), the Mendoza palace at Gardalajara (Wada-l-hajarah, the river of stones), and the fine Gothic cathedral at Siguenza, are the only objects of interest in the vicinity of Madrid to prevent the traveller from hurrying to Toledo, which for romantic position, historic interest, and architectural remains is the most interesting town to the north of the Sierra Morena.

To see Toledo in all its glory, he must cross the ferry over the Tagus, which, as it runs through the *Tajo*, the rent or ravine in the dark granite ridge, swiftly enfolds in a projecting lap

the three sides of the town, and divides the city of Toledo, proudly seated on its seven rocky hills and girdled with terrific cliffs, from the opposite mountains. Ascending the side of one of these, he commands the whole city, and the eye sweeps over the ravaged Alcazar crowning the summit of the rock with an acropolis still majestic in its ruins; the ruined palace of the Gothic king Wamba surmounting another summit; the towering majesty of the magnificent cathedral; the multitudinous churches, convents, and picturesque belfries crowded around it, all girt in by rocks and castles and towers, and massed together in front of the spectator, while immediately below him the Tagus sweeps rapidly along past Moorish watermills projecting from out the stream, which washes the rocky bases of the cliffs of the town, and disappears beneath the magnificent arch of the *Puente del Alcantara.* Mr. Street's description of the town brings the scene vividly before the eye:—

'The road from the bridge, passing under the gateway which guards it into a small walled courtyard, turns sharply to the right under another archway, and then rises slowly below the walls until, with another sharp turn, it passes under the magnificent Moorish Puerta del Sol, and so on into the heart of the city.

'The Alcazar is the only important building seen in entering on this side; but from the other side of the city where the bridge of San Martin crosses the Tagus, the cathedral is a feature in the view, though it never seems to be so prominent as might be expected with a church of its grand scale. From both these points of view, indeed, it must be remembered that the effect is not produced by the beauty or grandeur of any one building; it is the desolate sublimity of the dark rocks that bound the river; the serried phalanx of wall, and town, and house, that line the cliffs; the tropical colour of sky, and earth, and masonry; and, finally, the forlorn decaying and deserted aspect of the whole, that makes the views so impressive and so unusual. Looking away from the city walls towards the north, the view is much more *riant*, for there the Tagus, escaping from its rocky defile, meanders across a fertile *vega*, and along lines of trees, with here a ruined castle, and there the apse of the curious church of the Cristo de la Vega, and there again the famous factory of arms, give colour and incident to a view which would anywhere be thought beautiful, but is doubly grateful by comparison with the sad dignity of the forlorn old city.' (P. 211.)

Toledo is indeed a complete epitome of the history of Spain. Roman, Visigoth, Saracen, and Christian have all in turn placed their mark upon it. It is one of the few places in Spain where any of the *Obra de Godos*, so universally talked of, really exists; and the Saracenic remains are in greater abundance and magnificence than in any town in Spain, with the exception of Granada, Seville, and Cordoba. The Cyclopean

masonry of King Wamba—the King Arthur of Spain—the grotto by the river, where tradition says Rodrigo first saw Florinda de Cava in her bath from his palace windows, take us back to times before the Mussulman invasion.

Leovigild had made Toledo the capital of the Gothic monarchy. At the time of the Saracenic invasion its wealth was prodigious, and Musa is said to have carried off from hence the table of Solomon—a relic preserved traditionally by the Jews who resided here in great numbers, and whose ancestors are represented to have fled hither for refuge when Jerusalem was taken not by Titus, but by *Nebuchadnezzar*. Indeed, local pride only limits the antiquity of Toledo with the origin of the world. Certain it is that from time immemorial multitudes of Jews existed here, and Mr. Borrow affirms that, in spite of persecution and expulsion, they are not yet extinct, but that some, though outwardly Christians, still in secret adhere to the faith of their fathers. Since, however, the great expulsion of the Jews and the Morescos Toledo has gradually declined: the population dwindled from 200,000, which it possessed in the height of its prosperity under the Moors, to 15,000; and not even the railway, which now makes the city easily accessible, seems likely to rescue it from the stagnation and decay which increase upon it year by year.

The *Juderia* or Jews' quarter still exists with its narrow and tortuous lanes, and its two synagogues. Both these latter have been converted into churches. That called Santa Maria della Blanca was seized by the Toledans in 1405, at the instigation of San Vicente Ferrer, the preacher of the cruel crusade against Jews and Morescos. It is said to have been originally built in the ninth century, but its exterior has been completely modernised; its interior also has been much changed by the addition of plaster-work of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, so that nothing of the original building remains visible but the omega-shaped arches rising from octagonal columns of brick covered with plaster which form the nave, and divide the two aisles on either side. The plaster arabesques on the spandrels about the arches and the cusped arcade on the walls below the roof are evidently of much later date. The other synagogue, now styled the Church 'del Transito,' is better preserved. It was erected by Samuel Levi, a rich Jew, and completed in 1360: when the Jews were expelled the kingdom in 1492, the synagogue was given by Ferdinand and Isabella to the order of Calatrava. The building is a simple parallelogram of fine proportions and admirably contrived for the admission of light. Among the Moorish buildings San

Cristo de la Luz contains the remains of the most complete mosque, a building which was standing at the time of the entrance of Don Alonso VI. into the city on Sunday, May 25, 1085. This was the first mosque which the victorious monarch, after the termination of the three years' siege, passed on his triumphal entry; he dismounted, entered it, hung up his shield and heard mass here before proceeding further. Its historical interest thus outweighs its architectural value, as it is of very diminutive proportions. Nevertheless it is a good sample of the skill with which Moorish architects contrived to increase the impression of the magnitude of buildings of small dimensions, and its roofing of domes, the *medias naranjas* distinctive of Saracen architecture, is remarkable. The Moorish gates, walls, and bridges, especially the Puerta del Sol and the Bridge of Alcantara, are among the finest remains of Saracenic masonry; while the graceful towers and belfries which the Moorish architects erected for the Christians when living under Christian rule, also deserve attentive examination. Of this class of building the steeple of San Roman is the finest example, its belfry stage, with its three open cusped lights is extremely graceful, but nearly all display the admirable use which the Arab architects knew how to make of brickwork and masonry, and how, with the commonest materials and the least possible expense, they were able to produce works of greater artistic effect than the costly arch in brick erected by ourselves at the present day. Of the Moorish domestic architecture Mr. Street thus speaks:—

'The Moorish houses, which I must now shortly describe, appear to be very numerous and of all dates, from the twelfth century down to the conquest of Granada; and it seemed to me that up to this time almost *all* the houses must have been the work of Moorish architects. The Jews and Moors were both very numerous bodies —so much so that Toledo is charged by an old writer with having had in it none others,—and there is nothing to show that the Christians ever employed any other architects. The common type of house is one which is completely Moorish in plan, even when the details are not so. It almost always had a long dark entrance passage, with an outer door to the street, studded thickly with nails of the most exaggerated size, and furnished with great knockers. The outer room or passage—ceiled with open timbers, boarded or panelled between—opens into the *patio* or central court, over which in hot weather an awning or curtain could be hung. This *patio* is surrounded by open passages on all sides, supported by wooden posts, or sometimes on granite columns, and the staircase to the upper floors rises from one angle of it. The woodwork is generally well wrought with moulded ends to the joists and moulded plates. Here are usually one or two wells, the court having been the impluvium

where all the water from the roof was collected in a large cistern below the pavement. Toledo is still a clean city, and Ponz, defending its credit from an attack by an Italian writer, maintains that the women are so clean that they wash the brick-floors of their houses as often as they do their dishes!' (P. 221.)

Mr. Street devotes considerable space to the real glory of Toledo, the cathedral—the largest in Spain after that of Seville, which, however, is of a much later style. Additions, spoliations, whitewash, neglect, and poverty, have combined to obscure in some measure the grand and simple magnificence of this vast edifice. Yet it nevertheless still maintains its supremacy as one of the grandest monuments in the world. Immediately on entering the *Puerta de los Leones* in the south transept, the effect is not so grand as at Seville, owing to the lowness of the lateral aisles; but the majesty of the edifice expands rapidly on advancing to the *coro;* and whether seen in broad daylight, or when the shades of evening give a mysterious and dark infinity to its lofty vaults, while the vermeil and emerald lights of the splendid painted windows glow with intenser brilliancy, the religious awe of the place is irresistible: '*un athée,*' as Napoleon said in the cathedral of Amiens, '*ne doit pas se sentir à son aise ici.*'

The first stone of the cathedral was laid with great ceremony by King Don Fernando III., assisted by the archbishop, on the 11th of August, 1227. It was thus commenced by the same king who laid the first stone of the cathedral at Burgos six years later. The architect is called in a Latin inscription Petrus Petri, and Mr. Street has come to the conclusion that the structure and detail of the cathedral offer convincing proof that he was, like the architect of Burgos, Leon, and Santiago, a Frenchman. The plan of the cathedral was laid out on an enormous scale. In width from wall to wall Milan and Seville alone exceed it; and when we include the area covered by the cloisters, chapels, and dependencies of Toledo, the ground on which the whole stand is altogether in excess of Milan.

The ground plan of the whole is extremely simple and uniform, and resembles the finest French examples, such as Notre Dame de Paris, and the cathedral at Bourges, and is thus extremely unlike the ordinary early Spanish plans; but the most convincing proof of its French origin is the arrangement of the vaulting and division of the compartments of the chevet, from which it is clear that the architect had an intimate acquaintance with all the difficulties of, and the improvements in, vaulting the irregular compartments of the church round the apse.

The original scheme of the church is only to be seen now in the choir and its aisles, which are arranged in three gradations of height; the choir being upwards of a hundred feet, and the aisle round it about sixty feet, while the outer aisle is thirty-five feet in height. The outer wall of the aisle is pierced with arches for the small chapels between the buttresses. The intermediate aisle has on its outer wall a triforium, formed by an arcade of cusped arches; and above this, a rose window in each bay: it is in this triforium that the acquaintance of the artist with Moresque architecture is mainly apparent. The cusping of the arcade is not inclosed in an arch, but takes distinctly a horseshoe outline. In this portion of the design the architect had evidently become subject to the local influences of the place, and introduced something of the style he had become acquainted with into his work. The screen round the coro, as well as the screenwork round the apse, are remarkable for richness and design. The screenwork round the apse is especially elaborate and finely sculptured, and with the rich monuments of the kings and of Cardinal Mendoza enclosed in niches by the side of the *capilla mayor*, the rich gilt lofty *retablo*, the gilt pulpits in the choir, the enormous lectern in the coro, fashioned of a huge brass eagle with outstretched wings, the gigantic candelabra and rich metal screens, form a combination of gorgeous magnificence of most picturesque and varied aspect from whichever side it is regarded. In point of mere elaborate detail, however, the cathedral is surpassed by the Church San Juan de los Reyes erected by Ferdinand and Isabella to celebrate their victory of the battle of Toro, where are still hanging the chains worn by Christian captives under the Moors at Granada. But here the heraldic achievements, cyphers, badges, and decorations are so thickly overlaid as to surfeit the eye after the first satisfaction of curiosity; nevertheless the site of the church is one of the finest in Toledo, and the view in front of the western portico across the Tajo, and the castles and hamlets of the *Vega*, is fine in the extreme.

The remainder of Mr. Street's book is chiefly devoted to the cathedral and churches of the Catalan district, which have a peculiar character, resulting from the prevalence of the Romanesque style throughout the province down to a later period. Of these cathedrals, that of Tarragona is one of the most interesting, and is the earliest, with the exception of Gerona, having been commenced in 1131, though the greater part of the fabric is perhaps a century later in date. But the town of Tarragona is well worth a visit for its romantic situation and

its fine Roman antiquities, and the Claude Lorraine character of the surrounding landscape, as well as for its cathedral. The Roman antiquities of Tarragona are also most imposing. Tarragona having been the capital of one of the three provinces into which Spain was divided under Augustus, the city walls are to a great extent Roman. A Roman aqueduct, one of the grandest in Europe, spans the valley with its gigantic arches of ruddy ochre; three miles to the west a fine Roman monument, called *La Torre de los Escipiones*, stands upon the beach, girdled with plantations of the stone pine, and between the tawny sand-hillocks of the shore the rock-built city is seen, crowned by its cathedral, and descending slope by slope to the sea. Mr. Street considers the cathedral one of the most noble and interesting which he has seen, combining the greatest simplicity and solidity of construction with a lavish display of ornament, to which it is hard to find a parallel.

The style of the cathedral is a mixture of the Romanesque and the Gothic. The plan of the cathedral is triapsidal, as Spanish churches appear generally to have been before the introduction of French architects. The plan consisted of a nave, aisles, and transepts, with apsidal chapels in their eastern walls, a raised lantern or cimborio over the crossing and three parallel apses east of it. The whole detail of the eastern apse appears to have more of the air of Lombard than French work. The eastern portion of the cathedral is the most ancient. The grandeur and solidity of this fine church seems to Mr. Street particularly worthy of the study of English architects.

'We have few if any such churches in England. Our transitional examples are neither very numerous nor very fine; and it is in Germany and in Spain—so far as my experience goes—that we find the finest examples of this noble period. In neither of these countries was the progress of architectural development so rapid as it was in England and in the north of France, and consequently such churches as the cathedrals of Tarragona, Lérida, and Tudela were rising in Spain at the same time as the more advanced and scientific, but perhaps less forcible and solemnly grand cathedrals of Salisbury, Lincoln, and Wells were being built in England.

'I hardly know when I have been much more struck than I was with the view of the interior of the transept. For though the picturesque furniture of later times, the screens and pulpits, the organs and other furniture, are in great contrast with the glorious solidity of the old work, the combination of this with them makes a singularly beautiful picture.' (P. 280.)

The cloisters of the cathedral are of remarkable beauty.

'Each bay has three round-arched openings divided by coupled

shafts, and above these two large circles pierced in the wall. The arches and circular windows are richly moulded, and adorned largely with delicate dog-tooth enrichments. Some of the circular windows above the arcades still retain—what all, I suppose, once had—their filling in, which was of very delicate interlacing work, pierced in a thin slab of stone, and evidently Moorish in its origin, though, at the same time, the work probably of Christian hands, as in some of them the figure of the Cross is very beautifully introduced.' (P. 283.)

Barcelona is one of the most advantageous cities for studying the history of the architecture of Catalonia, for here we can proceed step by step from San Pablo to the entirely Romanesque and triapsidal church, said to have been built in the year 914, through successive examples to the Catalan Gothic of the fourteenth century. The cathedral, commenced in 1298, and still in progress in 1329, presents the French arrangement of one aisle and chapels round the apse in place of the common early Spanish triapsidal plan, but the detail is all completely Catalan, and the interior has an air of sombre magnificence, the architect having evidently designed the church as to meet the exigencies of the climate by admitting as little light and heat as possible. The lantern is only finished in its lower stage, but is finely designed, and the exterior of the cathedral, from its unfinished condition and want of parapets, has a ruinous appearance. The Church of Santa Maria del Mar is also a vast building, and more characteristic than the cathedral of the Catalan architecture, under the traditions of which a set of churches similar in design to Santa Maria del Mar were produced in Catalonia.

'They are marked by extreme simplicity, great width, and great height. Usually they have no arcades and consist of broad unbroken naves, always groined in stone, and sparely lighted from small windows high up in the walls. The two examples, so far as I know, which surpass all others, are the single nave of Gerona, seventy-three feet wide in the clear, and the nave and aisles of the Collegiata at Manresa, sixty feet wide from centre to centre of the columns, and a hundred and ten between the walls of the aisles. The Barcelonese examples do not equal the extraordinary dimensions of these two churches, but they are still on a fine scale. Sta. Maria del Mar is the only Barcelonese example with aisles. It has—as will be seen by the plan—an aisle round the apse, and small chapels between the buttresses. These apses are all internal only, so that the side elevation of the church shows a plain straight wall pierced with windows. This is a very favourite device of this school, and has been already noticed in the north wall of the cathedral, and in the wall all round the cloisters. The interior of Sta. Maria del Mar is very simple. Enormous octagonal columns carry the main arches and groining ribs, which all spring from their

capitals. The wall rib towards the nave is carried up higher than the main arches so as to allow space between them for a small circular and traceried clerestory window in each bay. The arches of the apse are very narrow, and enormously stilted. There are small windows above them, but they are modernized.' (P. 308.)

The Catalan churches may be studied with especial benefit by the English architect, as their chief characteristic is the extreme width of the nave, and the ingenuity with which the constructors have contrived to place an immense assembly in the immediate presence of the great altar. An architect of the Dominican convent at Palma in Mallorca, who was employed in the Cathedral of Barcelona, Jaques Fabre by name, seems to have exercised a great influence on the construction of these Catalan churches. His church at Palma consisted of one single nave of enormous width, and its success encouraged the production of the same kind of building on the continent. While dealing with Spanish art in the fifteenth century, Mr. Street observes:—

'In other parts of Spain the great churches of this period had no very special or marked character; nothing which clearly showed them to be real developments in advance of what had been done before or elsewhere. In Cataluña, on the other hand, there was a most marked impulse given by a Mallorcan artist at the latter part of the fourteenth century; and to the influence of his school we owe some of, I suppose, the most important mediæval churches to be seen in any part of Europe. Their value consists mainly in the success with which they meet the problem of placing an enormous congregation on the floor in front of one altar, and within sight and hearing of the preacher. The vastest attempt which we have made in this direction sinks into something quite below insignificance when compared with such churches as Gerona Cathedral, Sta. Maria del Mar, Barcelona, or the Collegiata at Manresa. The nave of the former would hold some two thousand three hundred worshippers, that of the next hard upon three thousand, and that of the third about two thousand. Their internal effect is magnificent in the extreme; and if, in their present state, their external effect is not so fine, it must be remembered, first of all, that they have all been much mutilated, and, in the next place, that their architects had evidently mastered the first great necessity in church-building—the successful treatment of the interior. In these days it is impossible to say this too strongly: men build churches everywhere in England, as though they were only to be looked at, not worshipped in; and forget, in fact, that the sole use of art in connexion with religion is the exaltation of the solemnity of the ritual, and the oblation of our best before the altar, and not the mere pleasing of men's eyes with the sweet sights of spires rising among trees, or gables and traceried windows standing out amid the uninteresting fabrics of nineteenth-century streets!'

The Cathedral of Gerona is also a magnificent work, commanding the town like that of Tarragona, and having, like it, a superb flight of steps leading up to the principal façade, and consisting at Gerona of 86 steps. The width of the nave at Gerona is the great feature of the building; it is so enormous that the design of Guillermo Boffiy for its erection affected the Chapter with dismay, and they assembled a junta of the most celebrated architects of the day for the discussion of the plan. These architects were all examined respecting the feasibility of the design of Guillermo Boffiy, who himself was finally questioned in the same manner. A digest and report of the proceedings have been preserved by Cean Bermudez in his work on the architects of Spain; Guillermo Boffiy was enabled to execute his nave, which is the widest pointed erection of the kind in Christendom.

'The clear width of this nave is 73 feet, and its height is admirably proportioned to this vast dimension. It is only four bays in length; each bay has chapels opening into it on either side, and filling up the space between the enormous buttresses, whose depth from the front of the groining shaft to their face is no less than 20 feet. Above the arches which open into the side chapels is a row of small cusped openings, corresponding with those which form the triforium of the choir; and above these are lofty traceried clerestory windows. The groining-ribs are very large and well moulded. At the east end of the nave three arches open into the choir and its aisles; and above these are three circular windows, the largest of which has lost its tracery. And here it is that the magnificence of the scheme is most fully realised. A single nave and choir, all of the same enormous size, would have been immeasurable by the eye, and would have been, to a great extent, thrown away; here, however, the lofty choir and aisles, with their many subdivisions, give an extraordinary impression of size to the vast vault of the nave, and make it look even larger than it really is. In short, had this nave been longer by one bay, I believe that scarcely any interior in Europe could have surpassed it in effect.' (P. 323.)

The Cathedrals of Lérida and Tudela and the Church of the Collegiata at Manresa are worthy companions of those of Gerona and Tarragona. The cathedral of Lérida being built on the top of a hill has been unfortunately abandoned by the well-fed canons for a more easily accessible structure, and this fine church, with its noble cloisters, is converted into a barrack. The cathedral of Tudela is of slightly earlier date than those of Tarragona and Lérida, and, of course, much earlier than the greater part of Gerona, having been consecrated in 1188; and Mr. Street classes this church, though small, among the very best which it has been his good fortune to visit in any

part of Europe. From its vicinity to France, French influence is more marked and the style more advanced than in its two kindred cathedrals of Tarragona and Lérida; the cloisters here, as well as those of Lérida and Gerona, are extremely remarkable. The cloister of Gerona especially shows the course of the stream of Romanesque art into Spain, exhibiting extreme similarity with the cloisters at Elne, near Perpignan, and those of S. Trophime at Arles. The cloisters, as well as the Church of the Cistercian Abbey of Veruela, near Tarazona, completed in 1151, bears extreme similarity both in design and execution to the convent of the same order at Clairvaux. While at Pamplona, the last Spanish cathedral which Mr. Street examined before quitting Spain, the French arrangement of the chevet is varied by being constructed upon a system of equilateral triangles of great ingenuity.

Of the domestic architecture of the coast of the Mediterranean, one of the most striking features are the beautiful Moorish *ajimez* windows so common in Seville, the lights being divided by detached shafts of great slenderness and delicacy. The earlier examples have simple trefoil heads, and sculptured capitals to the columns. In later examples there are mouldings round the cusped head, and the abaci and capitals are carved. A wing of the bishop's palace at Alcalà contains also some very remarkable domestic windows, a very pleasing illustration of which adorns another page of this volume. Generally, however, Mr. Street pronounces the north of Spain to be unusually barren of old examples of domestic buildings. The public buildings at Barcelona, the palace at Guadalajara, the museum and convents of Valladolid, the house of the Constable Velasco, and the great hospital at Santiago, are, however, magnificent examples of late Gothic. The castles of Spain deserve more attention than they have hitherto received. Those of Olite, Segovia, and Medina del Campo are described by Mr. Street, and he adds:—

'There is, no doubt, a vast number of buildings of somewhat similar character to be seen, especially in those parts of the country which formed for a time the frontier land between the Moorish and Christian kingdoms. Generally, they are remarkable for the unbroken surface of their lofty walls, crowned with picturesque and complicated projecting turrets at the angles. The scale on which they are built is magnificent, and their walls still stand almost untouched by the ages of neglect from which they have suffered. In the same way the walls which encircle the Spanish cities are often still so perfect throughout their circuit that it is almost possible to persuade oneself that they have been untouched for three hundred years. Avila, Lugo, Segovia, Toledo, Pamplona, Astorga, Gerona,

Tarragona, and many other towns are girt round with so close an array of tower and wall as to make them still look fit for defence. The age of these walls varies much; but most are probably of early foundation, owing their first erection to the days when the Moors still from time to time rode raiding across the land. They are always of extraordinary solidity, and consist usually of plain walls with circular projecting towers at short intervals.'

Next to the buildings themselves, the materials of which they were constructed, and the manner of working them, deserve careful observation. The Spanish brickwork appears generally to have been the work of Moorish artisans, who attained a mastery in the use of brick and plaster which has never been surpassed: the tower of the Giralda at Seville stands as a triumphant example of how elegant and ornate a structure can be produced by the use of brick alone. In masonry, also, the Moors were excellent artisans, and the durability of all their work is most surprising. Their superiority in this respect has been recognised so entirely by the engineer officers of Gibraltar, that quite recently Moorish workmen have been imported from Tangiers to co-operate in the building of the new batteries.

The general deduction from the observations of Mr. Street is, however, that the Moors exercised far less influence on the progress of Spanish architecture than is generally supposed. On the other hand, hardly any buildings can be authentically referred to the time of the Goths, though it is clear from the discovery of the beautiful group of votive crowns at Guarrazar, near Toledo—which are now in the collection of the Hôtel de Cluny, and probably date from the middle of the seventh century—that the working of the precious metals at least was in a very advanced state. The Church of Santa Maria de Naranco, near Oviedo, and those of San Pablo and San Perse at Barcelona, are probably all older than the tenth century, and betray a mixture of Byzantine and Lombard influence transmitted through Provence, Arragon, and Aquitaine to Barcelona.

The Romanesque style, however introduced, maintained its position much longer than it did in France; and did not, as in that country and in England, pass through the gradual development of the first pointed style; but was supplanted by the splendid designs of later styles imported suddenly from France. Such, also, was the course of things in the history of German art:—

'There, just as in Spain, the Romanesque and semi-Romanesque styles remained long time in quiet possession of the field, and it was

not until the marvellous power and success of the architects of Amiens and Beauvais excited the German architects to emulation in Cologne Cathedral, that they moved from their Romanesque style into the most decided and well-developed geometrical Gothic. And just as Cologne Cathedral is an exotic in Germany, so are those of Burgos, Leon, and Toledo in Spain; so that, whilst Spaniards may fairly be proud of the glory of possessing such magnificent works of art, their pride ought to be confined to that of ownership, and should not extend to any claim of authorship.'

It is matter of history, indeed, that Spain after the expulsion of the Moors imported French bishops and ecclesiastics to fill the metropolitan and other sees; consequently, nothing could be more natural than that those familiar with the wonderful thirteenth-century cathedrals of France should introduce French architects to erect rival structures in their adopted country, especially as it was not possible for Spain, hitherto engaged in interminable warfare with the Moors, to have arrived at the same degree of artistic excellence. Nevertheless, the older Spanish cathedrals and churches, such as San Vicente and San Pedro, Avila, several churches at Segovia, the old cathedrals at Salamanca, Tarragona, Tudela, and Lérida, have distinct characteristics and deserve careful observation as truly Spanish illustrations of the Romanesque style. The cathedrals, too, of Siguenza and Avila must be classed among the works of pure Spanish origin, and are remarkable as authentic Spanish attempts to introduce into Romanesque architecture more of the delicacy and refinement of the first pointed style. Nevertheless, the Gothic style thus suddenly introduced in its perfection into Spain received a subsequent development under the hands of Spanish artists altogether expressive of the richness and elegance of Spanish taste, and worthy of her unrivalled wealth and grandeur in the apogee of her national glory. The elaborate traceries, lace-like fretwork, interminable carving, and crowded diapers of lions and castles, surpass in gorgeousness the examples of all other countries, and are unrivalled even by the Eglise de Brou in France, and Henry VII.'s Chapel at Westminster. The rich and peculiar elegance of the old national costume of Spain, the dresses of the kings and courtiers of Velasquez and Goza, of the *toreros*, of the *contrabandistas*, of the *majos* and *majas*, as well as the Oriental hyperbolism of the language and poetry, are indicative of a florid and exuberant taste, which has found its expression also in architecture. The vast edifice of the Escurial, the Lonja of Seville, the Cathedral of Valladolid, and the other designs of Herrera, are also as truly significant of the spirit and

destinies of Spain in the age of Philip II. With the decline of the monarchy, amid the general corruption of religion and morals, as literature descended to the false taste and conceits of Gongora and his followers, so architecture became debased into *Churreguerismo*, a word whose uncouth sound is admirably suggestive of the debased taste which it portrays.

With the exception of the great work of Villa-Amil and Escosura, we have no publication which throws so much light on the architectural monuments of Spain—especially on those of the earlier Christian period—as this volume by Mr. Street. It is impossible to give a complete idea of its value to the student and the traveller, since we are unable to transfer to our pages the numerous illustrations and accurate plans with which it is accompanied. But we have no doubt that it will add another powerful inducement to visit the least explored portion of Southern Europe, and that before many years have elapsed the cathedrals and Gothic remains of Spain will be as well known to Englishmen as those of Normandy, Maine, or Anjou.

ART. VII.—1. *Correspondence relating to the Affairs of China*, 1862-4.

2. *Correspondence respecting Affairs in Japan*, 1864. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of her Majesty, 1865.

3. *The Siberian Overland Route.* By ALEXANDER MICHIE. London: 1865.

4. *Report on Railroads in China.* By Sir MACDONALD STEPHENSON.

5. *Our Interests in China.* By HORATIO W. LAY, C.B., late Inspector-General of Chinese Customs.

A PEACE of fifty years has been maintained with all but uninterrupted success in the heart of Europe, and with the exception of the Crimean War and the Italian campaign, the great Christian Powers have happily not turned their arms against each other for half a century. But meanwhile the eternal contest between civilisation and barbarism—between nations boasting of the highest degree of refinement and nations animated by the fiercest passions of fanaticism—goes on with increasing bitterness, and it seems impossible for any great military Power to escape from this condition of its existence. Russia has recently extended her lines of occupation

in Central Asia to the Syr-Daria or Jaxartes. She has fortified a line of posts from the Sea of Aral to the Chinese frontier. She is gradually extending her navigation up the valley of the Oxus; and the Khanats of Khokan, Bokhara, and Khiva are ineffectually opposing her progress across the Khirgiz Steppe. We view without jealousy and without apprehension these efforts of the Russian Government to open a road to trade through Central Asia; but it will be long before the fierce tribes occupying these wild and intractable regions are brought under the yoke, and Russia may find that the contest she has barely ended in Circassia is beginning afresh against a still more formidable enemy.*

The French, on their side, ambitious of an Asiatic possession and a position in the Eastern seas, have also undertaken a mission in the conquest and civilisation of Cochin China, which may prove more arduous than profitable. Within the last few years they have made war upon the Annamites, in retribution for the torture and murder of some Roman Catholic missionaries, and compelled them to surrender large provinces watered by the Menam, and submit to a protectorate which differs in little except the name, from subjection. But as with the Russian, so with the French position and efforts in our vicinity, we see no ground for alarm or regret. These races can only be brought within the comity of nations, or made sharers in the civilisation of Europe, by the strong arm of a Power that can impose treaties, and make them respected. The possessions of other Western Powers in the East can hardly be a source of serious danger to Great Britain. It is doubtful, on the other hand, whether in the event of war all dependencies in such distant latitudes may not prove rather causes of weakness than of increased strength to their possessors.

While the three great maritime Powers of Europe have thus been advancing across Asia, towards the southern and western limits of the Chinese Empire, and contending with the difficulties which the jealousies and hostility of Eastern races invariably interpose to the progress of Europeans—as of innovation in whatever shape it comes,—China has been torn by civil war, and devastated by a widespread insurrection. In her agony a whole province was wrenched from her, and without a blow annexed to Russia. It would almost seem

* An interesting account of these operations, derived from Russian official sources, has been translated and published by Messrs. Michell, under the title 'The Russians in Central Asia.' The style of this volume is unfortunately incorrect and unattractive, but the information contained in it is novel and valuable.

as though the beam which dipped towards the Bosphorus, on being suddenly arrested and forced upwards, had by some natural law descended at the opposite extremity, and crushing its way with irresistible weight through Manchouria—gravitated towards Broughton Bay and the unfrozen ports of a still more southern latitude.

During the past ten years, while European Powers have been actively advancing upon different points of Asia, sometimes in conflict with each other, sometimes in alliance against the native states, they have, beyond all doubt, exercised a disturbing influence on the millions of the human race spread over the vast Eastern continent. They seem to have stirred up all the more active and fanatic elements of the Asiatic character and temperament, whether as regards religion or patriotic feeling. There has been a general movement of the masses, a widespread agitation, followed by the uprising of whole tribes and nations. The Turk has done battle for Mahomet, and exhaled his fanaticism and hatred of the Western race, in desultory raids against the Infidel, from Damascus and Lebanon to the confines of the Empire, apart from the great struggle for national existence maintained against the Russians. The Arab and Moor have been sympathetically affected. They have persecuted the Jews at Tangier, fought the Spaniards in Morocco, and risen against the French in Kabylia, while many Christians have been slain in popular tumults at Jeddah and elsewhere. The Bengal army revolted at a cry of fanaticism calling their race to arms for the extermination of the conquering Sahib. Religious fanaticism and patriotism did their part in resisting the French and Spanish descent on the Cochin territory. In China all the elements of disorder seemed let loose over the breadth of the land, devastating its fertile valleys; and a blasphemous counterfeit of Christianity was not wanting to place the Taeping rebellion among the crusades of Iconoclastic and popular movements to overturn a dominant religion, though for political ends. Lastly, Japan, her long-closed ports forced by the moral pressure of Commodore Perry's squadron, has been ever since in the throes of a convulsive effort to expel the foreign intruder, to put down all aspirations of the people towards free intercourse or innovation of any kind, and revert to the old policy of total seclusion from the rest of the world. Here, too, although no proselytising has been attempted by European Powers in recent times, there can be no doubt the past history of the civil and religious wars which the Portuguese and Spanish missionaries excited in the seventeenth century has left an indelible impression, instilling

a feeling of distrust into the minds of successive generations of Japanese rulers, and rousing the Daimios of the present day to active hostility and opposition to all foreign intercourse. Thus we see, from Constantinople to Yedo, there has been an all-pervading movement among the numerous and diversified families of the Asiatic race. A general feeling seems to have penetrated all the tribes and nations occupying the Asiastic continent, that old things are passing away, and a new order is being insensibly constituted on the ruins of their time-honoured creeds, customs, and independence.

It is very certain that the germ of new ideas, religious, social and political, has been sown, and new elements of thought have found a place in the Asiatic mind of late years, to the great disturbance of that sense of repose and fixity which has hitherto been the ideal of perfection and Oriental felicity. In all this, the agency of the Feringi and the Barbarian is traced;—and by those who rule and have political power at stake, with a feeling of intense hatred. Our religion, our political economy and social ideas, are all equally hateful; and from their point of view revolutionary and subversive of existing institutions and governments. They would necessarily be so even were European Powers less frequently aggressive and given to territorial encroachments. But with our own history in India, and the more recent acquisitions made by Russia and France, it cannot be wondered at, that all overtures from Western nations for access and trade should be looked upon with extreme distrust and aversion as the first steps towards aggressive action and final conquest. Nor can it be denied that they have a good foundation for much of their antipathy and enmity, apart from the assumed greed for territorial acquisition. The mode in which the Romans, in the days of the Empire, viewed the Christians, very closely corresponds with the feeling which the Asiatic generally entertains,—and the estimate which the ruling classes, more especially, form of our pretensions to be considered apostles of peace and pioneers of a higher civilisation. Mr. Arnold, in a recent article on Marcus Aurelius, discusses the distinctive relations which existed in the early ages of Christianity between the despised and persecuted sect and the imperial masters of the civilised world. The following extract is so entirely applicable to the system of thought and feeling prevailing among Eastern races—Arab, Hindoo, and Chinese—towards their Christian antagonists, that we are induced to quote it:—

'The Christianity which these Emperors aimed at repressing was, in their conception of it, something philosophically contemptible,

politically subversive, and morally abominable. As men, they sincerely regarded it much as well-conditioned people, with us, regard Mormonism; as rulers, they regarded it much as Liberal statesmen, with us, regard the Jesuits. A kind of Mormonism, constituted as a vast secret society, with obscure aims of political and social subversion, was what Antoninus Pius and Marcus Aurelius believed themselves to be repressing when they punished Christians. The early Christian apologists again and again declare to us under what odious imputations the Christians lay, how general was the belief that these imputations were well-grounded, how sincere was the horror which the belief inspired. The severe expressions of Tacitus, *exitiabilis superstitio—odio humani generis convicti*, show how deeply the prejudices of the multitude imbued the educated classes. One asks oneself with astonishment, how a doctrine so benign as that of Christ, can have incurred misrepresentation so monstrous. The inner and moving cause of the misrepresentation lay no doubt in this—that *Christianity was a new spirit in the Roman world, destined to act in that world as its dissolvent;* and it was inevitable that Christianity in the Roman world, like democracy in the modern world—like every new spirit with a similar mission assigned to it—should at its first appearance occasion an instinctive shrinking and repugnance in the world which it was to dissolve.'

In the Asiatic world, Christianity and commerce combined, are no doubt destined, under the ægis of Western States, to modify the whole structure of society: and as all Asiatic rulers seem to have an instinctive prescience of this result, it is as inevitable as it is natural that they should shrink with aversion and repugnance from closer contact. We have here the true secret of the frequent collisions, and the never-ending complications which mark our relations with the East. With a view to the development of commerce, constant and often impatient efforts are made by Western Powers and their subjects, to enlarge the circle of their operations and increase the points of contact with rulers and subjects who are imbued with this feeling of distrust and aversion. We are always seeking to draw closer the links which treaties alone have forged—to bind these states, as they believe, for the final subversion of their power and institutions, and the destruction of their independent existence. Errors in policy, unscrupulous dealing among traders of all nations, and ruffianism in the offscourings of Europe and America poured upon the coasts of China, may all do their part in sowing distrust and hostility. But were these causes removed, the broad features which mark the relations of the Christian Powers with Eastern Asia would still remain essentially the same. It is a mistake to suppose that these blots and defects in the European escutcheon are other than minor accidents and subordinate

incidents, exercising but little material influence on the main issues. These, as we think we have shown, hang upon other conditions springing from the deepest sources of national feeling, and controlling, in no small degree, the life and development of nations.

While thus passing in review the progress of Western Powers eastward from the Bosphorus to the coast of Japan during the last few years, it is not our intention to discuss in detail all the events of that period. Those of the last twelvemonth alone will afford sufficient matter; and the decisive and significant character of the leading events, since January 1864, demands, and will well repay careful study. They give hope that we have reached a second stage in our relations with the Chinese and Japanese—barbaric in the midst of their old and highly artificial civilisation. As regards foreign relations, the Government of Pekin, compelled by the British and French allied forces to enter into direct communication with the Western Powers, and admit their legations permanently within the gates of the conquered capital, has gained much in the way of experience. In Japan the coalition of the great Daimios and Princes for the expulsion of all foreigners, and a return to their system of isolation, was broken up a few months ago by the blow dealt at Simonoseki. They too have gained experience which ought, and to all appearance will, suffice—and stand them in good stead for a long time to come.

In both countries abortive and ineffectual attempts have been made by the Mandarins and Daimios to nullify the treaties. But having failed alike to defeat or get rid of us, to frighten us into submission, or to deceive us, it may now be hoped that they will henceforth rather keep their engagements with us, than rush into further conflicts in which their own defeat is certain. No better time therefore could be chosen than the present to pass in review the changes which have recently taken place, and the prospects they open for the future. There has been a continuous struggle hitherto between seemingly irreconcileable pretensions; but progress has at last been made towards a permanent solution, and that without the necessity for a continually-recurring resort to arms. In any policy to be adopted by Western Powers in their relations with China and Japan, these leading facts and conditions must be taken into account. The last year has been a most eventful one to both countries, and will form an epoch in their history; not so much perhaps from the changes effected in their external relations, as in those influencing their internal condition. In both a great

movement, threatening disintegration and anarchy, has been arrested, if not brought to an end. And the influence of this check, if maintained, is likely to determine the nature of the foreign relations to be established, and even in a less degree the internal condition and government of the respective States. In looking to the future, a great deal must obviously depend upon the development and application of ideas more in harmony with Western civilisation and polity. In China an insurrection has been raging, during a period of ten years, over the greater part of the Empire, directed against the reigning dynasty, and hostile to all the existing governing classes. This movement seems to have originated from below, and to have had no connexion with the higher classes—the bureaucracy of China, and the sole governing body. It would appear rather as a protest of the governed, and an upheaving of the masses (a kind of Jacquerie, only that in China there are no hereditary or noble families), in violent dissatisfaction at the corruption, *vis inertiæ*, and bad government of the central authority. And that there was not wanting strong provocation and a broad foundation in fact for the general charge of incapacity and dishonesty in the councils of the sovereign and in all their provincial delegates, seems sufficiently proved by their total inability to deal with the insurrection, or to stay the devastating march of mere hordes of marauders, pillaging and destroying all before them, wherever they made their appearance. Not until this state of anarchy had existed for a whole decade, and European science and military organisation came to the aid of the Government at Pekin, was it able to stem the torrent of disorder, or to strike any decisive blow for the re-establishment of legal authority. The fall of Nankin has at last destroyed the insurrection as an organised rebellion with a recognised head aiming at sovereignty, and deprived it of a base of operations which gave the insurgents the command of all the populous cities and towns in the great valley watered by the Yang-tzi-kiang, together with some of the richest provinces of China. But it is too much to expect that peace and order will be immediately restored, or that the insurrection is at an end. The truth seems to be that the population of the mountainous south-western provinces of the Empire is in a chronic state of disaffection, and that the authority of the present dynasty has never been thoroughly established in those distant regions: from time to time they break out in open rebellion and pour over the land. When disorder and contempt of all law and government is once allowed to prevail over such immense tracts of country as constitute the Empire of China,

with a teeming population of three or four hundred millions ever pressing on the means of subsistence, it is like the overflowing of one of their own mighty rivers, breaking down the dams and artificial barriers set up for the protection of the people, and sweeping away all the landmarks. It is long before the waters return to their natural channel, even when the disruptive force has ceased. Whether the requisite power can make itself felt from such a centre as Pekin, and from what it is the fashion to consider an effete Tartar Government sunk in corruption and ineptitude—whether any efforts made in this direction will be aided or counteracted by the provincial authorities spread over the eighteen provinces, are problems which experience must ere long solve, for good or for evil. But there is one very hopeful feature amidst all the devastation which has taken place, and that is the marvellous elasticity ever manifested by the population, distinct from any action of their rulers. In October last, shortly after the fall of Nankin, Europeans reported that in all the districts lying between the once wealthy but now ruined city of Soochow and Shanghae, its great shipping port, they saw everywhere evidence of renewed life and industry. The mulberry-trees were being re-planted. The farmhouses were repaired and the yards stocked with rice and poultry. The only sign that the country had been made a desert at first visible, was that new brick, plaster, and woodwork everywhere marked the scene of rebel ravages.

There is need of such encouraging signs of renewed industry and activity among those on whom the productiveness of the soil and the creation of plenty exclusively depend; for China is certainly not yet at the end of her troubles and insurrections. The latest news from the west of the Empire does not improve. From the borders of Kwantung and Fokien it is decidedly bad; and it would occasion no surprise to hear by any mail of the fall of Chaochow, an important city in the vicinity of Amoy. As relates to the province of Keangsoo, and all the neighbourhood of Shanghae, there is some assurance of restored order in the energetic character of Li-Futai, the governor. Encouraged by his successes in his province—though of these at least a large share is exclusively due to Colonel Gordon—he has much confidence in himself, and while he is in power his province may not be in much danger. The organisation of garrisons for the ports—under the pressure of foreign influence in the councils of the Emperor probably, but vigorously entered upon by Wensiang, one of the senior secretaries of the Foreign Office—we may hope is being commenced in earnest. A camp

of instruction has been organised, under Major Jebb, the successor of Colonel Gordon, and its maintenance for the three years for which the major and those with him are engaged, under certain regulations agreed to by Li-Futai, gives the local government a disciplined force, which will be likely to deter any such bands as the rebels can collect from approaching the neighbourhood of Shanghae.

How far it may be in the power of any or all of the foreign representatives combined to instil wisdom into the hearts of the Emperor's councillors at Pekin, while it is yet time, and to induce them to adopt vigorous measures for the reformation of their whole administrative system, and its purification from the besetting sins of incompetence and corruption, is a doubtful question. Hitherto the Chinese Empire has been governed by a very loose system of centralisation. Theoretically, every officer in the State, from the viceroy of each province to the lowest police runner, held all power from Pekin. The nomination of the Emperor can alone place them in office, and his mandate at any moment can remove the occupants and reduce them to the condition of private citizens, without rank or authority of any kind. But, practically, the viceroy and Tartar general (rival potentates, the one civil and the other military, ruling supreme in the province)—the Footae, Fantae, and Neetae —in other words, the lieutenant-governor, treasurer, and chief justice, once nominated and in possession, form an oligarchy of governing powers, over which the sovereign and the board at Pekin find it difficult to exercise any efficient control or supervision. The great distances; length of time consumed in communication; untrustworthiness of all reports received, whether from the high functionaries themselves or the spies and political agents sent to watch over them; the general habits of bribery and corruption; and lastly the imperative necessity of allowing authorities on the spot, held responsible for the good government of provinces larger and more populous than many kingdoms in Europe, to act according to circumstances on their own judgment,—all tend to check and render nugatory, except in rare and extreme cases, any autocratic interference or centralising tendencies at Pekin. Ostensibly bound to the Emperor, and acting under his orders only, they thus become virtually free from any inconvenient supervision. The financial and administrative arrangements prevailing throughout the empire further tend to establish this system of decentralisation and irresponsibility. Each province levies taxes and custom dues in the name of the Emperor;—and out of the proceeds the whole budget of local expenses, including salaries of employés, pay of

troops, &c., is first provided for. It is only the surplus, if any, which is remitted to Pekin for the wants of the imperial treasury. Each province supplies its own force for the maintenance of order—all the larger cities having a permanent Tartar garrison within their walls. These are descendants of the Manchoo conquerors, but now little more than an ill-paid and worse-disciplined militia, forming a colony of men, women, and children earning their own living in various ways, aided by a certain small stipend for the effective fighting-men supposed to be ready for active service when required.

Whether such a system of semi-independent provincial governments and ill-organised forces—the decentralising tendency being continually increased by the prevalence of extortion, bribery, and corruption as recognised means of supplying the inadequacy of public salaries—can be so handled or modified as to enable the Government of Pekin to grapple with the real difficulties which beset it in the troubled state of the country, and to restore order, peace, and security in the wide districts so long given up to desolation, and still liable to be traversed by organised bands, is the question now to be determined by the crucial test of experience. It may reasonably be doubted, however, whether it be possible any longer to govern so vast an empire as China, unless the Government is enabled to render its authority more direct and effectual. Mr. Michie, in his very sensible and interesting work, glances at some of the more prominent causes of a progressive tendency to enervation in the central authority:—

'Peking is the worst situation that could have been selected for the seat of government; that is, from a Chinese point of view. It was convenient as a citadel for the Tartars while they were consolidating their power, as its vicinity to their native wilds kept open for them an easy retreat in the event of revolution. And, while their vigour remained fresh, the enfeebling influence of distance from the provinces was neutralised by the energy of the executive. But in the process of degeneracy which the Manchu dynasty, like its predecessors, has undergone, the remoteness of the capital has been a fertile cause of misrule, corruption, and distress in the provinces. The natural capital of China is Nanking or Hang-chow, or some other easily accessible point in the central provinces.'

In this state of chronic disorder and increasing deterioration of which the Chinese Empire has given striking manifestations during the last quarter of a century, commencing with the first war with England in 1840, there have been many doctors to volunteer remedies, and more than one infallible panacea has been urged with vehemence upon the sick man. Russia is

supposed to have offered to march an effective force into the country and put down the rebellion *vi et armis*, but possibly there may have been conditions, expressed or implied, which induced Hienfung to decline the aid of such an ally. England, France, and America, in a more informal manner, have supplied the rough material of military contingents, and the two former, officers to discipline and lead Chinese troops within a thirty-mile radius of the ports. A naval contingent entirely composed of British officers, men, and ships, was next suggested, but ultimately disbanded as putting forward pretensions to independence of authority, held to be alike dangerous to the supremacy of the State and incompatible with the existing provincial system of government. Lastly, it has been proposed to regenerate China and give the required vigour to the central authority by the most powerful agencies of modern times—railroads and telegraphic lines. And of all the remedial means suggested, perhaps none could be less open to objection, or more certain, if once brought into operation, to effect the desired result of blending together in one compact whole the distant provinces and semi-independent administrations. Improving the means of communication between distant centres of trade and population, would create mutual interests with a common bond of association throughout the whole breadth of the land, thus giving new life, objects, and activity to the 400,000,000 who people it. It is one of the few proposals for the pacification and regeneration of this vast empire which need not create any rivalries or jealousies among foreign powers, such as the supply of fleets, military organisers or commanders of contingents, inevitably produce; because neither railroads nor telegraphs, by whatever nationality first created or worked, have any tendency to create an exclusive national influence. The condition that they may at any time be appropriated and worked by the Chinese themselves would alone suffice to prevent this result. But the advantages to be anticipated from the introduction of these means of rapid transit and communication to the Chinese themselves cannot be better stated than in the words of Mr. Michie, showing that it is to them in the first instance—both governors and governed—the main advantages would accrue; to foreign nations only incidentally, and only so far as their interests are identified with the good government, peace, and prosperity of China:—

'The unexampled success of steamers in China,' Mr. Michie observes, 'within the three past years, has paved the way for a similar result for railways. The Chinese, having satisfied themselves of the advantages that accrue to them from the former,

will be perfectly ready to avail themselves of the latter. They are not naturally given to travel, that is, they travel for profit and not for pleasure. But the facilities for locomotion which steamers now afford them have created a large and increasing passenger traffic. The steamers on the coast and on the rivers are usually crowded with Chinese passengers, who seek very moderate accommodation, and therefore can be carried economically. The shortening of a month's journey to one of a few days has induced many thousands to travel who did not think of it before. It is, therefore, a fair inference that the greater economy of time which railways would secure would enable millions to travel who are at present excluded from it. The mere monopolising by railways of the revenues of the present passage-boats, and other means of passenger communication, in certain districts, would be but a trifle compared with the new traffic which railways would create for themselves in such a populous and eminently commercial country.

'And, perhaps, no other country of equal area presents fewer natural obstacles to the construction of long lines of railway. This has been shown by the investigations of Sir Macdonald Stephenson, who has lately published a full report on the subject. The labour, and many of the materials, are to be found in the localities where they would be wanted.

'The most populous parts of China are alluvial plains, either fed by great navigable rivers, or intersected in all directions by networks of canals. With regard to the great water routes, which are open to large vessels, it is very problematical whether railways could supersede, or even compete with, navigation in the carrying of bulky goods. It could not be expected, for example, that on the proposed line from Hankow to Shanghae, following the course of the great river for 650 miles, goods should be conveyed as economically as in steamers that can navigate the river easily, carrying 2,000 tons of cargo. But in those parts of the plain where very small craft only can be used, a railway may easily supersede the present means of transport. The saving of time would, perhaps, in all cases attract the passenger traffic to the railways, and that alone would probably be amply sufficient to support them remuneratively. There are many large tracts of country in China less thickly peopled than the rich plains, and which do not possess the same facilities of water communication. In the north the traffic is conducted by means of caravans, necessarily slow and expensive; and in some parts of Central China, goods are transported on men's backs. In such regions railways would not only be highly remunerative, but would be an inestimable boon in opening up those parts of the country which, being less favoured by nature, have been kept far behind in wealth and prosperity. To compensate for these natural disadvantages of the north, the Grand Canal was cut to connect the city of Hang-chow with Peking. That stupendous work required constant repairs to maintain its efficiency, and a considerable annual outlay of money. In the disorders of the last ten years the necessary funds for this purpose have either not been raised, or have been misappropriated, and the Grand Canal has

consequently gone to ruin. The importance which has been attached to this great line of communication by successive dynasties for 900 years, point to the track of the canal as favourable for a line of railway. Of all the branches of Sir M. Stephenson's scheme this is the most obviously desirable. A railway that would restore, and vastly increase the old traffic on the Grand Canal, would do for the forty populous cities it would touch at, what steam navigation has done for the marts on the banks of the great river. Although Peking and the commercial cities of North China are accessible by sea for eight months in the year, and in the direct communication between them and the southern coast ports there is less urgent need of improvement, yet the time now occupied in travelling from Peking to its nearest shipping port is as great as the whole journey to Nanking or Shanghae by railway would take. The benefits which the railway would bring to the inland cities, more remote from the sea or from navigable rivers than Peking, would be incalculable.'

Undoubtedly, the co-operation of the Imperial Government would be essential; and perhaps the conciliation of the provincial authorities. It is not to be supposed, unless these see their advantage in other contemporaneous changes, that they will look with satisfaction on a system of travelling and communication by which they would be brought so much nearer to Pekin that practically their independence would be lost;—and the most distant province, no longer separated by an interval of one or two months from the capital, might be reached in as many days, and orders transmitted in a few hours. It would seem, therefore, that the wiser course would be to make a beginning in those merely subsidiary lines such as that from Fatshan to Canton, or Canton to Hongkong, and Shanghae to Soochow, as might prove an advantage to the chief provincial authorities by giving them better control over the administrative circles under their orders; and also financially, by increasing traffic and facilitating the collection of duties on inland transit of native produce. The two great lines are, beyond all doubt, first, one from Canton to Hankow, the great centre of the tea districts and trade of the Yangtze; and secondly, one to take the place of the grand canal, now ruined and neglected, and place Pekin in communication with the teeming and fertile valley in which Hankow, Soochow, and Nanking are only three out of a hundred populous and wealthy cities, or rather cities that were so until the Taepings, with a blind devastating fury, reduced them to ruins. Nothing would so certainly or rapidly tend to their restoration to more than pristine wealth and population, at the same time that it would multiply the power of the Pekin Government to destroy its enemies, and the enemies of all peace and civil govern-

ment, as a well-combined system of railroads and telegraph lines.

That other changes must be adopted by the Government at Pekin, *pari passu* with these measures, is obvious. And first in order, if not most important in principle, would be the organisation of a small but effective standing army, disciplined and armed according to the most approved European models. Here, indeed, we are met with international rivalries and jealousies which it would require some self-denial in all the treaty Powers, and great tact as well as good judgment in their representatives at Pekin, to deal with successfully; and perhaps a more perfect identity of political views and objects than can be confidently anticipated to prevail.

It has been objected that such a force would be dangerous, as a nucleus of resistance, and an encouragement to the Court of Pekin to adopt a policy hostile to the treaty powers, or any one of their number. To which there is one answer sufficiently conclusive to preclude the necessity for any long discussion. Granted the existence of this danger, what is the alternative if we shrink from accepting it? Is it not plainly the disintegration of this huge overgrown empire—a state of continuous insurrection, anarchy, and confusion—a field for adventurers and filibusters of the most dangerous class; the central power becoming each day less capable of grappling with such evils; the provincial mandarins, in their weakness and desire to retain independence, encouraging the employment of adventurers, until at last all interests must perish—commerce with the rest—and the maintenance of political relations be rendered simply impossible from the absence of any sovereign power capable of governing, or being held responsible for the observance of treaties? In face of such a prospect as this the first danger sinks into insignificance, and were it ten times greater than it really is, it should be accepted gladly as an evil infinitely smaller than the one with which we are otherwise menaced.

To consolidate the empire and strengthen the central governing power seems to be a necessity of the situation, and to offer the only hope of escaping a process of disintegration followed by a conflict of Western Powers for the fragments, however unwieldy and difficult of digestion they might prove. Russia would be well content to absorb Corea and stretch her coastline down to the latitude of Victoria Bay as her share, and might find her advantage in it. But, with this one exception, it must be evident that every other Western Power could only lose by the necessity of taking the responsibility and

expense of administering a large fragment of the Chinese Empire. The best interests of all are essentially bound up in the maintenance of Chinese nationality, and the integrity of the empire under a native sovereign and government. Whatever tends to this end, therefore, is to be promoted for the common good, as the best possible solution of present and impending difficulties. Mr. Lay, it appears by his pamphlet, would attach, as the inseparable condition of any support or assistance rendered in this or any other way to the central authority, concessions involving reforms and progress conceived in accordance with European ideas, mainly on the ground that 'improvement 'and reform under an Eastern administration must not be 'looked for from within, they can only be brought about by 'pressure from without.' And again he urges—'As it is by 'pressure alone that any improvement can be effected in China, 'our endeavours should be by our moves on the chessboard to 'force the government into such action as will we know 'evolve certain results'—beneficial alike to them and to us, no doubt Mr. Lay implies. And that, in truth, is the gist of his argument. In other words, strengthen a Chinese government, and they will turn this newly acquired strength against the givers, and try to get rid of you; insist upon measures tending to progress and enlightenment to keep pace with the acquired strength, and as the inseparable condition of its being given, and they will by degrees learn the lesson needful for their safety and for ours. Self-preservation is the only preacher they will listen to, until enlightened by experience, and until then, they must be guided and kept in the right way.

There is a substratum of truth in these views, though they may be carried too far. In the following passages on the general question of our policy, past and future, the whole argument is well summed up:—

'Much depends, especially in dealing with an Oriental, in the way in which things are "put." We urged reforms, because they would be beneficial to China. In the first place, a Chinese would answer to this in his heart, that this was no concern of the foreigner, and he would suspect our motive. In the second place, an Oriental government does not comprehend the meaning of benefiting the people; it thinks only of taking care of itself, and it says, let the people take care of themselves. The notion of promoting the welfare of the nation is scouted as a matter of course. Now, we happen to have a direct interest in the reform of the departments with which we are brought in contact, and upon the ground of our own interest, we should have insisted upon its application to those departments.

'The conduct of our political intercourse renders the centralisation of authority at Peking necessary, as well in the interest of the Chinese

as in the interest of pacific relations. We wish to see the Chinese government strong enough to fulfil its obligations towards foreign Powers, and at the same time equal to the duty of protecting its subjects against the abuse by foreigners of the privileges granted by treaties. This is the great desideratum in our intercourse with countries like China and Japan. Asiatic governments are incompetent to the task of controlling the foreigner without previous education and constant guidance. There is either the inability, through weakness, to protect their subjects against the violence of the foreigner, or there is the power, and the certain abuse of it. We are consequently obliged to provide for ex-territoriality. It is not safe to say to the Chinese government, if you find such and such offenders, punish them, because we know that this would be giving our sanction to abominable cruelty and injustice, while the permission would be availed of to hunt down every foreigner who might be found at any distance from the ports, and thus access to the interior would be a nullity. We insist, therefore, upon offenders being handed over to the consul of the nation to which they may belong. The result is that, as a rule, they escape without any punishment at all, or else with punishment wholly disproportionate to their offence. The Chinese see that practically there is no redress against the abuse of the privileges wrung from them. Their helplessness to cope with these evils only increases their dread and distrust of the foreigner. Lord Elgin's attention was called to this subject (see "Blue Book," 1858–9, p. 466), but the difficulties of devising a remedy, where so many foreign Powers are concerned, were considered so formidable that the question was shelved. But it is one with which we are bound to grapple, and upon the application of a fitting remedy depends in a great degree the possibility of friendly relations with an Oriental people.'

This latter evil is well known, and has often before been earnestly dwelt upon in these pages and elsewhere. It is unfortunately too true that a remedy is yet to be found, but we must disclaim any concurrence with Mr. Lay's opinion, that the 'needed remedy' would have been supplied by such a European naval force as he organised under Captain Osborne. The general feeling of the country that we are well out of the responsibility of such a force is based upon a sounder estimate of the valid objections which prevailed, and rendered its employment all but inadmissible under any conditions, and quite so under those originally proposed by Messrs. Lay and Osborne.

Whether 'there is as great a career open to a statesman in 'China as ever there was in India'—if Mr. Lay means a *foreign* statesman—may be considered very doubtful; but that one thoroughly qualified for his task might possibly obtain great influence, and employ it advantageously in laying the foundations of large measures of reform in the corrupt administration

which vitiates all the powers of government at Pekin, and extends from thence throughout the provinces, we thoroughly believe. This would, however, imply a cordial unity of sentiment and effort among the several foreign ministers resident at Pekin, all labouring for a common object; and the basis must be the neutralisation of all that remains of Chinese territory, and renunciation of all exclusive advantages. Let us hope, as a fair beginning has been made in this direction, that the desired end may not prove wholly unattainable. What might be too much for one, may not be found beyond the power of all combined.

Both in China and Japan there is a necessity of strengthening the imperial power, because, as Mr. Lay himself has remarked in reference to China, the conduct of our relations, political and commercial, requires the centralisation of authority at Pekin. It is our interest to see a government, both at Pekin and Yedo, strong enough to fulfil their several obligations towards foreign Powers, and to maintain order throughout the country, both among their own people and with foreigners, when they travel beyond the supervision and control of their own authorities. It is hard to say which of these several conditions is the most essential to the permanent establishment of better relations. The protection of natives against 'the 'abuse by foreigners of privileges granted by treaty,' we quite agree is one, if not 'the great desideratum in our intercourse 'with countries like China and Japan.' But for all these reasons, a central power strong enough to discharge the duties of a government, and to be held responsible for the acts of those who exercise authority under it, however distant from the central power, is a vital condition without which there can be no security for the future, and no satisfactory basis for improved relations with foreigners. The reformation of the abuses in the administration which undermine all sound order and destroy all respect for authority can only be hoped for under a strong government.

This being so, it appears the most paradoxical and futile of arguments to contend that, nevertheless, foreign Powers cannot in good policy secure that first condition of strength, unless they have satisfactory guarantees that administrative reforms shall be the immediate or direct result. The same observation applies to the alleged danger, whatever it amounts to, of the central power turning its newly gained strength against the foreign allies from whence they derive it. Without some better centralisation of authority all relations must cease, as we have seen, and our interests be compromised. How far

these efforts to maintain, erect and vigorous, a central power can be carried, consistently with a principle of non-intervention in civil war or the internal affairs of another nation, is a very delicate question. Nor would the same answer be applicable to such a state of things in an Asiatic country like China or Japan, recognising no international code, and bound by none of the obligations accepted by the comity of civil nations,—and a country in the Western hemisphere. Mr. Mill has truly observed that 'to suppose the same reciprocity of inter-'national obligation which obtains between one civilised nation 'and another will also obtain between civilised nations and bar-'barians is a grave error.' The answer must be dictated by consideration of the special circumstances of each case; and the same reply, therefore, might not be equally applicable to China and to Japan, because of special differences in the source and nature of the danger threatening the central authority in each of those countries.

In China it was quite clear we were bound by no law, international or other, to permit ruffian bands recognising no law or authority, to pillage and destroy the centres of commerce in which our interests under the safeguard of solemn treaties were vested, to a vast amount. And it was equally clear they could only be saved by forcibly defending them and beating off the assailants. But merely to repel assaults would have been of no avail if the insurgents were allowed to burn and destroy all the surrounding crops and cut off the supplies; hence the necessity of keeping a certain radius clear of their marauding hordes. So to recognise such a rabble as the Taepings, who never made an attempt at the organisation of a civil government even over districts and cities retained for successive years in their possession, would have been, even by the code recognised in Europe, an outrage to the government *de jure et de facto* with which we had treaty relations. Whether such support as this government received at the hands of foreign Powers by the permissive service of officers, and by the supply of munitions of war, in connexion with the allied operations against the assailants of the consular ports, was an infraction of a principle of neutrality, as we should apply it to civilised communities, is, for the reasons already given, not a question of any practical interest or bearing. The law of self-preservation stands above all conventional laws or principles of policy, and by that law any resistance to the advance or success of the Taepings was fully justified on the part of foreigners, since to have been passive would have been equivalent to an act of suicide. These bands were so utterly

lawless that they could give no possible security to either life or property; and both were in effect invariably sacrificed with utter ruthlessness wherever they extended their incursions.

So far as the general principles of a foreign policy in China is concerned, therefore, there seems to be no room for question. If we have on the one side a partially effete, corrupt, and incompetent government to deal with, having indeed all the vices more especially attaching to Asiatic rule—full of abuses, and giving slight promise of material or rapid improvement—we have on the other a furious rabble bent only on demolition and plunder, and of proved incapacity as regards the power of building up and governing. The triumph of this party is the destruction of everything worth preserving—peace, order, government, and all the material interests of trade; and involves the termination of all international relations. The Blue Books which have appeared within the last few years on the affairs of China abound in evidence of the most irrefragable character bearing out this view of the Taepings and the insurrection.

Lord Russell writes in June 1862, with unanswerable truth, to Mr. Bruce:—'The Taepings have now had sufficient time 'to show that while they are potent to rob, murder, and lay 'waste, they are incapable of protecting order and of con-'structing a regular government.'

And Mr. Bruce, in a previous despatch, dated the 10th April, observes to the same effect:—

'Mr. Harvey's observations corroborate the views I have expressed in various despatches to your Lordship, on the desolation that follows in the track of these marauders, and on the ruinous effect of the insurrection on our material interests in China; and they warrant the conclusion that unless we are prepared to see those interests sacrificed, we shall sooner or later be brought into collision with the Taepings in self-defence. No commerce can co-exist with their presence, and no specific relations are possible with a horde of pirates and brigands, who are allowed to commit every excess, while professing a nominal allegiance to an ignorant and ferocious fanatic. His pretensions are valuable to the cause, as giving a certain unity to what would otherwise be the isolated action of the needy and disorderly elements existing in separate provinces, but they change in no way the essential character of the insurrection, which is simply a revolt of the dangerous classes against all order and government; the substitution of license and pillage for tranquillity and industry; and the destruction of the respectable and working classes by those who prefer gaining a livelihood by plunder.'

'These documents confirm me in the impression of the incapacity to govern and administer a country, shown by the rebel chiefs, and of the absurdity of the assumption that the chiefs are actuated by

any views of reformation or improvement, or by any other motive than that of plundering the towns they capture, and of driving the unhappy peasantry, by exactions and by impressment, to swell the ranks of brigandage, resulting in the destruction of the productive and consuming powers of the districts they overrun.

'I see no reason to expect that they can or will change their system, and that their presence in any district will cease to be accompanied by the utter destruction of the materials of trade, as has been the case hitherto invariably.'

Indeed, if any doubt could have existed before, the two notifications recently issued by the remnant of the Taepings under their 'Protector-General' Shi Wong, one of which is addressed to the Foreign Treaty Powers, and gives a programme of their policy, must effectually set at rest all question. In this

'The Protector-General deprecates all feelings of hostility between his people and foreign Powers. He intimates his intention of pushing his campaigns over the empire. He proposes terms of co-operation with the Powers. These terms are a constant supply of arms and ammunition, to begin with. Then it is proposed that foreign nations shall commence a career of conquest under the sanction and authority of the heavenly dynasty. The plan laid down is that the Powers shall ravage the coasts; seize whatever ports they choose, to become their own property; and retain for their own use all the spoil they can lay hands upon. Furthermore, the Taepings undertake to conduct operations in the interior and move towards Pekin simultaneously with our progress along the coast. They go on to say that every city which they take will be duly plundered, and one-half of the proceeds in each case handed over to their powerful allies.'

And in the same despatch Sir Frederick continues:—

'The experience of several years, and the testimony of all foreigners who have been among them, show that they are unable to govern, while the increasing ferocity and recklessness of character engendered by the habitual practice of deeds of blood and violence, render the introduction of an orderly system among them more difficult every day, and augment the feeling of aversion and horror entertained towards them by the respectable Chinese of all classes. The most reflecting and able among those who have augured favourably of the movement have indeed, long ere this, acknowledged the hopelessness of looking to these men to found a government.'

'As I have already stated, I see no way of escaping from the most serious complications in China but the maintenance of the existing government, which is in undisputed possession of three-fourths of the country, whose principles of administration are those which in all ages have been followed as best suited to the genius and habits of the Chinese people, and which, in practice, is not more corrupt than any other government formed of the materials to be found in China would probably be.'

These are statesmanlike views which cannot fail to commend themselves to the judgment of all who have given any thought or study to the grave questions of national policy and national interests involved. To strengthen the central government was to give stability to the only power which could prevent the dissolution of the empire and universal anarchy.

Sir Frederick Bruce was evidently thoroughly penetrated by this idea, and naturally gives expression to it in many of his despatches. In that already quoted he says:—

'I confess that, considering the universal acceptance in China of the maxims on which this government is carried on, and the fact that the ruling class is taken directly from the body of the people, and represents, in so far, faithfully, the national character, I am sceptical as to a revolution, which will be only a change of persons, being necessarily accompanied by improvement. But, putting aside these idle speculations, the process of demolition, which we are called upon to contemplate with calm indifference, involves serious prejudice to, if not the ruin of, our commercial interests, and your lordship may depend on it, the practical annihilation of our treaty privileges. This same process of demolition, when on a previous occasion it destroyed the Ming dynasty, led to the conquest of China by a feeble foreign Power, called in by one of the contending parties to its assistance against banditti, and acquiesced in by the respectable Chinese, as the only escape from anarchy.'

By moral support, by counsel, and if need be, material aid, it is the obvious interest of every foreign Power which does not desire the disintegration of the empire and its final dismemberment, to give strength to the existing government to resist this insurrection of the dangerous classes banded together to sweep away all landmarks and barriers, and destroy the very foundations of government and social order. To what extent, and in what form, such aid shall be given is the only question worthy of discussion, or demanding serious consideration.

We have said little yet of our relations with Japan, and the present aspect of affairs there. But to leave it to be implied that all here advanced in respect to the relations of foreign Powers with the Chinese is equally applicable to the Japanese, would be a grave error. Notwithstanding a certain family likeness and close proximity, to assume anything approaching to identity would be a mistake. The Chinese Empire is a vast democracy with an absolute and despotic sovereign at the head. Japan is, on the contrary, essentially feudal and oligarchic in its institutions and forms of government; and from the smallness of the territories, no less than their insular character, there is a rough independence and patriotic feeling, which in China

we look for in vain. A feudal nobility under an hereditary suzerain, styled the Mikado, have from time immemorial parcelled out the whole country among them. A privileged class of nobles with a large following of feudal retainers constitute a military class, and a power in the State, which has always been a source of danger to the sovereign. A mayor of the palace, under the title of Tycoon, is only recognised by these as the lieutenant of the Mikado. He is the titular generalissimo of the army, and in reality the head of the executive, governing the whole kingdom in the name of the sovereign. But as this office of Tycoon, or more properly Saigoon, has also, by successful usurpation, been made hereditary in three families descended from Gongen Sama, the founder of this quasi-royal dynasty, we have the curious anomaly of two hereditary sovereignties coexistent — one *de jure* and the other *de facto*. The one theoretically supreme, and the other exercising only a delegated power; but the latter governs, while the first only reigns, and in ordinary times the Mikado has no voice whatever in the administration of the empire, and no control over the Tycoon. The Mikado occupies a position not very different from that of the sovereign in a constitutional monarchy with a representative government. Nominally the government is conducted in the name of the sovereign, who is the fountain of honour, signs decrees, sanctions laws, and is otherwise supposed to issue commands to his prime minister. But if the prime minister has the support of a large majority in the Chambers or Houses of Parliament—Lords and Commons—the sovereign has no power to dispense with his services, or can only do so at the risk of a revolution, or an interregnum not always free from danger in European States. And while such minister is in power, though all writs, commissions, and acts of the government run in the name of the king, who does not know that they are really the acts of the ministry? It is just so with the Mikado and his delegated power. In times of trouble, or when parties are evenly balanced, and the prime minister is unpopular, combinations may be entered into by the influential parties in the State in connexion with the sovereign to displace or overthrow him, and bring some other into power, invested with the like delegated authority. This is what was recently attempted by the Daimios of the retrograde party,—only such loss of place and power in Asiatic countries generally involves the previous loss of a head. The attempt to displace the Tycoon contemplated his removal from the world altogether, and the total reversal of the policy of admitting foreigners into the country initiated by the present

dynasty. And to carry out this supreme effort with all lawful sanctions, the concurrence and authority of the Mikado was necessary. Hence the 'Nagatos,' and 'Mitos,' and 'Satsumas' gathered round his person, and had at their disposal the sovereign power of decreeing whatever they pleased, and the first use made of it was the issue of a decree for the expulsion of foreigners. Hence the struggle of which Japan has been the scene ever since Commodore Perry's first appearance. It has been a struggle between the privileged class of nobles, with their armed followers to back them, and the Tycoons with their feudatories, in which two of the latter have fallen victims. The recent coalition of Daimios, which a vigorous blow at Simonoseki alone broke up, had avowedly for its object the expulsion of foreigners and the nullification of treaties. It was in reality an insurrection against the Tycoon, as the treaty-making power. His safety and that of all foreigners were alike at stake, menaced by a league of nobles, nominally at least, sanctioned by his and their Suzerain, the Mikado. An insurrection beginning from above and not from below, unlike that with has run its course in China, left the mass of the people unmoved and unimplicated. They who dwelt outside the privileged circle of military chiefs and retainers were neither consulted in the first instance, nor concerned to take any part in the struggle.

In the paper laid before Parliament at the beginning of this Session there is a despatch from Sir Rutherford Alcock, written shortly before his departure in December, 1864, which gives a summary of the state of affairs he found on his return to his post nine months before; and a very satisfactory account of the beneficial results secured in that short period by a bold and vigorous policy, initiated by the British Minister, but carried out with the cordial co-operation of all his colleagues:—

The result happily attained is thus recorded:—

'When I arrived here on the 2nd of March, I found the situation and aspect of affairs in the country very nearly in the state described by anticipation in your Lordship's despatch conveying my general instructions, in which it is said, "you may find that the Tycoon has "joined the hostile Daimios, and insecurity affects all our relations." The situation could not, indeed, be more tersely or more accurately described. Evidence of this was furnished in one of the first despatches written after my return. A High Council of Daimios was being held at Kioto, whither the Tycoon had proceeded, well knowing the danger which menaced him and us. This council was in truth, as the event very shortly proved, a gathering of the most powerful Japanese Princes for the premeditated purpose of obtaining from the Mikado new decrees for the expulsion of the foreigner,

and forcing a retrograde and hostile policy upon the Tycoon, under penalty of deposition or death, if he hesitated.'

'The Tycoon placed in this dilemma, and too weak to resist such a coalition backed by the sovereign authority of the Mikado, yielded, accepted their programme, and on the 23rd of June returned to Yeddo pledged to carry it out. The first evidence of action came in the shape of a secret order respecting silk, and the consequent stoppage of trade in that staple. To all remonstrances a deaf ear was turned, and total ignorance of the real cause unblushingly insisted upon.'

'The political state of the country was each day becoming worse, and the powerful party of Daimios united together against the Tycoon and his foreign policy, more hostile and violent. The Mikado, with his sovereign power to decree, was in their hands. The Tycoon's second visit, on which he had set out when I returned to my post, was a last effort to extricate his suzerain and himself from their toils. His failure sent him back to Yeddo in June, desperate and with a divided council. The whole government of the country was paralysed, and threatened with dissolution by the violence of contending parties, while civil war broke out menacing the existence of the Tycoon and of all foreigners.

'Such a consummation would have been a calamity beyond redress. The dissolution of the government, apart from any immediate danger, would be the destruction of the treaty-making Power. To him and his government alone could we look for support against those most hostile to the maintenance of foreign relations. It is true his support had been feeble and doubtful in many instances. Nevertheless, from the Tycoon only could we, with any effect or show of legal right, demand the fulfilment of engagements made by his predecessors, and acknowledged by him alone as valid and binding. In the dissolution of his government and existing relations, we should lose the only solid foundation for the assertion of treaty rights. To take new ground and go to Kioto in search of a better basis from the Mikado, would involve a costly expedition to begin with; and an explorative voyage of discovery in unknown regions of political difficulty. This one danger above all others, therefore, the disorganisation and disappearance of the Tycoon's government, was, if possible, to be averted.'

'In little more than six months all the conditions so fraught with danger and injury to the material interests of the treaty Powers have been reversed. The Straits have been opened permanently. The Prince who held them closed with his batteries during fifteen months with perfect impunity, defying alike the Tycoon's government and all the treaty Powers, has been beaten in open day by superior forces brought to bear upon him under the four flags, and after a fair trial of strength. All his batteries were dismantled, and he became a humble suitor for a cessation of hostilities and friendly relations within three days from the commencement of the operations. The whole Sako party, of which he was the head, and their right arm too, has been discouraged and paralysed. Trade has been

restored to both ports, and Yokohama, the point chiefly menaced, placed in a position of security in the only way that was possible, by respect for our prowess, and a consciousness of our superiority in the art of war.

'Nor is this all: a total reversal of the double-faced and temporising policy of the Tycoon has been formally announced by the Gorogio, and in great part secured by the accession of strength derived from our success and support. They have engaged to obtain the formal ratification of the treaties by the Mikado, which carries with it the acceptance or acquiescence of the chief Daimios, and in the meantime assurance of his adhesion has been already obtained, though only in an informal manner yet. Thus, the only solution of a hitherto insoluble problem in Japanese politics, which holds out any hope of stable or peaceable relations, has been all but secured.

'And these comprehensive and satisfactory results have been obtained at the cost of a few hours' fighting with the forces we had at hand, directed against an outlawed Daimio, in which the issue was never for a moment doubtful. There were not 100 casualties among those engaged on our side. There was no loss of life whatever to non-combatants, or injury to their property; and the whole expense of the expedition will be paid, and gladly paid—looking to the result—by the Tycoon, should the treaty Powers demand it.'

'I leave security, union, and a position of strength, not depending on batteries or fortifications, where I found nothing but a general sense of insecurity, disunion, and danger, with no promise of improvement in the future. I leave trade restored, where I found it interrupted or stagnant.'

The whole history of our recent relations with Japan, and the results of the brief and decisive struggle with the hostile coalition of Daimios, is full of instruction. Want of space, however, will not allow us on this occasion to do more than place before our readers some of the more striking conclusions to be drawn from the facts, and their bearing upon any future policy both in China and Japan.

The line of argument taken last year by Lord Grey and Mr. Cobden, in opposition to the policy of the Government, may be briefly described as an advocacy of conciliatory measures and forbearance without limit; the withdrawal from all political relations, and the restriction of all intercourse or points of contact, even for commercial purposes, to one or two ports, and these if possible in islands situated, like Hong Kong and Chusan, at some distance from the main land.

In so far as the avowed end of this policy is concerned—peace, we apprehend there can be no two opinions as to its desirability. Throughout this country the desire to avoid all complications and wars in the Far East, as in all our more distant depen-

dencies, is so universal that whoever could point out a certain method of securing the result, without a total sacrifice of national dignity and commerce, would beyond doubt be hailed as a great public benefactor. All strong divergence of opinions has reference to the means which may best secure this end—certainly not as to the end itself. And the first and gravest objection therefore to the policy laid down by the Manchester school for the conduct of our relations in the East is, the certainty of failure.

In this point of view it is surely a very remarkable fact that the policy so strongly and undoubtingly insisted upon during the recent debates, as an infallible means of securing peaceable relations with China and Japan and promoting commerce hand in hand, in no single point differs from that which during more than two centuries was perseveringly carried out by the Dutch in Japan, and by ourselves and other European States in China.

The Dutch in their seagirt prison of Decima unrepiningly submitted to the most perfect isolation, and to every indignity, humiliation, and exaction it pleased the Japanese officials to impose. Forbearance and conciliation had absolutely no limits. They were like sheep taken to the shearers, and while an ounce of wool remained on their backs, it was yielded to their masters, and ruthlessly taken. If there be any logic or truth in the arguments or programme for a policy in the East, put forward by the advocates of peace-at-any-price, the result should have been an unexampled growth of commerce and good will. But what was the fruit? For some years after the expulsion of all other Europeans, and the extirpation of Christianity in 1640, the value of the trade was great. And until the Dutch lost Formosa, they were treated with some show of respect. But from the time that this island was taken from them and their prestige and naval supremacy in the Eastern seas fell, their humiliation, and the destruction of their trade were alike decreed. In 1685, the trade was arbitrarily limited to 300,000 *takells;* two-thirds of which was to be in piece goods and weighable articles, the other third in silks. In 1689, the export of copper was limited to a very small quantity. In 1700, not more than four or five ships were allowed to be sent, and in 1717 their number was finally limited to two; while in 1743 it was reduced to one, and in this to a half cargo! While these successive reductions and restrictions were being enforced by the Japanese authorities, trade was further hampered and rendered unprofitable by constant alterations in the currency, coupled with arbitrary and compulsory valuation of Dutch imports.

Would those who advocate a return to this policy, so long and so meekly carried out by the Dutch, be prepared to accept like results? And if not, upon what do they found a hope that they would be better or different now? We need not pursue the parallel in Canton, the facts are even better known. Though the East India Company were so thoroughly imbued with the policy of unlimited submission to the native powers, that provided they could get cargoes of tea on any terms, their factors had the most stringent orders not to offer any resistance to wrong or violence, nothing but the monopoly the Company enjoyed in England saved it from a loss on the trade with China; so grievous were the exactions and so destructive of all fair dealing were the restrictions of the Governors of Canton.

Taking this lengthened experience of two centuries for our guide, with a peace-at-any-price policy in full operation under more favourable conditions than can ever be secured again, it is surely waste of time to discuss the fallacies of such a system.

Assuming that in the present state of the world no country can possibly succeed in a system of absolute seclusion, there remains but one question—how is this inevitable intercourse to be regulated? By the caprice and will of so many half-savage and Eastern potentates, or by certain established laws based on broad principles of justice and expediency? If European nations want trade and desire peaceable intercourse with the Eastern world, these are only to be attained by imposing equitable conditions which must, in the last resort, be supported by force, if they are to be maintained at all. There may be men who object to any employment of force or compulsion either for the purposes of civilisation or commerce; and to them we would say, if you maintain this opinion and are willing to adhere to it consistently, you must accept the consequence, which is non-intercourse, and the cessation of regularised trade in these countries. But do not insist upon trade and abstinence from the only means by which it can either be established in the first instance, or maintained subsequently with nations who do not desire it, and ignore all the principles of International Law. The history of all our treaties and intercourse with Eastern nations demonstrates the necessity of treaties and political relations if we would have any commercial intercourse with them—because without the former, and the guarantees they provide, the latter is inevitably destroyed by robbery and wrong. Chinese and Japanese statesmen think, naturally enough, that when concessions have been extorted by force of arms, they are doing no more than they have a right to do in

casting them to the winds whenever the force that imposed them is wanting.

The necessary conditions of European intercourse and commerce with Eastern races are yet subjects of discussion. And the permanent establishment of our relations with the Chinese and Japanese Empires on a securer basis of peace and mutual good understanding, is still a problem to be solved. But the field of discussion has been greatly narrowed within the last few years. Even superiority in arms and the power to impose by superior force a treaty or compact upon a nation, becomes of little use without a central authority, a government with which to treat and one capable of binding the nation by its acts. The worst danger with which European Powers have been menaced of late years, both in China and Japan, has been that of anarchy in those countries,—a process of disorganisation and decentralisation, pushed to an extent that would deprive Treaty Powers of all guarantee for the security of their subjects, or means of holding one central authority responsible for serious infractions of treaty.

ART. VIII. — *Atalanta in Calydon: a Tragedy.* By ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE. London: 1865.

IT is now some years since, in a review of the history and objects of the 'Society of Dilettanti,' we described and lamented the decline of classical taste and sentiment in the upper classes of Europe. Since that time a singular state of opinion on this subject has manifested itself in this country. The inquiry into the condition of our Universities, and the executive commission that grew out of it, elicited and expressed the dominant feeling that classical study must remain the basis of the education of the English gentleman. The same tone has pervaded the investigation into the systems of our Public Schools. Eton stands firm in the ancient ways; and although the other great seminaries do not utterly reject any admixture of scientific or linguistic culture, yet there is no slackening of interest in the traditional occupations, and as much pride as ever in the victories of classical competition, whether at the school or the university. Lord Stanhope, it is true, has made an attack in the House of Lords on the construction of Greek Iambics, but, on the other hand, Lord Derby has translated the Iliad. To judge from the discussions and conversations on the subject, it is difficult not to suppose that these earnest advocates of classical

culture at least occasionally revert to the literature which has occupied so large a portion of their youth, and on which they desire that the most impressionable years of their children should be expended, and we may anticipate at least such a show of interest in these matters as may recall the days when a neat Latin epigram was the becoming test of the claims of a 'gentle-'man of quality.'

The appearance, therefore, of a new poet in the character of a classical dramatist may be opportune; and, when we are able to add that he has invested an old Greek story with much modern interest, and exhibited a brilliancy of poetic diction and a power of melody of a very high order, we may fairly bespeak for this volume a serious, attentive, and benevolent criticism.

Mr. Swinburne is of the ancient Northumbrian stock in whose genealogy is found the romantic story of the child carried off to France in its infancy—there left forgotten in the confusion of the great Civil War, and who would have ended his days in some obscure monastery instead of transmitting an English baronetcy through a long line of energetic country-gentlemen, but for the accidental recognition of his family features by a stranger, who brought him home and established him in his patrimonial inheritance. Of this line, too, came the traveller Henry Swinburne, who, so to say, opened Spain to the British public, and who remained, up to the days of Ford, the most trustworthy of the describers of that country.

Not the least remarkable and interesting pages of this volume are those to which the author has consigned a tribute of veneration to the memory of Walter Savage Landor, in two compositions of Greek elegiac verse. The first is a dedication addressed to Landor while living, in the form of a valediction, on the occasion of his last return to Italy; the second, much the longer of the two, an elegy on his death. No one who has felt how the spirit of the Æschylean tragedy breathes through the English poem, will have been surprised to find—rather, every such reader would have been disappointed if he had not found—that Mr. Swinburne's thoughts move with scarcely less ease and freedom on a modern theme (if indeed Landor may be properly said to belong to his own age so much as to that of Pericles and Augustus) in the language and measures of Callinus and Mimmermus than in his native speech. Of the Greek we will only say that it is not that of a Cambridge prize ode, but something much better—even if more open to minute criticism—than the best of such; not in the least like a cento of dainty classical phrases, but the fresh original

gushing of a true poetical vein, nourished by a mastery of the foreign language, like that which Landor himself shows in his Latin poems.

Few, probably, even among the admirers of that extraordinary man, would adopt Mr. Swinburne's estimate of his intellectual position as 'the highest of contemporary names.' Fewer still would recognise a gift of true divination in the prediction, that this pre-eminence will last through all time to come. But this exaggeration may be misinterpreted, and viewed in a false light. It ought not to be considered as an error of judgment, or an extravagance of opinion. It evidently springs from a different source; not from the mind, but from the heart. It is the overflow of a deep affection, which does honour to both parties. To those who have known Landor only by his writings, or through glimpses of a superficial personal acquaintance, or from reports of his eccentricities and impetuosities, his absolutism and dogmatism, it will be a pleasing surprise to discover that he could be the object of so warm a devotion, so tender a reverence, as that which glows and thrills in Mr. Swinburne's elegy.

The story is the post-Homeric version of the Calydonian Hunt which left its image on the coins of Ætolia—the St. George and the Dragon of the early world. Out of what poetic invention or combination of religious thoughts came these additions to the rescue of a panic-stricken people by individual courage, who can tell? But somehow the simple incident grew up, interpolated with incidents of terror and tenderness, into the legend which Mr. Swinburne, with a graceful quaintness, gives as the Argument of his poem. We would rather let the drama speak for itself.

The dawn is breaking over the Ætolian hills, and the chief Huntsman invokes the Goddess whose wrath has sent this calamity on the land to aid the Heroes who are about to risk their lives to stay it, sustained as they are by the presence of her own Priestess,

> 'Arcadian Atalanta, snowy-souled,
> Fair as the snow and footed as the wind.'

The ringing salutation of the Chorus which follows should be read aloud to be fully felt.

> 'Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,
> Maiden most perfect, lady of light,
> With a noise of winds and many rivers,
> With a clamour of waters, and with might;
> Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,
> Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;

For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,
Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

'Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,
Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?
O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,
Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!
For the stars and the winds are unto her
As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;
For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,
And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

'For winter's rains and ruins are over,
And all the season of snows and sins;
The days dividing lover and lover,
The light that loses, the night that wins;
And time remembered is grief forgotten,
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,
And in green underwood and cover
Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

'The full streams feed on flower of rushes,
Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes
From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,
And the oat is heard above the lyre,
And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes
The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.'

The festivity of this imagery and the gaiety of the metre are evidently intended to contrast with the coming of Althæa, the impersonation of the sad and terrible destiny of Mankind. Now all early legend abounds with the pathos of the willing victim, but the poor human creature, as Mr. Swinburne with all the vigour of his genius pourtrays him, is nothing more than the mere sport of the caprice and malice of the gods, which, however, by some incomprehensible energy of his own, he is able to denounce and to defy to the last. As this notion developes itself in the piece, we shall examine it more closely, and here will only remark that to our feelings no amount of pity for the sufferer, or indignation against the divine oppressor, can compensate for the loss of free-will as an element of tragic interest. Althæa tells in noble verses the story of the birth of Meleager and how there

'Came in
Three weaving women, and span each a thread,
Saying This for strength and That for luck, and one
Saying Till the brand upon the hearth burn down,

So long shall this man see good days and live.
And I with gathered raiment from the bed
Sprang, and drew forth the brand, and cast on it
Water, and trod the flame bare-foot, and crushed
With naked hand spark beaten out of spark
And blew against and quenched it; for I said,
These are the most high Fates that dwell with us,
And we find favour a little in their sight,
A little, and more we miss of, and much time
Foils us; howbeit they have pitied me, O son,
And thee most piteous, thee a tenderer thing
Than any flower of fleshly seed alive.
Wherefore I kissed and hid him with my hands,
And covered under arms and hair, and wept,
And feared to touch him with my tears, and laughed;
So light a thing was this man, grown so great
Men cast their heads back, seeing against the sun
Blaze the armed man carven on his shield, and hear
The laughter of little bells along the brace
Ring, as birds singing or lutes blown, and watch,
High up, the cloven shadow of either plume
Divide the bright light of the brass, and make
His helmet as a windy and wintering moon
Seen through blown cloud and plume-like drift, when ships
Drive, and men strive with all the sea, and oars
Break, and the beaks dip under, drinking death;
Yet was he then but a span long, and moaned
With inarticulate mouth inseparate words,
And with blind lips and fingers wrung my breast
Hard, and thrust out with foolish hands and feet,
Murmuring; but those grey women with bound hair
Who fright the gods frighted not him; he laughed
Seeing them, and pushed out hands to feel and haul
Distaff and thread, intangible; but they
Passed, and I hid the brand, and in my heart
Laughed likewise, having all my will of heaven.'

With the weight of coming events upon her, she has no longer this 'will of heaven.' In this sense sings the Chorus, representing the essential evil that attends humanity in the very nature of things.

'Before the beginning of years
There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
And madness risen from hell;

Strength without hands to smite;
Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
And dust of the labouring earth;
And bodies of things to be
In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after
And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
The holy spirit of man.
From the winds of the north and the south
They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labour and thought,
A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision
Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
Between a sleep and a sleep.'

Her son Meleager enters hopeful and heroic, and describes to his mother his companions in the great enterprise, among others her brothers who are to play so fatal a part—men 'violent-souled,' and 'over-swift with hand and tongue.'

'Yea—all things have they, save the Gods and Love.'

Before Atalanta appears, Althæa thus warns her son against her:—

'A woman armed makes war upon herself,
Unwomanlike, and treads down use and wont
And the sweet common honour that she hath,
Love, and the cry of children, and the hand
Trothplight and mutual mouth of marriages.
This doth she, being unloved; whom if one love,
Not fire nor iron and the wide-mouthed wars
Are deadlier than the lips or braided hair.'

. . . . . .

He shall keep nothing praiseworthy, nor die
The sweet wise death of old men honourable,
Who have lived out all the length of all their years
Blameless, and seen well-pleased the face of gods,
And without shame and without fear have wrought
Things memorable, and while their days held out
In sight of all men and the sun's great light
Have gat them glory and given of their own praise
To the earth that bare them and the day that bred,
Home friends and far-off hospitalities,
And filled with gracious and memorial fame
Lands loved of summer or washed by violent seas,
Towns populous and many unfooted ways,
And alien lips and native with their own.
But when white age and venerable death
Mow down the strength and life within their limbs,
Drain out the blood and darken their clear eyes,
Immortal honour is on them, having past
Through splendid life and death desirable
To the clear seat and remote throne of souls,
Lands indiscoverable in the unheard-of west,
Round which the strong stream of a sacred sea
Rolls without wind for ever, and the snow
There shows not her white wings and windy feet,
Nor thunder nor swift rain saith anything,
Nor the sun burns, but all things rest and thrive.'

The warning solemnly continues, and the Chorus, in obedience to the ruling sentiment, takes it up, and tells how 'the 'perilous goddess was born':—

'What hadst thou to do being born,
Mother, when winds were at ease,
As a flower of the springtime of corn,
A flower of the foam of the seas?
For bitter thou wast from thy birth,
Aphrodite, a mother of strife;
For before thee some rest was on earth,
A little respite from tears,
A little pleasure of life;
For life was not then as thou art,
But as one that waxeth in years
Sweet-spoken, a fruitful wife;

Earth had no thorn, and desire
No sting, neither death any dart;
What hadst thou to do among these,
Thou, clothed with a burning fire,
Thou, girt with sorrow of heart,
Thou, sprung of the seed of the seas
As an ear from a seed of corn,
As a brand plucked forth of a pyre,
As a ray shed forth of the morn,
For division of soul and disease,
For a dart and a sting and a thorn?
What ailed thee then to be born?'

Yet who would foresee either danger or wrong in the pure and awful love with which Meleager meets and greets the Amazon? She does not even come there for her own pleasure, but by the clear command of her divine mistress. And when the fierce brothers are angered at the sight, and say bitterly that a maid can only be of profit to men by giving her blood as a victim to the gods, she disarms them with this melancholy and tender speech, with a truth in it for all time and circumstance.

'If toward any of you I am overbold
That take thus much upon me, let him think
How I, for all my forest holiness,
Fame, and this armed and iron maidenhood,
Pay thus much also; I shall have no man's love
For ever, and no face of children born
Or feeding lips upon me or fastening eyes
For ever, nor being dead shall kings my sons
Mourn me and bury, and tears on daughters' cheeks
Burn; but a cold and sacred life, but strange,
But far from dances and the back-blowing torch,
Far off from flowers or any bed of man,
Shall my life be for ever: me the snows
That face the first o' the morning, and cold hills
Full of the land-wind and sea-travelling storms
And many a wandering wing of noisy nights
That know the thunder and hear the thickening wolves—
Me the utmost pine and footless frost of woods
That talk with many winds and gods, the hours
Re-risen, and white divisions of the dawn,
Springs thousand-tongued with the intermitting reed
And streams that murmur of the snow—
Me these allure, and know me; but no man
Knows, and my goddess only. Lo now, see
If one of all you these things vex at all.
Would God that any of you had all the praise
And I no manner of memory when I die,
So might I show before her perfect eyes

Pure, whom I follow, a maiden to my death.
But for the rest let all have all they will;
For is it a grief to you that I have part,
Being woman merely, in your male might and deeds
Done by main strength? yet in my body is throned
As great a heart, and in my spirit, O men,
I have not less of godlike.'

The next Chorus returns to the theme of the primal antagonism of the gods to men, and culminates in a pæan of Despair. This is its burden:—

'For the gods very subtly fashion
Madness with sadness upon earth:
Not knowing in any wise compassion,
Nor holding pity of any worth;
And many things they have given and taken,
And wrought and ruined many things;
The firm land have they loosed and shaken,
And sealed the sea with all her springs;
They have wearied time with heavy burdens
And vexed the lips of life with breath:
Set men to labour and given them guerdons,
Death, and great darkness after death:
Put moans into the bridal measure
And on the bridal wools a stain;
And circled pain about with pleasure,
And girdled pleasure about with pain;
And strewed one marriage-bed with tears and fire
For extreme loathing and supreme desire.
What shall be done with all these tears of ours?
Shall they make water-springs in the fair heaven
To bathe the brows of morning? or like flowers
Be shed and shine before the starriest hours,
Or made the raiment of the weeping Seven?
Or rather, O our masters, shall they be
Food for the famine of the grievous sea,
A great well-head of lamentation
Satiating the sad gods?'

So ever fiercer and wilder rises the imprecation till at last comes the lesson that

'Silence after grievous things is good,
And reverence and the fear that makes men whole,
And shame and righteous governance of the blood
And lordship of the soul.'

As if the poet had become shocked at his theory, and wished to recall his own extravagance. The tale proceeds with the announcement and narration of the victory over the Monster, following very much the Ovidian incidents of the first successful

shaft being levelled from Atalanta's bow, and the consequent recognition of her as the heroine of the day in the presentation of the trophies by Meleager (who is described by the old English translator Golding as having 'played hyttimissie' himself), and thus provokes the disgust of his brother sportsmen. While Althæa is all triumph in the destruction of the boar, the second messenger arrives, preceding the dead bodies of her brothers, slain by her son. Terrible is the outcry of her grief. It turns at once to the gentle memories of the past, the forgotten childhood of fraternal love :—

> 'I would I had died for these ;
> For this man dead walked with me, child by child,
> And made a weak staff for my feebler feet
> With his own tender wrist and hand, and held
> And led me softly and showed me gold and steel
> And shining shapes of mirror and bright crown
> And all things fair ; and threw light spears, and brought
> Young hounds to huddle at my feet and thrust
> Tame heads against my little maiden breasts
> And please me with great eyes ; and those days went
> And these are bitter and I a barren queen
> And sister miserable, a grievous thing
> And mother of many curses ; and she too,
> My sister Leda, sitting overseas
> With fair fruits round her, and her faultless lord,
> Shall curse me, saying A sorrow and not a son,
> Sister, thou barest, even a burning fire,
> A brand consuming thine own soul and me.'

In the old Scotch ballad it is :—

> 'True loves I may get me many an ane,
> But a father I'll never get mair.'

Here—

> 'Who shall get brothers for me while I live ?
> Who bear them ? who bring forth in lieu of these ?
> Are not our fathers and our brethren one,
> And no man like them ? are not mine here slain ?
> Have we not hung together, he and I,
> Flowerwise feeding as the feeding bees,
> With mother-milk for honey ? and this man too,
> Dead, with my son's spear thrust between his sides,
> Hath he not seen us, later born than he,
> Laugh with lips filled, and laughed again for love ?
> There were no sons then in the world, nor spears,
> Nor deadly births of women ; but the gods
> Allowed us, and our days were clear of these.'

In vain the Chorus pleads for that which 'moves more than 'all things—even thy son.' She answers :—

'But these the gods too gave me, and these my son,
Not reverencing his gods nor mine own heart
Nor the old sweet years nor all venerable things,
But cruel, and in his ravin like a beast,
Hath taken away to slay them: yea, and she,
She the strange woman, she the flower, the sword,
Red from spilt blood, a mortal flower to men,
Adorable, detestable—even she
Saw with strange eyes and with strange lips rejoiced,
Seeing these mine own slain of mine own, and me
Made miserable above all miseries made,
A grief among all women in the world,
A name to be washed out with all men's tears.'

So between the two fierce instincts she struggles onward to despair:—

'A little since and I was glad; and now
I never shall be glad or sad again.'

The deed is done. The brand is thrown into the flames, and she cries, with an insane delight,

'Fate is made mine for ever; he is my son,
My bedfellow, my brother. You strong gods,
Give place unto me; I am as any of you,
To give life and to take life. Thou, old earth,
That hast made man and unmade; thou whose mouth
Looks red from the eaten fruits of thine own womb;
Behold me with what lips upon what food
I feed and fill my body; even with flesh
Made of my body. Lo, the fire I lit
I burn with fire to quench it; yea, with flame
I burn up even the dust and ash thereof.'

But in the very paroxysm of 'insatiate and intolerant' fury, the old mother-love forces itself back again:—

'O, child,
Son, first-born, fairest—O sweet mouth, sweet eyes,
That drew my life out through my suckling breast,
That shone and clove mine heart through—O soft knees
Clinging, O tender treadings of soft feet,
Cheeks warm with little kissings—O child, child,
What have we made each other? Lo, I felt
Thy weight cleave to me, a burden of beauty, O son,
Thy cradled brows and loveliest loving lips,
The floral hair, the little lightening eyes,
And all thy goodly glory; with mine hands
Delicately I fed thee, with my tongue
Tenderly spake, saying, Verily in God's time,
For all the little likeness of thy limbs,
Son, I shall make thee a kingly man to fight,
A lordly leader; and hear before I die,
"She bore the goodliest sword of all the world."'

We will not mar the effect of the lyric dialogue which merges the horror of the catastrophe in a dirge-like relief. Its conception and execution are equally beautiful. From the dying Meleager comes no reproach even to the end: the thought that she who had made had the right also to unmake him plays in his fading fancy, and then it comes on him that death was mixed with all his life, and that it is this law that slays him, and 'not my mother at all.' At the last he turns to Atalanta, in a solemn desire that she should hide his body with her veil, and 'be pitiful as thou art maiden perfect;' and passes away with the prayer:—

> 'And now for God's sake kiss me once or twice,
> And let me go: for the night gathers me,
> And in the night shall no man gather fruit.'

These extracts, without further comment, would, we believe, be a sufficient guarantee for the singular merit of this poem to most persons of poetical taste and sentiment. It is evidently the produce, not of the tender lyrical faculty which so often waits on sensitive youth and afterwards fades into the light of common day, nor even of the classical culture of which it is itself a signal illustration, but of an affluent and apprehensive genius, which, with ordinary care and fair fortune, will take a foremost place in English literature. The book presents itself to us with the bold front of a work of Art, and makes no appeals to our compassion or sentimentality. It asks for none of the allowances we freely give to the utterances of young hope and ready fancy, or to the expression of thoughts in themselves so pure and generous that we are content to let them pass for poetry with no severe test of their æsthetic claims. It encumbers itself with all the difficulties of a form that has become archaic, and of an order of thought which professes to teach no living interests and to represent a dead and alien faith. It risks much to win largely, and does not spare to shock the many to charm the instructed few. Therefore, while we, in a great degree, admit the pretension, we are bound to warn the poet of what seem to us to be the dangers of his intellectual position and the impediments to the literary triumphs which otherwise await him.

When we say that this poem exhibits a defective moral tone, we do not intend to discuss any metaphysical or theological theory, but plainly to reprove the historical and artistic view it presents of the relations of the personages of the drama to the invisible world. That the problem of Evil, the mystery of sorrow, the contradictions of life, weighed heavily on the old Greek mind, and constituted much of the pathos of their legends and

their literature, is undeniable, but we shall look in vain for any precedent for the naked defiance of the Supreme, the bitter and angry anti-theism, which is here represented as the ruling passion. It is true that this feeling has its place in the aberrations of the human mind, savage or cultivated; and that it has been the business of most theologies to counteract or to crush it, while some have indirectly tended to its encouragement. In the fetichism of the African chief and in the despair of the poet Cowper, in the devil-worship of India and in the 'reprobation' of Jonathan Edwards, there is, at root, the same deification of the spirit of Evil, to which the weak man deploringly submits, and which the strong man challenges in vain. But this conception was not Greek, and it is not poetical. We will not admit the example of the Æschylean Prometheus; he is the God conquered in the war of Gods; he is of the old legitimate sovereigns of creation, overcome by the new and rebellious powers. It is true that Hellenic mythology recognised the ultimate Destinies, implacable, uncontrollable, to which the Gods themselves were subject; but to make these powers capricious, cruel, delighting in the miseries of mankind, conscious contrivers of suffering, is a mere debauch of fancy. Assuredly no such notion as this would have darkened the gay Greek supernatural world, in which the agents of power themselves underwent nearly as many troubles, anxieties, passions, and reverses, as the human creatures under their influence, and with whom they held relations far more like those of benevolent or mischievous fairies than of cruel ogres or blood-thirsty tyrants. Their very ὕβρις was a kind of sympathetic jealousy,—their Nemesis a salutary control over human pride. Possibly in some of the Mysteries there may have existed traces of a dæmon-worship, which would have for its reverse a defiance of the supreme evil power; but the Greek Chorus should represent public opinion and not the secret deliberations of fanatics or philosophers. We do not scruple to add that this conception of the nature of things is unpoetical from its monotonous, fixed, final character. Without hope and free-will, imagination stiffens into madness; and there is no student of the fate of the genius of Lord Byron who will not recognise the injurious effect of this order of thought on his poetical career, counteracted as it was by the varieties of his experience as a man of the world. Mr. Swinburne must set before himself some other philosophical idea than Manfred with a distinction, if he intends to occupy much place in the minds of the present generation of Englishmen.

But with all this misapprehension, it is something to get a

poem which sedulously aims at being a whole in action and in art, and not a mere series of emotional expressions. The popular poetry of our age is not only subjective, but it prides itself in representing in the most varied manner the details of individual consciousness. Dr. Dodd, writing 'Prison-thoughts' in Newgate, with the halter round his neck, for the excitement of the town, was not a very edifying spectacle, but it is the image of the present condition of much of our poetic literature. Every poet seems to look on himself as a penitent, and on the public as his legitimate confessor. Nor can we hope that this incessant repetition of ordinary sentiments and reflections will be arrested until men come to understand that the mere circumstance of putting a thought or a fact into a metrical form does not in the least affect its value or its condition—that whatever is commonplace, frivolous, and dull remains so, however melodious its utterance; and that if we persist in regarding a poem more as a psychological phenomenon than as a plastic representation, the interest and the merit will soon cease to be poetical at all, and Pegasus will be degraded into a packhorse for conventional or paradoxical moralities.

Till we see what Mr. Swinburne can do in some other field, we cannot fairly gauge his faculties; but both from the design and the execution of the performance before us, we have no reason to fear that he will lose by transferring his imagination to modern scenes and impersonations. But he has to guard against that insolence of originality which affronts and deters the reader, and which therefore, however justified in the author's mind by his own canons, either of Art or Nature, can carry with it no adequate advantage, and he will do well to restrain that exuberance of language and imagery which has the double defect of often confusing or drowning the thought, and of inducing the poet to content himself with presenting the same image in varieties of words so accumulated as to convey the impression of poverty of ideas.

Having already alluded to the first of these faults, we might here have something to say of the purely literary defects of the production. We acquit Mr. Swinburne of any voluntary obscurity; indeed we see his sense of the worth of simplicity in the circumstance that in his most passionate and energetic moments the language is the clearest. Nevertheless, either from a collocation of words which perhaps seems plain to himself but which it requires time for the reader's mind to take up and redistribute in a more ordinary succession, or from the assumption that every ellipse which the writer's consciousness imperceptibly supplies is equally facile to every recipient of the

thought—many persons, whose intelligence he would be the last to disregard, find obscurity and even serious difficulty of comprehension in the diction of many passages. We say advisedly in the diction, for his abstinence from all overdrawn conceits is remarkable in a young poet of any time, and his careful avoidance of the shadowy border-land of metaphysics and poetry in which so many versifiers of our own day take refuge from the open scrutiny of critical sunlight deserves full praise and recognition. It is probable that a strict supervision over the combinations of his fancy is the best remedy for him to trust to, and it is a proud and pleasant reflection that if his fruit be somewhat hidden, it is by the abundance of his own foliage.

To some severer students than ourselves, this wealth of illustration and imagery seriously damages the classical integrity of the poem. If, however, Mr. Swinburne has succeeded in preserving so much of the old Hellenic character that the sense is rather of difference than of incongruity, is this not an additional evidence of the enduring power these ancient master-pieces of form exercise over minds and times the most distinctive from the elements of their own production? With the exception of the 'Iphigenia' of Göthe, all modern adaptations of the Greek drama which have taken any hold on the world, have mainly succeeded by applications, sometimes the most heterogeneous, of the old world to the new. The strongest example is of course the French theatre, which retained little beyond the shell of traditionary names and a certain supposed analogy of sentiments; and yet it would be bold to assert that Racine and Corneille would have gained by the absence of the classic models. The truth is that modern literature does not want mere imitations, however ingenious, of these magnificent monuments; but that is no reason why they should not continue to sway and people the imagination of the world, and supply, out of their storehouse of beautiful and majestic fable, inexhaustible materials for the delineation of human passion, and the various developments of the higher instincts of mankind.

ART. IX.—*Letters from Egypt*, 1863–65. By Lady DUFF GORDON. London: 1865.

EGYPT, at the commencement of the present century, was almost as unknown and mysterious as her own hieroglyphics. If we except the Arabic histories and descriptions open only to the learned in that recondite language, Herodotus was our most recent authority. Egypt, possessing the highest interest to the historian and the divine, was scarcely as much known to Europe as the wilds of Tartary. Napoleon first broke the spell of mystery that held the land, and the celebrated commission of the French Institute, headed by Dénon, accompanied the armies which fought beside the Pyramids. Then followed Bruce, Belzoni, Niebuhr, Burckhardt; all of whom did good work towards disinterring Egypt from the sands of its deserts, and removing the obstacles raised by Mohammedan intolerance and apathy. At length, about the year 1825, a small party of Englishmen met in Cairo, living among the people like Copts or Arabs, and patiently studying the manners and customs both of ancient and modern Egypt. Two of that party were Wilkinson and Lane, one of whom exhausted the ancient people, the other, with inimitable accuracy, the modern Egyptians.

Such was our acquaintance with the land of the Pharaohs, of Joseph, and of Moses, when five-and-twenty years ago, a line of steampackets to Alexandria threw open the country to pleasure-seekers and health-seekers. The Nile soon superseded the Rhine for a fashionable tour, and we have been inundated, not by its fertilising waters, but by a flood of books about Egypt, of which it may be generally said that they have done little to increase our knowledge of the antiquities of the country, nothing whatever to make us better acquainted with its people. We know no more at the present day of the inhabitants, of their feelings and tastes, their human sympathies and religious hopes, than we did before the stream of tourists set Nilewards. True, Mr. Lane may be said to have done all that can be done in the way of describing that people; but the 'Modern 'Egyptians' is not intended to give us every-day experience of life in Egypt—rather the results of that experience. Even the brilliant pages of Eōthen, of Miss Martineau, and those of two or three other writers, afford us little insight into the inner life of the Egyptian. Nor is the cause far to seek. A foreign people cannot be understood in a short, and generally hurried, visit; nor indeed can they be appreciated by the oldest resident,

unless he will consent to waive all prejudice and live among them as one of themselves.

Perhaps Lady Duff Gordon will not be envied for the experience she has gained. It has been dearly bought, enforced by protracted illness, and involving banishment from her family and friends, the privileges of society, even the common comforts of life. She went to Egypt unprejudiced against the people, and has lived among them, chiefly at Thebes. Her letters, which form the little volume at the head of this article, were not written for the public eye, but were addressed to her two nearest relations: they are, therefore, entirely free from constraint, and do not pretend to high literary merit, although they are written in a singularly captivating and vigorous English style; but they possess the rare virtue of enabling the reader to realise the position of the writer and the true aspect of the people. Livingstone has borne witness to African virtues, the 'Competition Wallah' has courageously fought the battle of our Indian fellow-subjects, we have felt with Vambéry the parting from his faithful but filthy friends, who were so repulsive till on better acquaintance we learnt to respect their hearts. The same lesson may be learnt from these letters, for it is not often that an Englishman, let alone an English lady, lives among modern Egyptians. Every one who has done the same in any country of the East will enter into her feelings when she says:—

'I am so used now to our poor, shabby life, that it makes quite a strange impression on me to see all the splendour which English travellers manage to bring with them on board their boats,—splendour which, two or three years ago, I should not even have remarked. And thus, out of my "inward consciousness" (as Germans say), many of the peculiarities and faults of the people of Egypt are explained to me and accounted for.' (P. 357.)

To form a just estimate of the Egyptian, we ought to have more than an acquaintance with him as he is; we require some knowledge of the events of history that have reduced him to his present state, and of the government that every day moulds his thoughts. Let us briefly relate how he has reached his present condition, and what is the pedigree of the people whose 'country is a palimpsest, in which the Bible is written over 'Herodotus, and the Koran over that.'

For the last two-and-twenty centuries, Egypt has been without a native ruler. The ancient kingdom of the Pharaohs fell with the second subjugation of the country by the Persians, about the year B.C. 350; after having been shaken to its foundations, and its capital destroyed, by Cambyses two centuries

before. The Persians were succeeded by the Greeks, to whom the possession of Egypt passed, with that of Persia, of which it was a province, by the conquests of Alexander the Great; and under the Ptolemies it recovered much of its prosperity, albeit theirs too was an alien rule. Three hundred years later, when it became a Roman province, the population consisted partly of Greeks, partly of slaves. The Egyptian himself was almost denationalised. Augustus perpetuated the degradation of the native inhabitants, and since his time the system he inaugurated of government by lieutenants of the Empire has continued, with the exception of the more brilliant period corresponding to the times of the Crusades. The Mohammedan invaders, six centuries later, found the country in every respect weaker than when the Romans first gained possession of it. Religious animosities had been added to political feuds. The native population having embraced Christianity under the ritual of the Coptic Church, hated the Greek communion and its professors more than they hated the newly promulgated faith of Arabia. After a brief show of resistance, they joined the invaders, and rendered easy the conquest of the country.

With the Arab domination, the final extinction of the Egyptian race as a nation was consummated. So complete was the subjugation that the Arabs imposed their language, both vocabulary and grammar, upon the native inhabitants; and by an enormous immigration rendered them in a far greater degree Arab than Copt. Since that period, the Copt has been little heard of in history. The ancient Egyptian element, already reduced in numbers, was, to a great extent, absorbed by the Arab colonists, and the remnant (called Copt to this day) has gradually dwindled to insignificance, although not without passing through the fiery ordeal of insurrection and persecution. It is now about one-fourteenth of the whole population of the country. The modern Egyptian, however, though far more Arab than Copt, retains many of the characteristics of the latter, and inherits his oppressed condition. The country was at first governed by Arab lieutenants of the early Khaleefehs and of those of Damascus and Baghdad; until with the gradual weakening of that great Empire, and the struggles of the orthodox followers of Othmán, or Sunnees with the heretic adherents of 'Alee, or Shiy'aees, it became, under the government of a foreign ruler, Ahmad Ibn-Tooloon (whose mosque in Cairo, by-the-bye, contains the earliest known instance of the pointed arch), nearly independent, foreshadowing its speedy independence as a kingdom, although under foreign dynasties,

until its final ruin by the Turks. In the year 968–9, the heretic Fátimee Khaleefehs of Western Africa seized the capital, and transferred their throne to the site of Cairo, calling their new city El-Káhireh, or the Victorious. To these, after a duration of two hundred years, succeeded, by the arbitrament of the sword, the orthodox Kurds, of whom the first and greatest was Saladin (or Saláh-ed-Deen). Then commenced the system of rearing slaves, or Memlooks, who should hold all places of power, and in the event of the king dying without issue, succeed to the throne; for the offspring of the Kurds and of their successors the Turkish and Circassian Memlook sultans failed to perpetuate the line, the children of foreigners rarely attaining to manhood in Egypt. During its existence as an independent Mohammedan kingdom, Egypt reached great importance; but the inherent weakness of the government prevented its duration. The people suffered severely from the constant political feuds of the grandees and court favourites, and it was but the shadow of its former self that fell to the sword of Seleem nearly four centuries ago. Still how far above what we now find it after those four centuries of Turkish tyranny and lust! Governed by Pashas, following each other at short intervals, the unhappy population has since been used merely to enrich each successive ruler. Every step, until our own times, has been a downward one. Mohammed Ali Pasha found the country distracted by political struggles. A new race of Memlooks had sprung up, and profiting by the wretched weakness of the Turks, bid fair to seize the reins of government. We all know the end of these Memlooks. Enough has been written both in condemnation and extenuation of the massacre of the 1st of March 1811. Of Mohammed Ali's rule, history will say that he desired a better destiny for the country than it is ever likely to have under Turkish pashas. His political sagacity was Western rather than Eastern, and if he had been allowed to establish his family as independent rulers, a dynasty of men like himself might have raised Egypt again to an important place in the world's history. But England decided against his independence, when the Egyptian army was almost at the gates of Constantinople; and while the country has relapsed into the position of a Turkish province, his successors have not proved themselves to be much better than preceding Turkish governors. The irresistible advance of civilisation has made some acts of oppression impossible; some flagrant abuses have been suppressed; the influx of travellers, the overland route to India, and, lately, the cultivation of cotton, have thrown more money

into the country than it has seen for many years, we had almost said, centuries. But it is more than doubtful if any real improvement in the condition of the people is taking place. The Fellah still hoards his savings, unable to display prosperity lest he should be marked for pillage by the nearest petty governor; unable to buy land lest the Pasha should exchange it for an equal measure of desert; unable to look forward to his sons succeeding to an inheritance, for they are at the mercy of the conscription and forced labour. As we now find him, he is spiritless and hopeless, his very manhood almost ground out of him by centuries of debasement. The townsman, by friction with other minds, retains more mental vigour; he possesses a portion of independence, by combination with his fellow-citizens; and a rising in Cairo has always been regarded with apprehension by the Government. But with all this, with his patient fatalism, and his natural cheerfulness, fostered as they are by the meeting in the coffee-shop and the market-place, the Cairene has become a melancholy man. 'The faces are all sad, and rather what the Scotch call '*dour*—not *méchantes* at all, but harsh, like their voices.'

Notwithstanding all the disadvantages of his position both past and present, the modern Egyptian is a remarkable man. He is pious, possessed of strong religious feeling, and exhibits a constant sense of God's providence; his filial piety and respect for the aged are conspicuous, with benevolence and charity, and humanity to dumb animals. Hospitable and courteous, he is frugal, temperate in food and drink, cleanly in his person, and honest in the payment of debts. On the other hand, he undoubtedly may be charged with religious pride and hypocrisy, with a levity amounting in our ears to profanity in speaking of holy things; with indolence, obstinacy, and libidinousness, a want of truthfulness, and a habit of cursing. While murders and other grave crimes are rare, petty thefts are common. Such is a very brief summary of his moral qualities, taken from the 'Modern Egyptians,' and concurred in by all who have had sufficient opportunities of forming a judgment. Of his mental qualities Mr. Lane also says:—'The natural 'or innate character of the modern Egyptians is altered, in a 'remarkable degree, by the religion, laws, and government, as 'well as by the climate and other causes; and to form a just 'opinion of it is, therefore, very difficult. We may, however, 'confidently state that they are endowed, in a higher degree 'than most other people, with some of the more important 'mental qualities, particularly quickness of apprehension, a 'ready wit and a retentive memory. In youth, they generally

'possess these and other intellectual powers; but the causes 'above alluded to gradually lessen their mental energy.'

The reader will find in these letters abundant evidence of the Egyptian's virtues; and, unhappily, of his wrongs. The authoress witnessed the gangs of unhappy wretches on their way to the forced works of M. Lesseps or the Pasha. Writing in the latter part of 1862, she says:—'Four huge barges passed 'us, towed by a steamer, and crammed with some hundreds of 'the poor souls, who had been torn from their homes to work 'at the Isthmus of Suez or some palace of the Pasha's for a 'nominal piastre (three halfpence) a day, finding their own 'bread and water, and cloak.' Again, in May 1863, she says:—

'——is my near neighbour, and he comes in, and we discuss the government. His heart is sore with disinterested grief for the sufferings of the people. "Don't they deserve to be decently "governed,—to be allowed a little happiness and prosperity? they "are so docile, so contented; are they not a good people?" Those were his words as he was recounting some new iniquity. Of course, half these acts are done under pretext of improving and civilising, and the Europeans applaud and say, "Oh, but nothing could be "done without forced labour," and the poor Fellaheen are marched off in gangs like convicts, and their families starve, and (who would have thought it?) the population keeps diminishing. No wonder the cry is, "Let the English Queen come and take us." You know that I don't see things quite as our countrymen generally do, for mine is another *Standpunkt*, and my heart is with the Arabs. I care less about opening up the trade with the Soodán, or about all the new railways, and I should like to see person and property safe, which no one's is here,—Europeans of course excepted.

'Ismaeel Pasha got the Sultan to allow him to take 90,000 feddans of uncultivated land for himself as private property. Very well. But the late Viceroy granted, eight years ago, certain uncultivated lands to a good many Turks, his *employés*,—in hopes of founding a landed aristocracy, and inducing them to spend their capital in cultivation. They did so; and now Ismaeel takes their improved land, and gives them feddan for feddan of his new land (which will take five years to bring into cultivation) instead. He forces them to sign a *voluntary* deed of exchange, or they go off to Feyzóghloo,—a hot Siberia, whence none return. I saw a Turk, the other day, who was ruined by the transaction.' (Pp. 103–4.)

Forced labour is said to be abolished. It may be so on the works of the Suez Canal; possibly it is so ostensibly throughout Egypt. But we are much mistaken if forced labour is not continued, in some of its forms, as long as the country is under Eastern rule. It is certain that it was not abolished in February of this year, at Thebes. The Mahmoodeeyeh Canal, familiar

to every one who visited Egypt before the railway was made, is a monument of what it sometimes may be in the hands of the Turks. We read, on the authority of Mr. Lane, in Mrs. Poole's 'Englishwoman in Egypt' (p. 48):—

'More than three hundred thousand men were employed to dig it, and about twelve thousand of these are said to have died in the course of ten months; many of them in consequence of ill-treatment, excessive labour, and the want of wholesome nourishment and good water. Their only implements in this work were the hoes which are commonly used in Egyptian agriculture; and where the soil was moist, they scraped it with their hands, and then removed it in baskets. The whole length of the canal is nearly fifty British miles, and its breadth about eighty or ninety feet. It was commenced and completed in the year 1819.'

People who know Egypt—who have penetrated beneath the Frankish polish of Alexandria, or the false appearance of the European quarter of Cairo, or have wandered out of the beaten track of travellers up the Nile—know that such things have occurred and are still occurring. Some of us may remember, during the past winter, newspaper rumours of an 'insurrec-'tion' in Egypt. The authoress happened to be close to the scene of revolt and heard accounts of it from eye-witnesses. Its origin is quaintly Oriental, however ghastly its consummation:—

'I hope your mind has not been disturbed by any rumour of "battle, murder, and sudden death" in our part of the world. A week ago we heard that a Prussian boat had been attacked, all on board murdered, and the boat burnt; then that ten villages were in open revolt, and that Efendeena (the Viceroy) himself had come up and "taken a broom and swept them clean," *i.e.*, exterminated the inhabitants.

'The truth now appears to be, that a crazy darweesh has made a disturbance; but I will tell the story as I heard it.

'He did as his father likewise did thirty years ago, made himself "ism" (name) by repeating one of the appellations of God, such as "ya Lateef," three thousand times every night for three years, which rendered him invulnerable. He then made friends with a Jinn, who taught him many more tricks; among others, that practised in England by the Davenports, of slipping out of any bonds. He then deluded the people of the Desert, giving himself out as "El-Mahdi" (he who is to come with the Lord Jesus, and to slay Antichrist at the end of the world), and proclaimed a revolt against the Turks. Three villages below Kinê, Gow, Rahaeneel, and Bedu, took part in the disturbance, upon which Fadl Pasha came up with troops in steamboats, shot about a hundred men, and devastated the fields. At first, we heard a thousand were shot, now it is a hundred. The women and children will be distributed among other villages.

The darweesh, some say, is killed, others that he is gone off into the Desert with a body of Bedawees, and a few of the Fellaheen from the three ravaged villages. Gow is a large place,—as large, I think, as El-Uksur. The darweesh is a native of Salameeyeh, a village close by here; and yesterday his brother, one Mohammad et-Teiyib, a very quiet man, and his father's father-in-law, old Hajji Sultan, were carried off prisoners to Cairo or Kiné, we don't know which. It seems that the boat robbed belonged to Greek traders, but none were hurt, I believe, and no European boat has been molested. Baron K—— was here yesterday with his wife, and they saw all the sacking of the villages, and said no resistance was offered by the people, whom the soldiers were shooting down as they ran, and they saw the sheep and cattle driven off by the soldiers.' (Pp. 341–3.)

Characteristically she adds, 'It is curious to see the tra-
'vellers' gay dahabeeyehs passing just as usual, and the Euro-
'peans as far removed from all care or knowledge of these
'distresses as if they were at home. When I go and sit with
'the English, I feel almost as if they were foreigners to me too,
'—so completely am I now "Bint-el-Beled" (daughter of the
'country). Altogether, we are most miserable here, all we
'Fellaheen.'

And what is the end of this paltry disturbance? Imprisonment, or fine, or banishment, even death after trial? Not so, in Egypt:—

'I know well the Sheykh-el-Arab who helped to catch the poor people, and I know also a young Turk who stood by while Fadl Pasha had the men laid down by ten at a time, and *chopped* with the pioneers' axes. He quite admired the affair (though a very good-natured young fellow), and expressed a desire to do likewise. The lowest computation of men, women, and children killed is sixteen hundred. M. M—— reckons it at *above* two thousand.

'I have seen *with my eyes* a second boat-load of prisoners. I wish fervently the Viceroy knew the deep exasperation which his subordinates are causing. I do not like to repeat all that I hear. What must it be, to force from all the most influential men and the most devout Muslims such a sentiment as this? "We are Muslims, "but we should thank God to send Europeans to govern us." The feeling is against the Turks, and not against Christians.

'A Coptic friend of mine here has lost all his uncle's family at Gow. All were shot down, Copt and Arab alike.

'As to Hajji Sultan, who lies in chains at Kiné, a better man never lived, nor one more liberal to Christians. Copts ate of his bread as freely as Muslims. He lies there because he is distantly related by marriage to Ahmad-et-Teiyib; or, to give the real reason, because he is wealthy, and some enemy covets his goods. All this could be confirmed to you by M. M——.' (Pp. 369–70.)

Let us compare the record of the rebellion of forty (not thirty) years ago fomented by Ahmad Et-Teiyib's grandfather; it is taken from the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' article *Egypt*:—

'In 1824, a native rebellion of a religious character broke out in Upper Egypt, headed by one Ahmad, a native of Ed-Sálimeeyeh, a village situate a few miles above Thebes. He proclaimed himself a prophet, and was soon followed by between 20,000 and 30,000 insurgents, mostly peasants; but some, deserters from the Nizám, for that force was yet in a half-organised state, and in part declared for the impostor. The insurrection was crushed by Mohammed 'Alee, and about one-fourth of Ahmad's followers perished, but he himself escaped and was never after heard of. Few of these unfortunates possessed any other weapon than the long staff (nebboot) of the Egyptian peasant; still they offered an obstinate resistance, and the combat resembled a massacre.'

The accounts of the two transactions are very similar, except that the rising of last winter was contemptible in point of numbers. Both were put down with Turkish barbarity.

It is remarkable that these cruelties were perpetrated apparently without the Pasha's knowledge; that he interdicted them as soon as the report of them reached his ears. But so it has always been in that ill-fated country, and while tyranny and injustice are done by the creatures of the government, it avails little to plead ignorance. We who live in a free country, possessing a free press, a representative government, laws protecting rich and poor alike, can scarcely imagine the terrible wrongs suffered by people living under an arbitrary despotism, exercised by all in power from the head of the state to the pettiest village sheykh. Yet it is idle to lay all the sufferings of the Egyptian peasant at the door of his Turkish master. About the year 1830, Mohammed Ali Pasha appointed native officers to the subordinate posts of Ma-moor and Názir, or heads of districts under the Turkish governors, and the Fellahs complained that their condition was worse than it had been. Their fellow-countrymen, from years of oppression, had learnt themselves the lesson of tyranny too well. Before quitting the subject of misgovernment, it will be instructive to quote Mr. Lane's matured opinion of the state of the Egyptian peasant:—

'Most of the governors of provinces and districts carry their oppression far beyond the limits to which they are authorised to proceed by the Báshà; and even the Sheykh of a village, in executing the commands of his superiors, abuses his lawful power; bribes, and the ties of relationship and marriage, influence him and them, and by lessening the oppression of some, who are more able to bear it,

greatly increase that of others. But the office of the Sheykh of a village is far from being a sinecure: at the period when the taxes are demanded of him, he frequently receives a more severe bastinading than any of his inferiors; for when the population of a village does not yield the sum required, their Sheykh is often beaten for their default; and not always does he produce his own proportion until he has been well thrashed. All the Fellaheen are proud of the stripes they receive for withholding their contributions; and are often heard to boast of the number of blows which were inflicted upon them before they would give up their money. Ammianus Marcellinus gives precisely the same character to the Egyptians of his time. The revenue of the Báshà of Egypt is generally said to amount to about three millions of pounds sterling. . . . . The present Báshà (Mohammad 'Alee) has increased his revenue to this amount by most oppressive measures. He has dispossessed of their lands almost all the private proprietors throughout Egypt, allotting to each, as a partial compensation, a pension for life, proportioned to the extent and quality of the land which belonged to him. The farmer has, therefore, nothing to leave to his children but his hut, and perhaps a few cattle and some small savings. . . . . To relate all the oppressions which the peasantry of Egypt endure from the dishonesty of the Ma-moors and inferior officers would require too much space in the present work. It would be scarcely possible for them to suffer more and live.' (*Modern Egyptians,* 5th ed. pp. 129, 130.)

We shall doubtless be told that all this is changed, and certainly some newspaper correspondents and holiday tourists write accounts all *couleur de rose* of the improvements going on in the country. It has been said of London that one half of its population knows not how the other half lives. The same may be said with tenfold force of the European residents and travellers in Egypt. Every one who has lived among the Egyptians has remarked the almost entire ignorance of the real state of things displayed by those who looked on them from without, and has been amazed at the information imparted to the British people by 'our own correspondent.' That matters remain pretty much as they have been for years past is sufficiently proved by these Letters.

Unfortunately, English travellers have not helped to lighten the poor Fellah's load of trouble. It has been too much the fashion to despise him in common with all 'niggers;' and ill as he has frequently behaved he has rarely been encouraged to do better. The remedy for all difficulty in Egypt is the stick, only because the Turks set an example of using it. A traveller goes up the Nile entirely ignorant of the language of the people, in the hands of a dragoman, himself generally ruined by contact with Europeans; and he sees everything

through the medium of this man. Is an Englishman insulted? no punishment is too severe for the unhappy delinquent. To take one instance from many that have come to our own knowledge: a distinguished traveller was walking with a favourite dog on the bank of the river; the dog was shot by a Fellah, and the man taken before the nearest governor. 'Shall I sentence him to the galleys?' was the inquiry. The Englishman recoiled from so severe a punishment, and the man received five hundred blows of a palm-stick on his feet. He was doubtless carried away, his feet swollen to shapeless masses, incapacitating him from doing any work for the support of himself or his family for the next six months. We heard this incident related with singular obtuseness of feeling by the person concerned in it. Again, to illustrate our meaning by an instance of comparatively small moment, travellers always carry guns, and seem to think that every bird that flies is fair game. The number of pigeons destroyed annually under the walls of their dovecotes, and thrown into the river as carrion, is almost incredible. We are willing to believe that generally this is done in ignorance of their being private property. Lady Duff Gordon says:—

'I am just called away by some poor men who want me to speak to the English travellers about shooting their pigeons. It is very thoughtless, but it is in great measure the fault of the servants and dragomans, who think they must not venture to tell their masters that pigeons are private property; I have a great mind to put a notice on the wall of my house about it. Here, where there are never less than eight or ten boats lying for full three months, the loss to the Fellaheen is serious, and our Consul, Mustafa Agha, is afraid to say anything. I have given my neighbours permission to call the pigeons mine, as they roost in flocks on my roof; and to go out and say that the Sitt objects to her poultry being shot,—especially as I have had them shot off my balcony as they sat there.' (P. 184.)

The root of the whole evil is the entire want of sympathy between Europeans and Easterns; and until they know each other better the evil will not be removed. Hence the Egyptian is as prejudiced (to say the least) as the European. The so-called rebellion of last winter stirred up bad blood enough between the government and the governed; it is scarcely to be wondered at that the Frank should come in for his share:—

'The worst thing is that every one believes that the Europeans aid and abet, and all declare that the Copts were spared to please the Frangees. Mind, I am not telling you facts; I only repeat what the people are saying. One Mohammad, a most respectable, quiet young man, sat before me on the floor the other day, and told me

the horrible details he had heard from those who had come up the river. "Thou knowest, O our lady, that we are people of peace in "this place: and behold, now, if one madman should come, and a few "idle fellows go out to the Mountain (desert) with him, Efendeena "will send his soldiers to destroy the place, and spoil our poor little "girls, and hang us: is that right, O lady? And Ahmad-el-Berberee "saw Europeans with hats in the steamer with Efendeena and the "soldiers. Truly, in all the world none are miserable like us Arabs. "The Turks beat us, and the Europeans hate us and say 'quite right.' "By God, we had better lay our heads in the dust (die), and let the "strangers take our land and grow cotton for themselves. As for "me, I am tired of this miserable life, and of fearing for my poor "little girls." Mohammad was really eloquent, and when he threw his melàyeh over his face and sobbed, I am not ashamed to say that I cried too.

'I know very well that Mohammad was not quite wrong in what he says of the Europeans. I know the cruel old platitudes about governing Orientals by fear; I know all about "the stick" and "vigour," and all that. But I "sit among the people," and I know too that Mohammad feels just the same as John Smith or Tom Brown would feel in his place, and that men who were exasperated against the rioters in the beginning are now in much the same humour as free-born Britons might be under similar circumstances.' (Pp. 362–4.)

We have doubtless ourselves much to blame for the estimate which Easterns have formed of our national character; the more so, that they give us full credit for every virtue the exercise of which we allow them to see; but forbearance, temper, and consideration for men belonging to the less civilised race of mankind are not often among those virtues, and we are afraid that an arrogant and overbearing spirit is sometimes exhibited by Englishmen in the East, which may one day cost them dear. We would fain believe that the days of injustice to other nations, whether of act or thought, are passing away. Not very long ago, we regarded the French and the Germans as we now regard the Indians and the Egyptians. The steamboat and the railway, those great missionaries of civilisation, are wearing down our island belt of prejudice, and with better acquaintance we are beginning to learn that other people, black as well as white, are men of like passions with ourselves. A harder lesson is to be more than tolerant, to treat 'barbarians,' 'savages,' as you would treat a countryman, remembering that you lose nothing by the act, and he gains all. It was this kindly sympathy which made the authoress so many friends among the Egyptians:—

'I often feel quite hurt at the way in which the people here thank me for what the poor at home would turn up their noses at.

I think hardly a dragoman has been up the river since Er-Rasheedee died, but has come to thank me as warmly as if I had done himself some great service, and many to give me some little present. While the man was ill, numbers of the Fellaheen brought eggs, pigeons, &c.,—even a turkey; and food is worth money now, not as it used to be (*e.g.*, butter is three shillings a pound). I am quite weary, too, of hearing, "Of all the Frangee, I never saw one like thee!" Was no one ever at all humane before? For, remember, I give no money, only a little physic and civility.' (Pp. 353, 354.)

The story of Er-Rasheedee, here alluded to, illustrates our point. He was an old dragoman, left at Thebes by his employer (who was wealthy and travelled with a doctor) because he fell ill; and paid his bare wages, with six pounds to take him back to Cairo. The authoress received him into her house. A little later, she writes:—

'I have left my letter a long while. You will not wonder, for after some ten days' fever, my poor guest, Mohammad Er-Rasheedee, died to-day. Two Prussian doctors gave me help for the last four days, but went last night. He sank to sleep quietly at noon, with his hand in mine. A good old Muslim sat at his head on one side, and I on the other. Omar stood at his head, and his black slave-boy Kheyr at his feet. We had laid his face towards the Kibleh, and I spoke to him to see if he were conscious, and when he nodded, the three Muslims chanted the Islamee, "La Ilà," &c. &c., till I closed his eyes. The "respectable men" came in by degrees, took an inventory of his property, which they delivered to me, and washed the body; and within an hour and a half we all went out to the burial-place; I following among a troop of women who joined us, to wail for "the brother who had died far from his place." The scene, as we turned in between the broken colossi and pylones of the temple to go to the mosque, was overpowering. After the prayer in the mosque we went out to the graveyard,—Muslims and Copts helping to carry the dead, and my Frankish hat in the midst of the veiled women; all so familiar and yet so strange!

'After the burial the Imàm, Sheykh Abd-el-Waris, came and kissed me on the shoulders; and the Shereef, a man of eighty, laid his hands on my shoulders and said:—"Fear not, my daughter, "neither all the days of thy life, nor at the hour of thy death, for "God leadeth thee in the right way (sirát mustakeem)." I kissed the old man's hand, and turned to go, but numbers of men came and said, "A thousand thanks, O our sister, for what thou hast done for "one among us!" and a great deal more. Now the solemn chanting of the Fikees, and the clear voice of the boy reciting the Koran in the room where the man died, are ringing through the house. They will pass the night in prayer, and to-morrow there will be the prayer of deliverance in the mosque. Poor Kheyr has just crept in here for a quiet cry. Poor boy! he is in the inventory, and to-morrow I must deliver him up to "*les autorités*," to be forwarded

to Cairo with the rest of the property. He is very ugly with his black face wet and swollen, but he kisses my hand and calls me his mother, "quite natural like." You see colour is no barrier between human beings here.' (Pp. 327, 328.)

In kindly companionship with this pathetic narrative is the picture of a young Englishman's burial. He

'was buried on the first day of Ramadàn, in the place where they bury strangers, on the site of a former Coptic church. Archdeacon Moore read the service; Omar and I spread my flag over the bier, and Copts and Muslims helped to carry the poor stranger.

'It was a most impressive sight: the party of Europeans—all strangers to the dead, but all deeply moved; the group of black-robed and turbaned Copts, the sailors from the boats, the gaily-dressed dragomans, several brown-shirted Fellaheen, and the thick crowd of children—all the little Abab'deh stark naked, and all behaving so well; the expression on their little faces touched me most of all. As Muslims, Omar and the boatmen lald him down in the grave; while the English prayer was read the sun went down in a glorious flood of light over the distant bend of the Nile. "Had "he a mother? he was young!" said an Abab'deh woman to me, with tears in her eyes, and pressing my hand in sympathy for that poor far-off mother of such a different race.' (Pp. 331, 332.)

We must let the authoress say one word more 'of pre-'judice,' and then pass on to more pleasing topics illustrative of life in the East:—

'A curious instance of the affinity of the British mind for prejudice is the way in which every Englishman I have seen scorns the Eastern Christians; and it is droll enough, that sinners like Mr. Kinglake and me should be the only people to feel the tie of "the common faith" (*vide* "Eōthen"). A very pious Scotch gentleman wondered that I could think of entering a Copt's house, adding, that they were the publicans (tax-gatherers) of this country, —which is true. I felt inclined to mention that better company than he or I had dined with publicans, and even sinners. The Copts are evidently the ancient Egyptians,—the slightly aquiline nose and long eye are the very same as those in the profiles on the tombs and temples, and also like the very earliest Byzantine pictures. *Du reste*, the face is handsome, but generally sallow and rather inclined to puffiness, and the figure wants the grace of the Arabs; nor has any Copt the thorough-bred *distingué* look of the meanest man or woman of good Arab blood. Their feet are the long-toed, flattish foot of the Egyptian statue, while the Arab foot is classically perfect, and you could put your hand under the instep. The beauty of the Abab'deh, black, naked, and shaggy-haired, is quite marvellous; I never saw such delicate limbs and features, or such eyes and teeth.' (Pp. 59, 60.)

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said, in one of her Letters,

that if it were the fashion to go naked, the face would be hardly observed. True, above all other countries, of Egypt and Nubia, where, save the mark, the faces are generally ugly. The figures of the girls, the exquisite forms of their arms and hands and feet, are such as are rarely to be seen in Europe—were costume to allow of their display:—

'It is worth while going to Nubia to see the girls. Up to twelve or thirteen, they are neatly dressed in a bead necklace, and a leather fringe, four inches wide, round their loins; and anything so absolutely perfect as their shapes, or so sweetly innocent as their look, cannot be conceived. The women are dressed in drapery, like Greek statues, and their forms are as perfect; they have hard, bold faces, but very handsome hair, plaited like the Egyptian sculptures and soaked with castor-oil. The colour of the skin is rich sepia-brown, as of velvet with the pile; very dark, and the red blood glowing through it,—unlike negro colour in any degree. My pilot's little girl came in the dress mentioned above, carrying a present of cooked fish on her head, and some fresh eggs. She was four years old, and so clever! I gave her a captain's biscuit and some figs; and the little pet sat with her little legs tucked under her, and ate it so daintily; she was very long over it, and when she had done, she carefully wrapped up some more biscuit in a little rag of a veil, to take home. I longed to steal her, she was such a darling. One girl of thirteen was so lovely, that even the greatest prude must, I think, have forgiven her sweet, pure beauty.' (Pp. 52, 53.)

Her Theban home the authoress loves best, and from it she writes most. She was fortunate in dwelling among the people of the villages that dot the site of the City of a Hundred Gates. They boast their Arabian descent, and retain much of the courage, magnanimity, and hospitality attributed to the high-born Arab. Exposed to frequent raids from the adjacent deserts, they have maintained their warlike powers by too common feuds among themselves, and thus, while it has been not unusual for a blood feud to exist between El-Uksur and El-Gurneh, they have at least preserved themselves from the degeneracy of the Fellah of Middle and Lower Egypt. And they have been fortunate in their early association with Europeans. The names of many of the golden age of Nile travellers, before 'tourists' were known, are remembered among them as household words.

The most interesting of these Letters are certainly those written from this place during the authoress's long residence there from January to October 1864, when she remained among the people long after the last Frank boat had turned down stream, and during all the burning summer. She had before visited the place in 1862, and after attempting to live

in more northern latitudes, was driven southwards again by the state of her health. Her frank style and her pictorial power enable her readers to live with her over again those Theban nine months. We must content ourselves here with introducing her sketch of her quarters, and with an illustration taken here and there from the many pages that follow descriptive of daily life among the Egyptians.

'I have such a big, rambling house,' she says, 'all over the top of the temple of Khem; how I wish I had you and the children to fill it! We had twenty Fellahs to clean the dust of three years' accumulation, and my room looks quite handsome with carpets and a divan. . . . . The view all round my house is magnificent on every side; across the Nile in front, facing NW., and over a splendid expanse of green and a range of distant orange-buff hills to the SE., where I have a spacious covered terrace. It is rough and dusty in the extreme, but it will be very pleasant. . . . . The house is very large, it has good thick walls, the comfort of which we feel to-day, for it blows a hurricane, but in-doors it is not at all cold. I have glass windows and doors to some of the rooms; it is a lovely dwelling. Two funny little owls, as big as my fist, live in the wall under my window, and come and peep in, walking on tiptoe and looking inquisitive, like the owls in the hieroglyphics, and barking at me like young puppies; and a splendid horus (the sacred hawk) frequents my lofty balcony. Another of my contemplar gods I sacrilegiously killed last night—a whip snake. Omar is rather in consternation, for fear it should be "the snake of the house;" for Islam has not dethroned the "Dii Lares et tutelares."'

In this rough Oriental dwelling, the authoress settled down to get health, and learn Arabic under the guidance of one Sheykh Yoosuf, who, in common with his fellow-villagers, did his best to help her to pass her otherwise lonely banishment. The climate of Thebes, until the hot winds commenced, seems to have suited her complaint, and though she writes occasionally now of cold and now of heat, she was almost daily riding about the plain. Here are two thoroughly Eastern sketches:—

'We have had a week of piercing winds, and I have been obliged to stay in bed. To-day was fine again, and I mounted old Mustafa's cob pony and jogged over his farm with him, and lunched on delicious sour cream and fateereh at a neighbouring village, to the great delight of the fellaheen. It was more biblical than ever; the people were all relations of Mustafa's, and to see Seedee Omar, the head of the household, and the young men coming in from the field, and the flocks and herds and camels and asses, was like a beautiful dream. All these people are of good blood, and a sort of "roll of "Battle" is kept for the genealogies of the noble Arabs who came in with Amr, the first Arab conqueror and lieutenant of Omar. Not

one of these brown men who do not own a second shirt, would give his brown daughter to the greatest Turkish Pasha.' (Pp. 167, 168.)

. . . . . .

'Yesterday, I rode over to Karnac with Mustafa's Sais running by my side; glorious hot sun and delicious air. To hear the Sais chatter away, his tongue running as fast as his feet, made me deeply envious of his lungs. Mustafa joined me, and pressed me to go to visit the sheykh's tomb, for the benefit of my health, as he and Sheykh Yoosuf wished to say a Fat'hah for me; but I must not drink wine that day. I made a little difficulty on the score of difference of religion, but Sheykh Yoosuf, who came up, said he presumed I worshipped God and not stones, and that sincere prayers were good anywhere. Clearly the bigotry would have been on my side if I had refused any longer, so in the evening I went with Mustafa.

'It was a very curious sight: the little dome illuminated with as much oil as the mosque could afford, over the tombs of Abu-l-Hajjáj and his three sons. A magnificent old man, like Father Abraham himself, dressed in white, sat on a carpet at the foot of the tomb; he was the head of the family of Abu-l-Hajjáj. He made me sit by him, and was extremely polite. Then came the Názir, the Kádee, a Turk travelling on government business, and a few other gentlemen, who all sat down round us, after kissing the hand of the old sheykh. Every one talked; in fact, it was a *soirée* in honour of the dead sheykh. A party of men sat at the further end of the place, with their faces to the kibleh, and played on a darabukkeh (sort of small drum stretched over an earthenware funnel, which gives a peculiar sound), a tambourine without bells, and little tinkling cymbals (seggal), fitting on thumb and finger (crotales), and chanted songs in honour of Mohammad, and verses from the Psalms of David. Every now and then, one of our party left off talking, and prayed a little or counted his beads. The old sheykh sent for coffee and gave me the first cup,—a wonderful concession; at last the Názir proposed a Fat'hah for me, which the whole group round me repeated aloud, and then each said to me:—"Our Lord God "bless thee, and give thee health and peace, to thee and thy family, "and take thee back safe to thy master and thy children;" every one adding "Ameen" and giving the salám with the hand. I returned it and said, "Our Lord reward thee and all people of kind-"ness to strangers," which was considered a very proper answer.' (Pp. 169–71.)

And here is a pen-and-ink portrait of Sheykh Yoosuf:—

'I want to photograph Yoosuf for you; the feelings and prejudices and ideas of a cultivated Arab, as I get at them little by little, are curious beyond compare. It won't do to generalise from one man, of course, but even one gives some very new ideas. The most striking thing is the sweetness and delicacy of feeling, the horror of hurting any one (this must be individual, of course; it is too good to be general). I apologised to him two days ago for inadvertently

answering the "Salám aleykum," which he, of course, said to Omar on coming in, and which is sacramental to Muslims. Yoosuf blushed crimson,, touched my hand and kissed his own, and looked quite unhappy.

'Yesterday evening he walked in, and startled me by a "Salám "aleykee," addressed to me; he had evidently been thinking it over, —whether he ought to say it to me, and came to the conclusion that it was not wrong. "Surely it is well for all the creatures of God to "speak peace (*Salám*) to each other," said he. Now, no uneducated Muslim would have arrived at such a conclusion. Omar would pray, work, lie, do anything for me,—sacrifice money even; but I doubt whether he could utter "Salám aleykum" to any but a Muslim. I answered as I felt,—"Peace, O my brother, and God bless thee!" It was almost as if a Catholic priest had felt impelled by charity to offer the communion to a heretic. . . . .

'His wife died two years ago, and six months ago he married again a wife twelve years old! (Sheykh Yoosuf is thirty, he tells us; he looks twenty-two.) What a stepmother, and what a wife! He can repeat the whole Koran without book; it takes twelve hours to do it. He has read the Towrat (the Old Testament), and the Gospels (el Engeel), of course. "Every Alim should read them: "the words of Seyyidna Eesa are the true faith: but Christians "have altered and corrupted their meaning. So we Muslims believe. "We are all the children of God." (I ask, if Muslims call themselves so, or only the slaves of God?) "It is all one—children or "slaves. Does not a good man care for both tenderly alike?" (Pray observe the Oriental feeling here. *Slave* is a term of affection, not contempt; and remember the Centurion's "*servant* (slave), "whom he loved.")' (Pp. 204–7.)

The following bit of Oriental character, illustrating as it does their notions about Frank women, is delightful. It reads like a scrap from 'Hajji Baba in England':—

'I heard Seleem Efendi and Omar discussing English ladies one day lately, while I was inside the curtain with Seleem's slave-girl, and they did not know I heard them. Omar described J——, and was of opinion that a man who was married to her could want nothing more. "By my soul, she rides like a Bedawee, she shoots "with a gun and pistol, rows the boat; she knows many languages "and what is in their books; works with the needle like an Efreet, "and to see her hands run over the teeth of the music-box (keys of "the piano) amazes the mind, while her singing gladdens the soul. "How, then, should her husband ever desire the coffee-shop? Wal-"láhee! she can always amuse him at home. And as to *my* lady, the "thing is not that she does not know. When I feel my stomach "tightened, I go to the divan and say to her, 'Do you want anything "'—a pipe or sherbet or so-and-so?' and I talk till she lays down her "book and talks to me, and I question her and amuse my mind; and, "by God! if I were a rich man and could marry one English hareem "like these, I would stand before her and serve her like her memlook.

" You see I am only this lady's servant, and I have not once sat in " the coffee-shop, because of the sweetness of her tongue. Is it not " true, therefore, that the man who can marry such hareem is rich " more than with money?"

'Seleem seemed disposed to think a little more of good looks, though he quite agreed with all Omar's enthusiasm, and asked if J—— were beautiful. Omar answered, with decorous vagueness, that she was " a moon;" but declined mentioning her hair, eyes, &c. (It is a liberty to describe a woman minutely.) I nearly laughed out at hearing Omar relate his manœuvres to make me " amuse his mind." It seems I am in no danger of being discharged for being dull.' (Pp. 230–32.)

Again she returns to the never-failing subject of her home, the view from its verandah, and the scenes encountered in daily rides. It is later now in the spring and the hot winds are commencing:—

'The weather has set in so hot that I have shifted my quarters out of my fine room to the south-west, into a room with only three sides, looking over a lovely green view to the north-east, and with a huge sort of solid verandah, as large as the room itself, on the open side; thus I live in the open air altogether. The bats and swallows are quite sociable; I hope the serpents and scorpions will be more reserved. "El-Khamáseen" (the fifty days) has begun and the wind is enough to mix up heaven and earth, but it is not distressing, like the Cape south-easter, and though hot, not choking like the khamáseen in Cairo and Alexandria. Mohammad brought me some of the new wheat just now. Think of harvest in March and April! These winds are as good for the crops here as a "nice steady rain" is in England. It is not necessary to water as much when the wind blows strong.

'As I rode through the green fields along the dyke, a little boy sang, as he turned round on the musically-creaking Sákiyeh (the water-wheel turned by an ox), the one eternal Sákiyeh tune. The words are *ad libitum*, and my little friend chanted:—"Turn, O " Sakiyeh, to the right, and turn to the left: who will take care of " me if my father dies? Turn, O Sákiyeh, &c. Pour water for the " figs and the grapes, and for the water-melons. Turn," &c. &c. Nothing is so pathetic as that Sákiyeh song.

'I passed the house of the Sheykh-el-Abab'deh, who called out to me to take coffee. The moon rose splendid, and the scene was lovely: the handsome black-brown sheykh in dark robes and white turban, Omar in a graceful white gown and red turban, the wild Abab'deh with their bare heads and long black ringlets, clad in all manner of dingy white rags, and bearing every kind of uncouth weapon in every kind of wild and graceful attitude, and a few little brown children quite naked, and shaped like Cupids.' (Pp. 232–4.)

And this was the life for the whole of that long hot summer, now among the harvesting, then, the black tents of the

Abab'deh (a fine race frequenting the great Eastern desert between the Nile and the Red Sea), diversified by a case of theft and a sentence of condign punishment (banishment for life), if the authoress had not begged for its remission; afterwards, in the midst of sickness when she was doctor, nurse, and all; the murrain; and the 'insurrection' that ended so bloodily. The bill of health for Saturday, April the 23rd, is worth preserving:—

Happily the sickness is going off. I have just heard Suleyman's report as follows:—Hasan Aboo-Ahmad kisses the Emeereh's feet, and the *bullets* have cleaned his stomach, and he has said the Fat'hah for the lady. The two little girls who had diarrhœa are well. The Christian dyer has vomited his powder, and wants another. The mother of the Christian cook who married the priest's sister has got dysentery. The Hareem of Mustafa Aboo-Obeyd has two children with bad eyes. The Bishop had a quarrel, and scolded and fell down, and cannot speak or move; I must go to him. The young deacon's jaundice is better. The slave girl of Khursheed Agha is sick, and Khursheed is sitting at her head, in tears; the women say I must go to her too. Khursheed is a fine young Circassian, and very good to his hareem.' (P. 263.)

Invalids may note that while the climate of Thebes was found, as we have said, healthful in the cooler months, it was, during the summer, distressingly dry, with frequent parching winds, and almost insupportable dust. It is not likely, however, that many would try so formidable an experiment as spending a summer, alone and out of health, five hundred miles from the outpost of European society, Cairo.

But the authoress did not stay all her time at Thebes, where we have lingered with her perhaps too long. Some of her sketches of Cairo and the Cairenes we are much tempted to extract, were it only for the gratification of those of our readers who know that wonderful city well. They read like Lewis's pictures done into words, and, like those marvellous works, make it difficult to realise the squalor of the poor, and the ruinous state of the city. Cairo looks beautiful even in its melancholy decay, and the people picturesque though clad in rags; but, truth to say, the authoress must have seen both under favourable circumstances:—

'Our street and our neighbours would divert you. Opposite lives a Christian dyer, who must be a seventh brother of the admirable Barber; he has the same impertinence, loquacity, and love of meddling with everybody's business. I long to see him thrashed, though he is a constant comedy. The Arabs next door, and the Levantines opposite, are quiet enough; but how *do* they eat all the cucumbers they buy of the man who cries them every morning as "fruit "gathered by sweet girls in the garden with the early dew"?

'As to the beauty of Cairo, *that* no words can describe: the oldest European towns are tame and regular in comparison; and the people are so pleasant. If you smile at anything that amuses you, you get the kindest, brightest smiles in return; they give hospitality with their faces, and if one brings out a few words, "Máshá-alláh! what "Arabic the Sitt Inkeleezeeyeh speaks!" . . .

'If you have any power over any artist, send him to paint here; no words can describe either the picturesque beauty of Cairo or the splendid forms of the people in Upper Egypt, and, above all, in Nubia. I was in raptures at seeing how superb an animal (man and woman) really is; my donkey-girl at Thebes, dressed like a Greek statue, "Ward esh-Shám" (the rose of Syria) was a feast to the eyes. And here too, what grace and sweetness! and how good is a drink of Nile water out of an amphora held to your lips by a woman as graceful as she is kindly! "May it benefit thee!" she says, smiling with her beautiful teeth and eyes.

'The days of the beauty of Cairo are numbered: the superb mosques are falling to decay, the exquisite lattice windows are rotting away and replaced by European glass and *jalousies*; only the people and the government remain unchanged.' (Pp. 83–7.)

. . . . . .

'There is a quarrel now in the street; how they talk and gesticulate, and everybody puts in a word! A boy has upset a cake-seller's tray. "Nál-abook!" (curse your father!) he claims six piastres damages, and every one gives an opinion, *pro* or *contra*. We all look out of the windows. My opposite neighbour, the pretty Armenian woman, leans out (baby sucking all the time), and her diamond head-ornaments and earrings glitter as she laughs like a child. The Christian dyer is also very active in the row, which, like all Arab rows, ends in nothing,—it evaporates in fine theatrical gestures and lots of talk. Curious! in the street they are so noisy; and set the same men down in a coffee-shop, or anywhere, and they are the quietest of mankind. Only one man speaks at a time,—the rest listen and never interrupt; twenty men do not make the noise of three Europeans.' (Pp. 102, 103.)

Lady Duff Gordon's popularity with the Copts enabled her to obtain many glimpses of a people who are singularly shy of contact with Europeans, and of whom little is known even by those who are learned in all the wisdom of Egypt. We must refer the curious in such matters to her book. She has also much to say about the relations between the sexes, polygamy, concubinage, and divorce; embracing subjects that would require too long treatment for this article. What she says, coinciding as it does in main points with the opinions of those best able to judge, is well worthy of consideration by any one wishful to form a just estimate of all Moslem nations. Until such an estimate is formed, it is impossible to properly understand the whole system of Oriental life and government.

These Letters represent, as in a mirror, her daily thoughts. 'I regret,' she says, 'that so many of my letters have been 'lost, but I can't replace them; I tried, but *it felt like com-* 'mitting a forgery.' Here we have the key-note of the book. Nothing she says but she feels it, and says just what is passing at the moment through her mind. 'The freedom I shall use 'in this manner of thinking aloud (as somebody calls it) or 'talking upon paper,' once said a less ingenuous writer, 'may 'indeed prove me a fool, but it will prove me one of the best 'sort of fools, the honest ones.' We can imagine the authoress of these letters saying as much of herself, and unlike Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (for we can scarcely accord such a measure of belief to that vivacious lady) meaning it. Doubtless, she has seen the golden side of the Egyptian's shield. Throughout her writings, it is easy to perceive that she is an optimist, and if it be foolish to count all men honest till you find them knaves, she must plead guilty. Notwithstanding, the book may be commended even to the tender mercies of the cynics, who may learn something from its large-hearted charity. It will be very welcome to those who have tasted the water of the Nile, and long to taste it again. And it shows, to a remarkable degree, how effectually genuine sympathy with human beings of whatever race or clime, may obliterate the distinctions of rank, religion, and even intellect.

Art. X. — *Titi Lucreti Cari de Rerum Natura Libri Sex.* With a Translation and Notes. By H. A. J. Munro, M.A. 2 vols. 8vo. Cambridge and London: 1864.

Eleven years ago* the appearance of an article on Lucretius by Mr. Munro in a classical periodical led us to express a confident hope that the great Latin poet would ere long find an English editor not unworthy to follow in the steps of Lachmann. That hope has at last been fulfilled. In 1860 Mr. Munro gave to the world a new recension of the text of his author, with a critical preface in Latin; and he has now published a revision of that recension, with an English prose translation of the poem at the foot of the page, and a volume of English commentary, consisting of two sets of notes, the one critical, the other explanatory. To say that nothing of the same importance has ever been done for Lucretius in England is unfortunately to say but little. But we shall be greatly

---

* Edinburgh Review, No. cciii. p. 80.

surprised if it is not welcomed by the scholars of the Continent as an accession of singular value to Lucretian literature. As regards the text, indeed, Mr. Munro, like Dr. Bernays, must rank as a follower of Lachmann. That great man performed so much that subsequent critics, for a long time to come, are likely to be spoken of simply as disciples in his school. But to find an explanatory commentary on Lucretius equal in importance, in relation to its own period, to Mr. Munro's, we must go back exactly three hundred years, to the edition of Lambinus, in 1564. There is simply nothing in the intervening time, either at home or abroad, which will bear to be named along with it. For that class of readers, again, which is interested not so much in the criticism or interpretation of Lucretius as in the Latin language and literature in general, it possesses unusual attractions. No English work within our recollection, of at all a recent date, contains so much of genuine yet not trite learning, so much of ingenious yet sober speculation on questions connected with Latin philology and the mechanism of Latin poetry. Altogether we think we may safely say that it is the most valuable contribution to Latin scholarship made by any Englishman in the present century.

To justify our opinion in detail would require an exhibition of particulars far beyond our own means and opportunities, and not likely, we suspect, to be gratefully received by any large number of our readers. We can only afford to venture a few cursory remarks on the several features of Mr. Munro's edition before we proceed to say something of the author whom he has edited. In speaking of Lucretius, however, we shall have occasion not unfrequently to mention his editor; and even when we do not discuss Mr. Munro's views we shall gladly avail ourselves of his information.

When we speak of the critical part of Mr. Munro's commentary as less important than the explanatory part, we by no means intend any disparagement of the former. No conscientious student of Lucretius can afford to dispense with either of them. The critical notes, so far as we are able to judge of them, are marked by the same accuracy, sobriety, and, to sum up many merits in one word, thoroughness, as the rest of the book. The omissions of Lachmann are supplied, his occasional inaccuracies corrected, his opinions reviewed. There is also a most elaborate introduction of twenty-eight closely-printed pages on the formation of the text, much more copious than Lachmann's, yet without being in any way redundant, at the same time that it includes a sketch of the history and a discussion of the principles of Latin orthography. Perhaps the

point on which labour and ingenuity have been least successfully bestowed is the emendation of corrupt passages. Yet this is no more than may be said of Lachmann's own performances. One whose conceptions of the remedial powers of emendatory criticism have been formed on a study of the brilliant restorations which it has effected in the text of the Greek poets will be surprised to find how many of the conjectures of this 'second Bentley' fail to carry absolute conviction. This inferiority we incline to ascribe not so much to the critic himself as to the subject-matter on which he was engaged. No scholar, so far as we are aware, for the last two centuries at least, has done for any Latin poet what Bentley did for the fragments of Greek poetry, what Porson did for the Greek drama. Bentley himself was far more occupied with Roman authors than with Greek, but his reputation as a restorer of classical texts rests mainly on his epistle to Mill and his emendations of Menander. It is not, as his biographer thinks*, that 'his knowledge and perception of the latter language were 'incomparably better than of the former.' No one who reads his notes to Horace can doubt the completeness of his acquaintance with Latin poetry, or his power of suggesting words not unworthy of his author. Nor is it, we think, wholly or principally that he chose to correct passages which did not need correction. Whether, as in Horace, he substitutes a good word for a good, or, as in Manilius, a good word for a bad, the critical reader equally fails to find the substitution which criticism requires, the substitution of a true word for a false. Where Bentley has failed, no subsequent Latin scholar has succeeded. It would be difficult to name a Greek poet who presents a fairer field for conjectural skill than Catullus, Propertius, and Lucretius himself. There are manuscripts of each enough to stimulate critical ingenuity, not enough to supersede it; and, as might be expected, there are corrupt passages enough in the text of each to make the fortune of any scholar who should be able successfully to restore them. Lachmann has edited all three, and his editions show abundant marks of sagacity and really high ability. Each of the three poets is now made to say a great deal which he probably might have said, in place of a great deal which he never could have said. But conjectures where probability rises into demonstrative certainty—conjectures which, in restoring the words of the author, establish at the same time the truth of the method of conjectural restoration—are comparatively few. Into the

* Monk's Life, 8vo ed., vol. i. p. 158.

causes which lie at the root of this great difference between the results of criticism as applied to Greek and to Latin writers, we do not profess to inquire. Several considerations occur to us which might lead to a solution of the question; but none of them strikes us as so free from possible exception as to make it worth while to state it here. It is enough to note the fact, as we believe it to be, and to point out the importance of bearing it in mind in judging of a new critical edition of a Latin author. One great qualification for conjectural criticism—one in which English scholars as a body greatly surpass the scholars of the Continent—Mr. Munro has in abundant measure, the power of Latin verse composition. Those who know the manly and vigorous translations in hexameter verse which he has contributed to the 'Sabrinæ Corolla' will not question that he could, if he chose, produce whole paragraphs of philosophical poetry of which Lucretius himself would not have been ashamed. If they think, as we are inclined to think, that in attempting to restore the corrupt passages in his author he has frequently failed to hit on the words which his author is likely to have used, they will conclude, as we are inclined to conclude, that the task of recovering those words is really beyond the reach even of high critical power.

But whatever may be the special impracticability of the text of Latin authors, there are no exceptional circumstances affecting the interpretation of that text. There, at any rate, the battle is to the strong; learning, acuteness, sobriety, and taste will have their full reward. Lucretius may keep the precise words which he used in many cases concealed from the most sagacious observer; the general meaning of his sentences, and the precise signification of that infinitely large proportion of his words which has been transmitted to us in an uncorrupted state, he will surrender to any one who comes to the quest properly equipped with a knowledge of the Latin language, and especially of the earlier authors, an acquaintance with the Epicurean philosophy, and a relish for ancient poetry. The fault is not his if such a champion has been long in coming. Mr. Munro possesses all, and more than all, the qualifications we have named, and consequently his success is signal and complete. In fact, we know scarcely any editor who has done so much for the interpretation of any author. Very few persons indeed seem to be aware how much is required to make an explanatory commentary on an ancient writer really satisfactory. We might almost say that the knowledge of what has to be done is only to be bought by experience like Mr. Munro's own,—the experience not only of editing an

author, but of translating him. But, however it is to be attained, there can be no question but that it has been attained in the work before us. An intelligent reader may peruse page after page of Lucretius with the help of Mr. Munro, and find every inquiry that can reasonably occur to him, even on collateral subjects, satisfied by the commentary, at the same time that many questions which might not have occurred to him are suggested and answered. By way of example, let us take the first few lines of the poem. In the initial words, 'Æneadum 'genetrix,' the editor points out a contrast between the peculiar relation in which Venus stands to the children of Æneas, and that which she bears to all animate and inanimate nature; he also notices a possible imitation of Ennius and two undoubted imitations by Ovid. He next discusses the orthography of 'genetrix,' adducing various considerations drawn from analogy and authority, and finally deciding for that mode of spelling the word as against the rival 'genitrix.' In verse 2 he explains the force of the epithet 'alma,' showing, by quotations from Macrobius, Plautus, Appuleius and the cosmographer Æthicus, that 'alma Venus' was not only familiar to poets, but had passed into the language of the people. Following Bentley, he notes Lucretius' obligation, in the subsequent description of Venus' influence over the several parts of Nature, to two passages in the Hippolytus of Euripides, and adds *de suo* that both Euripides and Lucretius were indebted to the Homeric Hymn to Aphrodite. He comments on the epithet 'labentia,' applied to the stars, and notices, in connexion with it, the attention paid by Lucretius to Cicero's translation of Aratus—a fact of which, in a later part of his commentary, he produces numerous instances. In verse 3 he speaks of the circumstances under which Lucretius uses the plural of 'terra' oftener than the singular, noticing the curious fact that this use of the plural is almost confined to three cases out of the five. In verse 4 he illustrates the use of 'concelebrare' from Lucretius himself and from Cicero, and discusses, on poetical grounds, the precise meaning of the word as here employed. In verse 5 he notices that Lucretius is fonder of using 'lumina' in the nominative and accusative than 'lumen.' In the four following lines he comments on the long-drawn stateliness of 'te adventumque tuum,' explains 'dædalus' from a passage of the glossarist Paulus, and notes its different uses in Lucretius, decides that 'rident,' as applied to the sea, refers to its appearance to the eye, not to the ear, and illustrates from Virgil the use of 'placatus' in the sense of relief from storms. This summary of a couple of pages of closely-printed annotation will show how large and compre-

hensive a scope Mr. Munro gives to the interpreter's duty. There is minute study of his author's peculiarities of usage, however trifling; there is a large acquaintance with other parts of Latin literature, the less known as well as the more known; and there is, besides, a constant recollection that the editor is commenting on a poet, and that inquiries into the signification and usages of words are to be conducted in subordination to the general object of bringing out the meaning which was in that poet's mind. To this part of the commentary also, as well as to the critical part, an introduction is prefixed. In it the chronology of the poet's life, the circumstances of the publication of the poem, the success with which the subject is handled, the character of Lucretius' style, the peculiarities of his versification as compared with that of his predecessors and that of his successors, the opinion entertained of him by his countrymen, are all examined carefully and thoroughly. Of these divisions, the one which strikes us as most novel and most interesting is that which treats of Lucretius' versification, detailing as it does the principal points in which the Lucretian hexameter differs from the Virgilian. Few critics who are themselves accomplished versifiers would have taken so much trouble in analysing impressions which must have come to them rather by habituation than by distinct apprehension; few who would have had the patience to collect the statistics of metrical composition would have known so well what value to assign to each item in the result.

If any exception is to be taken to the general execution of Mr. Munro's book, it is, we think, that he has scarcely been studious enough of literary conventionalities. His style is lively and diversified, but it is *sui generis;* and we often seem as if we were listening to a Latin commentator through the medium of an English interpreter. Thus in the critical notes (Book IV. v. 594), he notices a conjecture of Bentley's, introduced into the text by Lachmann: '*nimis auricularum.* '*nimi*' *miraclorum* Lachm. after Bentl.: this is now the third 'time he has introduced into his text the form *miraclum.* 'which is not once found in the mss. of Lucr.: whence got 'the scribes such a hatred of the word?' It is a style which reminds us not a little of that of Bentley's English works; and this, in some respects, is no mean praise, as Bentley's style is vigorous enough. But Bentley wrote before English criticism had acquired a definite style of its own; and his English style suits the character of his critical works, which is polemical, not to say personal. The only thing which he produced in the shape of an English commentary is the commentary appended

to his strange edition of Milton; and there he exhibits all the qualities of his ordinary controversial style, railing at the imaginary editor whom he supposes, or pretends to suppose, to have depraved the text of the Paradise Lost, with far less self-restraint than he showed in his contest with Boyle, and almost as little as he preserved in his brawl with Middleton. Mr. Munro has none of this acrimonious temper; he speaks occasionally with just severity of the negligence of some of his predecessors, and considerately extenuates the Bentleian atrocities of censure in which Lachmann not unfrequently indulged; but he is himself perfectly good-humoured and genial, and his quaintnesses of expression commonly produce the effect of a pleasant freshness and individuality. On the whole, however, we can scarcely doubt that now that criticism on the classics is passing out of the hands of Latinists and becoming a branch of English literature, it ought to express itself as far as possible after the manner of English literary precedents; that an editor of the ancient classics ought to aim at a style as classical as that of the historian of the 'Decline and Fall of 'the Roman Empire,' to study the critical manner of a writer like Mr. Hallam, and even at times to dress himself by the glass of Lord Macaulay. The same individuality appears even in the mechanical part of Mr. Munro's commentary. He prints his Latin with that paucity of stops which has now become almost the established fashion among scholars; and he apparently thinks that parity of reasoning requires him to introduce the same custom into English. Thus we have: 'By *pecudes ferae* Varro means tame animals or *pecudes* 'found in a wild state, viz. sheep goats swine bulls asses 'horses; Columella goats deer boars, which though wild may yet 'be kept in herds on an estate'; and again, 'Tantalus Tityos 'Sisyphus, the daughters of Danaus, are but types of people 'tormented here by various lusts and passions: Tartarus too 'Cerberus the furies have no existence; but are pictures of 'the various punishments of crime in this world.' We are not sure, indeed, that this parsimonious punctuation is not becoming a point of honour among Cambridge scholars; at least we fancy we have noticed symptoms of the same thing in other works by eminent members of that University which have appeared within the last few months. Yet we cannot say that we like the fashion; 'they will say it is Persian attire; but let 'it be changed.' As we are commenting on these things, we may as well notice also that Mr. Munro is as sparing of capital letters as of stops, printing for instance 'the birth-'favouring breath of favonius,' 'Ritschl pref. to trinummus,'

and that in referring to notes of other editors on other authors, he says, 'Oudendorp to Lucan x 491,' which reads rather like a bald version of the Latin 'ad.' We are ashamed to dwell on these things, which in relation to so great a performance as Mr. Munro's are mere spots in the sun; but it appears to us that all such peculiarities give a needlessly technical and repellent character to the work, and we regret them accordingly. We confess that we have ourselves not unfrequently felt provoked by the sciolism which dogmatizes about scholarship on the strength of a grammar-school knowledge of Latin and Greek, and writes about Cicero as familiarly as it would about Lord Derby, and have been tempted to wish that the mystery of the craft were locked up in algebraic symbols; but we cannot seriously doubt that on the whole it is fortunate for classical scholarship that it admits of being exhibited in a form intelligible to men of ordinary culture, and that it is worth while to make an occasional sacrifice which is not absolutely fatal to accuracy in order to prevent the reader from being startled by strange nomenclatures and unfamiliar appearances.

But we must leave the editor and speak of the author. Of the translator we hope to say a few words before we conclude our notice.

The poem of Lucretius is one of those which in modern times at least have had many admirers, but comparatively few readers. Of the impression which it made on its own generation and generations near its own we know but little. Cicero, who, according to a tradition mentioned by Jerome, edited it after the author's death, said something about it in a letter to his brother; but what that something was, critics are not agreed. Either it had many flashes of genius, yet much art beside; or many flashes of genius, but not much art; or not many flashes of genius, but much art. Lachmann takes one view of Cicero's words, Mr. Munro another; they differ about the meaning of the word which we have rendered genius, nor are they agreed what is meant by art. Ovid, borrowing the poet's own words, says that the poem will only perish on the day which brings the world to an end: Statius talks of his learning, and of his lofty inspiration: but the strongest testimony to his power is to be found in the influence which he exercised on Virgil, who, though he never mentions him explicitly, imitates him not only throughout the Georgics, but in not a few passages of the Æneid, and even of the Eclogues. On the whole, however, the conclusion of one of his most

enthusiastic modern admirers, Professor Sellar of Edinburgh* appears to be that he did not count among his own countrymen for as much as he is really worth. Since the revival of letters, the eulogies bestowed upon him have been numerous and emphatic. Joseph Warton, following an ingenious analogy in use among Oriental critics, declares that as a descriptive poet he is more than a painter—he is a sculptor. Byron, in a petulant and not very discriminating passage, asserts that his poem, as mere poetry, is the first of Latin poems. These and similar eulogies, however, would be more valuable if they were accompanied with evidences that the eulogists had studied the whole poem, and were not merely acquainted with the occasional brilliant passages — perhaps seven hundred lines out of as many thousand — with which all lovers of Latin poetry are familiar. As a matter of fact, Professor Sellar is almost the only modern writer, not being himself an editor of Lucretius, who, in praising the author's genius, gives proof that he has really surmounted the difficulties of the work in which that genius is exhibited. And though we think that Mr. Sellar has done good service to Latin literature in the chapters which he has devoted to Lucretius, no less than in the rest of his book, we question whether, even after his and Mr. Munro's labours, this great poet is likely to become in any sense popular among readers of Latin. There are, and always will be, two drawbacks to his general attractiveness: first and foremost, the nature of his poem, as an exposition of the Epicurean system; secondly and in a less degree, the imperfection of his language and rhythm, as compared with the more finished specimens of Augustan poetry.

Didactic poetry is in fact an anachronism. Verse naturally preceded prose as a form of composition; and so at first everything which was thought of sufficient dignity to be treated at all was treated in verse. When Hesiod wished to discourse on farming operations and lucky and unlucky days, he naturally chose verse for his vehicle. And though prose had been employed for philosophical writing before the time of Xenophanes and Empedocles, it was perhaps not unnatural that they, living when the echoes of Orphic poetry had hardly died out, and themselves taking an ideal and enthusiastic view of nature rather than one based on experience and observation, should throw their doctrines into a poetical form. But as soon as the different types of composition came to be properly understood and discriminated, the occupation of the didactic poet was

* Roman Poets of the Republic, p. 313.

really gone. However great his powers might be, the result of his labours could only furnish one more instance of genius misapplied. The Greeks seem to have felt this instinctively: their great poets did not aspire to tread in the steps of Hesiod; and it was only when the creative spirit of Greek literature had decayed, and the faculty of clever imitation was rising up in its place, that writers like Nicander and Aratus began to come to the front among their contemporaries. The literary development of Rome followed the type of Alexandria rather than that of Greek proper; and so it was natural that Roman writers should mistake where their models had mistaken. But in their case the mistake was a most serious one. It mattered little whether the dregs of the Greek intellect were poured into new or into old bottles; but 'the first sprightly runnings' of Roman genius could not but suffer from being allowed to flow into an improper receptacle. This misdirection of power has operated in different ways to the injury of Lucretius and Virgil. The 'Nature of Things' is didactic, but much of it is scarcely poetry. The Georgics are poetry, but much of them is scarcely didactic. Yet a student of philosophy, coming to Lucretius for instruction about the Epicurean system, will probably regret that the exposition is not more strictly methodical, and the language chosen in all cases with a view to philosophical significance rather than to poetical beauty or metrical convenience; while a lover of poetry will find much in the Georgics which he is glad to pass over lightly as not in any true sense poetical, though he may well afford a transient feeling of admiration for that marvellous dexterity, that delicate artistic susceptibility, which even in precepts about placing stones and broken pots at the roots of vines, and directions for the construction of bee-hives, can discover an occasion for graceful expression and rhythmical felicity.

The poem of Lucretius then fails, as in our judgment all didactic poetry must fail, because it is really an attempt to combine incompatibilities. It was a choice between Scylla and Charybdis; and if he had escaped the monster he must have been drawn into the whirlpool. But we suspect his readers would have been better pleased if he had avoided the grim shape and allowed himself to be carried off by the vertiginous eddy. They would have condoned what is merely vague and uncertain, if he would have spared them what is actually repulsive. As it is they are expected to face long arguments proving that everything is either Body or Void, that the Homœomery of Anaxagoras is a baseless theory, and that the totality of things is infinite, and their courage fails them. We

are willing to concede to Mr. Munro that any other system of the universe would have been equally uninviting as the subject of a poem. We have not a word to say for the Stoics, 'with 'their one wretched world, their monotonous fire, their method 'of destroying and creating anew their world.' If we question the poetical success of Lucretius, it is not in the interest of 'the leaden dullness and tedious obscurity of the Stoic Mani-'lius.' Perhaps even if we had heard the discourse which the Goddess Justice addressed to Parmenides, when the coursers of thought brought him to the gates of day and night, or listened to Empedocles, as he accomplished his expiation for the murder which he had committed in the divine fore-time, our attention might occasionally have flagged a little. It is in a spirit of strict impartiality towards the rival Greek systems that we venture to deny that any of them could advantageously have been made the subject of a didactic poem, properly so called. We do not question that the contemplation of nature inspired Greek philosophy—the Epicurean school, if Mr. Munro wishes, in an unusual degree — with grand and sublime conceptions, appealing powerfully to the imagination, and as such well calculated to be embodied in poetry. But to admit this is very different from admitting that a thorough exposition of any philosophical system is possible in any poetry which deserves the name. Imagination may direct the man of science to conclusions, but the links between them and truths already ascertained must be supplied by reasoning. Whether these intermediate steps could possibly be represented in an imaginative form we do not pretend to say; we only maintain that didactic poets, as a matter of fact, do not so represent them. Certainly Lucretius does not; he has reasoned out his argument, and he gives friend and foe the benefit of the process. How does he combat objections to the doctrine that atoms do not move downwards in straight lines? We will give his words in Mr. Munro's version, which being in prose will show better the really prosaic character of the argument.

'But if haply any one believes that heavier bodies, as they are carried more quickly sheer through space, can fall from above on the lighter, and so beget blows able to produce begetting motions, he goes most widely astray from true reason. For whenever bodies fall through water and thin air, they must quicken their descents in proportion to their weights, because the body of water and subtle nature of air cannot retard everything in equal degree, but more readily give way, overpowered by the heavier: on the other hand, empty void cannot offer resistance to anything in any direction at any time, but must, as its nature craves, continually give way; and for this reason all things must be moved and borne along with equal velocity though of equal weights through the unresisting void.'

It is true that this severity of reasoning is not unfrequently relieved by illustrations longer or shorter, and that these illustrations, regarded separately, may give pleasure to the reader who reads for pleasure. In the next page the same doctrine, that there must be deviations from the straight line of motion, is enforced by an illustration from horses, which, when the barrier of the race-course is thrown open, cannot start forth as instantaneously as they wish: a page or two further on another part of the general argument gives occasion to the well-known descriptions of sheep seen at a distance and looking like a white spot on a hill, though really in motion, and of armies in the act of executing movements, yet appearing from a particular point of view to be at rest. Even in the original of the passage which we have just extracted, there are one or two slight things which may remind the reader that he is reading poetry. There is a rhythmical effect in the line, 'sed citius cedunt gravi-'oribus exsuperata,' in the alliteration in the former part, and in the polysyllabic weight of the latter, which seconds the thought intended to be conveyed; while the expression 'inane 'quietum' affects the imagination more than Mr. Munro's 'unresisting void,'—the one indicating rather the nature of the void in itself, the other, its relation to the bodies which move through it. Yet we are much mistaken if these occasional flashes of imagination, though quite sufficient to prove the writer to be a poet, will be sufficient to make his argument attractive to any reader who is not already interested in the argument for its own sake. No doubt to Lucretius himself the interest of his subject was one and indivisible. It kindled his whole nature, imagination, heart, intellect, alike. He enters as keenly into the task of proving that the mind 'must 'consist of bodies exceedingly small, smooth, and round,' as into that of singing the triumphant progress of his master through the universe; because he knows that if he were to fail in demonstrating the former, the latter would be mere windy declamation. But though this does much to make the poet the interesting figure that he is, it does not make his poem readable. Even if it were true that Epicureanism made him a poet, it would still be true that Epicureanism prevented him from turning his poetical faculty to account. It was Apollo who gave Cassandra the power of prophecy; but it was Apollo who provided that no one should pay attention to what she said.

But the unattractiveness of Lucretius' poem is not due solely to its inexorably didactic character. Even if he had sacrificed the claims of scientific exposition to those of poetical embellishment, with as little compunction as Virgil has done, he would

still be less popular than Virgil, because he has not Virgil's style. Of late years, indeed, there has been a tendency among certain critics to deny that Virgil has any poetical advantage over Lucretius—any literary superiority which is not countervailed by literary superiority of another kind. We suspect ourselves that this creed is chiefly confined to those who study the poem of Lucretius in extracts. They dwell on isolated passages, call attention to the boldness of the imagery and the solemn march of the versification, and ask whether there is not something there beyond what the art of Virgil can produce. But the question between the Nature of Things and the Georgics is a question not about isolated passages, but about the entire contexture of the two poems. We are not speaking of the proportion of purely didactic (and therefore, as we have been contending, unpoetical) matter in each; that we have already considered. We speak of the language and the metre in which Lucretius and Virgil respectively clothe what they have to say, whether didactic or otherwise. Comparing them from this point of view, we find the elder bard apt to be prolix and incondite in diction and monotonous in versification, where the language of the younger is terse and elegant, and his rhythm varied and effective. This is merely tantamount to saying that Lucretius wrote before the style and cadence of Latin poetry had been cultivated to perfection. Mr. Munro is too good a composer himself to contend that his author is to be compared to Virgil in power of handling the hexameter. 'It must not 'be questioned,' he says candidly, 'that in the construction of 'single verses, and still more in the rhythmical movement 'which he impresses on a whole passage, Lucretius is a far less 'careful and skilled artist than Virgil.' Yet he does not admit as explicitly as we could wish that the Augustan school of poetry was an advance on that which preceded it. After conceding that the Augustan writers 'obtained the unanimous suf-'frages of the best critics of the empire, at the head of whom 'stood Quintilian,' he goes on to remark that 'the reaction in 'favour of the older literature seems to have been headed by 'unskilful and too zealous leaders, and thus to have exposed 'itself to the shafts of satire:' thus implying, if we understand him correctly, that more judicious generalship might have changed the fortune of the day. To us, we confess, it appears that the difference between Lucretius and Catullus on the one hand, and Virgil and Horace on the other, is a difference not so much between individuals as between two periods of the poetical development of the national mind— between immaturity and maturity. It is true that the maturity lasted but a very

short time—that it soon became over-ripeness. But the shortness of its duration does not make it less a real fact, or abate its superiority to the earlier and imperfect stage. That superiority is shown in nothing more than in uniformity and equality of workmanship. By uniformity we do not mean monotonous sameness, but sustained excellence. It is this that writers of an immature period, like Lucretius, especially lack. As Miss Edgeworth says of the hospitable preparations at an Irish mansion, everything there is sumptuous and unfinished. You have a marble chimney-piece fixed to a bare wall. One of Lucretius' most justly admired lines is that which characterises the two great autumnal winds, 'Altitonans Volturnus et Auster 'fulmine pollens.' How many of those who quote it remember the line which immediately precedes it, 'Inde aliæ tempestates 'ventique sequuntur'? If the one has a grandeur hardly to be found in Virgil, the other has a triviality which would suit Lilly or Dean Aldrich. And it is needless to say that the number of lines of the latter stamp very greatly exceeds the number of lines of the former. To a certain extent this may be imputed to the unfinished state of the poem; but not, we think, wholly. The imperfection we complain of is discernible in Catullus' Peleus and Thetis, though in that case there is nothing in the nature of the subject to force it into such glaring prominence. In Lucretius and Catullus alike we see that kind of garrulity which is delightful in Homer, but in almost every other poet is more or less tedious and ungraceful—the utterance of a child impeding the thoughts of the growing or grown man. Lachmann may call it 'lactea ubertas;' but to our taste it savours too much of the bread and milk of the nursery. The child has realised the fact that the fields are green and the sand yellow, that the sea can carry ships, and that cattle part the hoof, and it is anxious to proclaim its discovery to all the world. We are interested in observing the development of its intelligence, but after a certain time we are tempted to bid it hush, and reserve our attention for communications more absolutely novel.

If, however, we may regard Lucretius not as a finished artist, but as the writer of a period when poetical art was immature, we are quite ready and desirous to do justice to his extraordinary powers. Whether any altogether definite notion of the poet can be formed from his poem we are not sure. Those who have attempted such a realising process have obtained somewhat different results. Mr. De Quincey embraces eagerly the story that the 'Nature of Things' was written in the intervals of delirium, or, as he prefers to put it, in a delirious state;

he is sure that he could have guessed as much from the poem, which is all excitement and no lull, at the same time that he admires the poet as the first of demoniacs. Professor Sellar will not allow that even lucid intervals could have produced the poem, and pronounces the poet to be not only more characteristically Roman than any Latin writer except Tacitus, but to be equalled in depth of human sympathy and pathos by Homer alone among the ancients, while in other respects he reminds his critic of Spinoza, Pascal, and Milton. But, at any rate, we may carry away impressions which, whether capable or not of being combined into an intelligible whole, regarded singly are full of depth, beauty, and truth. That fear of death for which men, till the truth has made them free, are 'all their lifetime subject to bondage,' has never been represented with more terrible reality than in the lines near the beginning of the Third Book of the poem:—

> 'Et metus ille foras præceps Acheruntis agendus,
> Funditus humanam qui vitam turbat ab imo,
> Omnia suffundens mortis nigrore, neque ullam
> Esse voluptatem liquidam puramque relinquit.'

What can be more striking in expression and in solemn cadence than his picture of the degradation entailed by violent and irregular passion?—

> 'Adde quod absumunt vires pereuntque labore;
> Adde quod alterius sub nutu degitur ætas;
> Labitur interea res et Babylonica fiunt,
> Languent officia atque ægrotat fama vacillans.'

Professor Sellar speaks justly of the power with which the religious effect of the procession of the 'Great Goddess' Cybele is impressed on the imagination:—

> 'Ergo cum primum magnas invecta per urbes
> Munificat tacita mortales muta salute.'

The powerlessness of the healing art in the presence of a mysterious pestilence is painted to the life in four words:—

> 'Mussabat tacito medicina timore.'

We seem to see science, as impersonated by the physician, generally so fertile in suggestion and so fluent in explanation, now reduced to inarticulate muttering. Such lines as these are like the tolling of a bell; continued for a long time they would be oppressive and fatiguing; listened to at intervals, for a few minutes together, they affect us powerfully. But there are not wanting longer passages which can be perused with pleasure, the diffuseness of expression and the stately

uniformity of cadence answering to feelings which the author suggests and the reader is glad to indulge. Such is the famous picture of the fiend Superstition brooding over mankind, and the not less famous Æschylean study that follows, the sacrifice of Iphigenia. Such is the narration of the gradual origin of society which occupies the latter half of the Fifth Book—a long reach of disquisition, which, if occasionally dry and barren, is generally rich and luxuriant. Such, above all (for we need not run through the enumeration of beauties which may be found in books of Latin extracts *), are the two magnificent passages which respectively conclude the Second and Third Books—the one treating of the decay of the world, the other containing an expostulation with man on the subject of the fear of death. The first, though comparatively simple and unadorned, has a deep and impressive melancholy to which we should find it difficult to name a parallel. The second is much longer and considerably more varied. There is elaborate reasoning, there is indignant remonstrance, addressed by Nature herself to her recusant child, there is a muster-roll of all the illustrious men who have submitted to death, there is a bitterly sarcastic contrast of their greatness with the contemptible littleness of the ordinary mortal who quarrels with his doom. The effect of the whole recalls to us those grand words in which Tacitus sums up the characteristics of a day of mourning, 'modo per silentium vastus, modo ploratibus inquies,' an alternation of dreary desolation with passionate sorrow.

As might be expected, Lucretius has not found many translators. Single books or detached passages have been occasionally attempted; but the only one of these fugitive writers who need be mentioned is Dryden, who has left us some specimens of harmonious reasoning, and coarse though vigorous description. Of complete translations of the poem there have been six, including that now before us, three in verse and three in prose. Creech's (1682), in heroic couplets, had a great reputation in its day, and is not without merit; but though there is some masculine writing in it, there is little grace or beauty, and a good deal of triviality and vulgarity. Good's

* One such book, which we may recommend in passing to our readers, has lately been published by Mr. St. John Thackeray, of Eton, under the title of 'Anthologia Latina.' It contains selections from Latin poets, ranging from Nævius to Claudian, and a few illustrative notes in Latin. The passages are well chosen, and the appearance of the book is exceedingly pretty, reminding us of such works as Mr. Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury.'

(1805–7), which we reviewed at the time of its appearance*, is an attempt to make Lucretius speak in the blank verse of Thomson and Akenside, the result being not a little feeble verbiage and commonplace rhetoric, though the version, as a whole, may be called tolerable. Rusby's 'Didascalic 'Poem' (1813), as he chose to call it, which might be similarly characterised as an attempt to make Lucretius talk like Dr. Darwin, was made the subject of some not undeserved ridicule by our southern contemporary†, and is still preserved in memory by the 'Architectural Atoms' of the 'Rejected 'Addresses.' The prose versions are by an anonymous author in the middle of the last century, by Mr. Watson in Bohn's Classical Library, and by Mr. Munro. The first we have seen, but have not within call, and do not care to disinter; the second is a respectable specimen of its class, and might satisfy the ordinary reader if there were none better. The excellence of Mr. Munro's is the same as that which we have mentioned as the excellence of his commentary—its great carefulness and exactness. Perhaps it may occasionally disappoint those who, knowing Lucretius only in select passages, take up the translation in order to see how some favourite poetical effect in the original is reproduced in English. Mr. Munro has seen rightly that a translator of Lucretius is the last who ought to sacrifice the whole to the parts; that the poem ought really to be translated in the same spirit as if it were a formal philosophical treatise, a particular nomenclature being preserved throughout, and words which would suit the requirements of this or that passage being unsparingly rejected if on consideration they should appear unsuited for doing duty elsewhere. He has laboured not for the many but for the few; and the few, we feel assured, will thank him. Meanwhile, we will venture to compare him and his brother translators in a single short passage, taken from that splendid peroration of the Third Book, to which we adverted a page or two back, rather for the sake of our readers, who may desire a little criticism in detail after so much general disquisition, than for the sake of the new translator, whose work, as we have just intimated, would be judged unfairly if judged in this way. We select this particular passage, not merely for its force and impressiveness, but because it enables us to give a specimen of Dryden's version. We may say, in passing, that we will not trouble our readers with Dr. Busby, who, though not, as in other passages, outrageously absurd, is feeble and ungrammatical:—

* Edinburgh Review, vol. x. pp. 217–234.

† Quarterly Review, vol. xi. pp. 88–103.

(Book iii. vv. 1045 *et seq.*)

'Tu vero dubitabis et indignabere obire?
Mortua cui vita est prope jam vivo atque videnti,
Qui somno partem majorem conteris ævi,
Et vigilans stertis nec somnia cernere cessas,
Sollicitamque geris cassa formidine mentem,
Nec reperire potis quid sit tibi sæpe mali, cum
Ebrius urgeris multis miser undique curis,
Atque animi incerto fluitans errore vagaris.'

CREECH.

'Then how darest thou repine to die, and grieve,
Thou meaner soul, thou dead e'en whilst alive,
That sleep'st and dream'st the most of life away?
Thy night is full as rational as thy day:
Still vexed with cares, who never understood
The principles of ill nor use of good,
Nor whence thy cares proceed, but reel'st about
In vain unsettled thoughts, condemned to doubt.'

DRYDEN.

'And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very life is little more than death?
More than one half by lazy sleep possest,
And when awake, thy soul but nods at best,
Day dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy breast.
Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hopest to find,
But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wanderest in the labyrinth of life.'

GOOD.

'And dost thou murmur, and indignant die,
Whose life, while living, scarcely death exceeds?
Thou, who in sleep devourest half thy days,
And, e'en awake, who snorest, dreaming still,
And torturing all thy mind with vain alarms?
Thou, who lamentest oft, unknowing why,
Urged on, with fear intoxicated deep,
And in a maze of mental errors lost?'

WATSON.

'Wilt thou then hesitate and grudge to die, in whom, even while living and seeing, life is almost dead? thou, who wastest the greater part of existence in sleep, and snorest waking, nor ceasest to see dreams, and bearest a mind disturbed with empty terror; nor canst thou frequently discover what evil affects thee, when, stupified and wretched, thou art oppressed with numerous cares on all sides, and, fluctuating with uncertain thought, wanderest in error?'

MUNRO.

'Wilt thou then hesitate and think it a hardship to die? thou for

whom life is well nigh dead while yet thou livest and seest the light, who wastest the greater part of thy time in sleep, and snorest wide awake, and ceasest not to see visions, and hast a mind troubled with groundless terror, and canst not discover often what it is that ails thee, when, besotted man, thou art sore pressed on all sides with a multitude of cares, and goest astray tumbling in a maze of mental error.'

Our readers will see that Creech is not to be despised: he is not quite grammatical, but he is vigorous, and it is no fault of his that he has been eclipsed by Dryden. That great man is, as usual, easy and masterly. Of the last two lines of his original we think he might have made more than he has done. The metaphor, as we understand it, is not from a man wandering in a labyrinth, but from a ship without a pilot, which reels and staggers through the water, pressed and tossed by billows on all sides. Virgil, at any rate, that diligent student of the language of Lucretius, has borrowed the word 'fluitare' for the motion of Æneas' ship when deprived of her helmsman. Good is nearly valueless. Blank verse ought to be almost as close as prose, and he is far from close, while what he substitutes is no compensation for what he takes away. 'Indignant 'die' is not the same thing as 'indignabere obire.' 'Scarcely 'death exceeds' is a wretched dilution of 'mortua est prope.' 'Dreaming still and torturing all thy mind' represents as the same state two phases of unsoundness which had better have been kept distinct. In the next line lamenting is substituted for being ill at ease. 'Urged on' is not 'urgeris;' and neither 'multis' nor 'undique' is given. Mr. Watson is very tolerable, though less good than Mr. Munro. 'Wastest,' by which both of them render 'conteris,' would have been a better equivalent for a less strong word, like 'teris.' We should prefer 'wearest away,' not as in itself more graphic than 'wastest,' but as less hackneyed, and so preserving its original outline more clearly. 'Geris,' which Mr. Watson renders 'bearest,' Mr. Munro extenuates into 'hast.' Perhaps he is right, as Lucretius constantly uses 'gerere' when he means no more than 'habere.' If we had only this passage to think of, we should be inclined to suggest 'bearest about with thee.' 'Stupified and wretched' couples two words which Lucretius has not coupled. There is force in the order of the Latin: 'ebrius,' standing at the head of the line, gives the tone to the whole; 'miser' is little more than a qualifying adverb. For the rest, 'stupified' seems to us rather better than 'besotted,' which has come to be appropriated to extreme folly, with scarcely a notion of bewilderment or unsteadiness. 'Stagger-

'ing as from drink,' or 'drunken as with wine' would, we think, give the figure better. In the last line, whether we read 'animi' or 'animo,' we do not like Mr. Munro's 'mental 'error,' which turns into conventional prose what in Lucretius is graphic and poetical.

We must conclude. We doubt, as we have already intimated, whether even Mr. Munro's labours will make Lucretius popular, in that limited sense in which any Latin classic can be made popular. But we have no sort of doubt that his book will tell powerfully on English scholarship, and that English students of Latin literature will gladly resort to him for much which could not have been obtained from any English source, and something perhaps which even Germany might have failed to supply.

ART. XI.—*An Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution from the Reign of Henry VII. to the Present Time.* By JOHN, Earl RUSSELL. New edition. London: 1865.

THIS volume combines a luminous survey of the past history of the British Constitution by a great master in Parliamentary statesmanship, with a forcible and instructive comparison between the period which preceded, and the period which has succeeded, the Reform Bill of 1832. The author of that great measure himself relates this history, exhibiting from the same point of view, but in different lights, the East and the West, the dawn and the setting, the aspirations and the performances of his own useful and honourable life. The Essay on the 'History of the English Government' was originally written by Lord John Russell between the years 1820 and 1823, before its author had completed his thirtieth year. It is now republished, more than forty years afterwards, with no material alteration, but with the addition of an Introduction, explaining the great changes these forty years have brought forth. A remarkable destiny—both of the book and of the author! For in these pages, which record the studies of his youth, Lord Russell found but little to efface; and the changes he has occasion to relate are changes of fact rather than of opinion. An entire consistency of conviction and of conduct prevails throughout the work and throughout the career of Lord Russell. No man who has navigated so long the vexed and fluctuating tides of public life ever steered more straight by the chart. Imbued from

his earliest youth with strong and clear convictions, drawn from the headsprings of English history, and inspired by the actions and the writings of the noblest Englishmen, the author of this book, as a member of Opposition and as a member of Government, as the leader of the House of Commons and as First Minister of the Crown, or in whatever other position he may have served the country, has made these principles his constant guide. This is not the place to record his numerous services to that cause of freedom and justice which he has loved so well, but great as those services are, this succinct record of his judgments and opinions on English constitutional history may be reckoned among the most durable of his works. Action passes away. The greatest resolutions of the statesman, the greatest triumphs of the orator, lose something of their importance and their lustre with the occasion that gave them birth, and an infinite amount of intellectual power, expended in the work of government, leaves no visible trace behind it. But the written word remains. Posterity counts the 'De Oratore' of Cicero or the 'Thoughts' of Burke 'on the present Discontents' as of far higher value to itself than the transactions in which the illustrious Roman or the not less illustrious Irishman was engaged. Lord Russell, not untouched by literary ambition, and well versed in the literary stores of his own and of foreign countries, has, at various times and in various forms, sought, with greater or less success, to leave his mark on the literature of England. If we were to select from his writings that one which appears to us the most likely to earn and to retain the rank of a classic, we should name this 'Essay on the Constitution.' Our language boasts of no volume in which the leading facts of our history and the leading principles of the Constitution are stated with so much clearness in so small a compass. The composition is the more remarkable, inasmuch as, at the time it was written, Hallam had not yet explored to their sources the springs of the Constitution. Brodie, Godwin, Forster, Macaulay, had not yet directed their powerful analysis to the events of the seventeenth century, and the public archives, which are the sources of authentic history, now so profusely opened, were still comparatively closed. The authority of Clarendon, Blackstone, and Hume was, forty years ago, almost as undisputed as the authority of Lord Sidmouth at the Home Office, or of Lord Eldon in the Court of Chancery. Nevertheless, in those days Lord John Russell found means to extract and elaborate for himself, from such materials as he possessed, a more true and

living image of the earlier and the later freedom of his country. He traced from the days of the Plantagenets the origin of those liberties which set a peculiar stamp upon the political and social institutions of the kingdom. He showed that even the haughty and unscrupulous Tudors discreetly avoided that collision with the fundamental rights of the nation which was afterwards provoked by the infatuated Stuarts. Their presumption and their punishment, fatal to themselves, consolidated the rights of the people, and established the limited character of the monarchy; and for nearly two centuries, since the Revolution, the stream of our history has flowed steadily onwards, gathering here and there a tributary to its course, expanding in a broader channel as the nation grows in intelligence and wealth, increasing by natural development rather than by curious innovation, but retaining that *ponderation* of classes and of powers, which is, after all, the most peculiar and essential characteristic of our form of government.

In 1823, Lord John Russell, conscious of the difficulties of the task, but not doubting the spirit and resources of his country and of his time, thus stated the condition of the nation:—

'Upon the whole, to sum up the circumstances which favour and these which oppose the establishment of arbitrary power in England, we have, on the one hand, the immense patronage in the hands of the Crown, the corruption of the boroughs, the horror caused by the French Revolution, the growing disposition of men to cling to ease and quiet as a security for property, the want of respect for old forms, the custom lately and perniciously begun of recurring to new remedies and new restraints on the appearance of popular excesses, and the increase of the numbers of the people causing dissensions to kindle more quickly, and appear more formidable than formerly. We must add to all this, that a late minister has greatly abused all those means of government which our Whig ancestors were the first to use, thereby making the usual machinery of the State odious to the people, and of dangerous employment to all future rulers. Mr. Pitt, entrusted at an early age with the care of the government, made the country live too fast. Prodigality and profusion everywhere prevailed; the nation borrowed year after year, with increased and thoughtless extravagance; new and artificial facilities were invented to enable us to run into debt; the peerage was depreciated by creations which, at the same time, enfeebled the gentry of the kingdom; a factitious vigour was produced by the application, from time to time, of the most hurtful stimulants, and a temporary repose was obtained at the expense of permanent strength and the stamina of life itself. Hence a frame, which was formed to endure longer than the ordinary period, may be cut off by a premature failure of its powers. Nations which have been our inferiors or our rivals are watching us

with envious pleasure, in the hope of seeing us starved into inanition, or perish in convulsions.

'On the other hand, we have the general diffusion of the light of knowledge, the long-settled habit of liberty, and the security of funded property depending upon that liberty. We have a people of virtuous habits, a high standard of morality, and more of the improvements and embellishments of life combined with energy and purity than perhaps ever existed together. We have a political constitution which favours, instead of repressing wealth, commerce, learning, and the fine arts; we have the whole civilised world as the audience before whom our statesmen must defend their conduct.

'These considerations seem to point out a way of safety through all our dangers. We have seen that when our people strongly and manfully express their opinion, their voice prevails. If, then, they resist with energy the slow creeping abuses and the violent sudden innovations that weaken and deface the edifice of our freedom, it may still be preserved entire. But in order to this, our gentlemen, superior to childish fears, must risk somewhat of their comfort to maintain their liberty. They must submit to hear noisy orators without shrinking; they must cut away with a steady hand the disease which menaces the nobler parts of our political frame. In plain words, they must consent to reform what is barbarous, what is servile, what is corrupt in our institutions. They must make our government harmonise one part with another, and adapt itself to the state of knowledge in the nation. I would fain hope that it will be so: I trust that the people of this great community, supported by their gentry, will afford a spectacle worthy of the admiration of the world. I hope that the gentry will act honestly by their country, and that the country will not part with the blessings which it obtained by all the miseries which a nation can encounter—by suffering persecutions, by confronting tyranny, by encountering civil war, by submitting to martyrdom, by contending in open war against Powers that were the terror of the rest of Europe. I would fain believe that all ranks and classes of this country have still impressed upon their minds the sentiment of her immortal Milton—"Let "not England forget her precedence of teaching nations how to "live."' (P. 347.)

In 1865, taking a retrospect of the vast expanse of ground already crossed, but still looking forward to future improvements, Earl Russell adds:—

'But may there not still be improvements? Each of the last four ministries have been willing to add, as it were, a supplement to the Reform Act. For my part, I should be glad to see the sound morals and clear intelligence of the best of the working-classes more fully represented. They are kept out of the franchise which ministers of the Crown have repeatedly asked for them, partly by the jealousy of the present holders of the suffrage, and partly by a vague fear that by their greater numbers they will swallow up all other classes. Both

those obstacles may be removed by a judicious modification of the proposed suffrage, and by a happy sense on the part of the public that an addition of the votes of the most intelligent of the working-classes to the constituent body, will form a security and not a danger.

'When the question can be fairly entertained, I trust the suffrage will be extended on good old English principles, and in conformity with good old English notions of representation. I should be sorry to see the dangers of universal suffrage and of unlimited democracy averted, or sought to be averted, by such invidious schemes as granting to the rich a plurality of votes, or by contrivances altogether unknown to our habits, such as the plan of Mr. Hare, though sanctioned by the high authority of so profound a thinker as Mr. Mill.

'If there were to be any deviation from our customary habits and rooted ideas on the subject of representation, I should like to see such a change as I once proposed, in order to obtain representatives of the minority in large and populous counties and towns. If, when three members are to be chosen, an elector were allowed to give two votes to one candidate, we might have a Liberal country-gentleman sitting for Buckinghamshire, and a Conservative manufacturer for Manchester. The local majority would have two to one in the House of Commons, and the minority would not feel itself disfranchised and degraded. Yet even this change would be difficult to introduce, and would perhaps be unpalatable in its first working. We are a people who love our free institutions, not only because they are good, but also because they are old. When our ancestors banished James II. and changed the whole practice of the Constitution, they took care to assert that he had abdicated the throne, and to display the precedent of Richard II. as the justification of their conduct. Institutions, it is true, do not grow like a tree; they are the work of man's hands, and are not fit subjects of our idolatry. Yet there is something venerable in old privileges; in rights that have been claimed by Hampden; in liberties that have been vindicated by Somers. Mechanical inventions and physical discoveries have no assignable limits, but it is difficult to believe in this age of the world that there are models of government, still untried, promising a cup of felicity and of freedom which England has not yet tasted.

'The limit appears to me to have been rightly laid down by Lord Grey. That which tends to increase the security of the prerogatives of the Crown, the authority of both Houses of Parliament, and the rights and liberties of the people, may well be accepted; the plan which has other objects, and looks to a different form of government, ought at once to be rejected. Let it not be forgotten, that the intolerance of a despotism and of a democracy are alike unknown in the temperate zone of our ancient form of government; that the liberty to think as we please, and speak as we think, which was a rare felicity in the time of the Roman Empire, is the common, vulgar, and general happiness enjoyed under a British Sovereign; that the freedom of thought, of invention, of discovery, of writing and of publishing, which is a pledge for the

progress of our people in science, in religion, and in morals, is also the best security for our political liberties. This general diffusion of opinion fills up many a void in the form of our institutions.

'But I am not without apprehension on a different score. There appears to me a danger more pressing and more insidious than that of universal suffrage and democracy. This danger is that with a view of satisfying the demands of those who require an extension of the suffrage some apparent concession may be made, accompanied by drawbacks, or securities, as they will be called, inserted with a view to please the large Conservative party in the two Houses of Parliament. This is no imaginary danger; Lord Althorp in vain warned the members of his own party against granting to 50*l.* tenants-at-will the same right of voting in counties as had been hitherto enjoyed by independent forty-shilling freeholders. The sound of extension of franchise tickled the ears of the Reformers; the Chandos clause was carried, and, as Lord Althorp predicted, the county representation has been weighed down by the influence of the great landowners. At the very moment of carrying the Reform Bill, Lord Grey was beset by the section called the Waverers, who endeavoured to induce him still further to degrade the county electoral body, by transferring to the boroughs the forty-shilling freeholders in towns and boroughs. By a similar provision, coupled with a power of sending votes by the post, the last Conservative Reform Bill would have created thirty or forty nomination boroughs, and this perhaps in a way unperceived by the professed authors of the Bill.

'In fact the subject is full of unknown pitfalls, and it is far better for the great Liberal party in the country to consent to no untried compromise, to place no weights in the scale against democracy, to trust to no nice tricks of statesmanship, no subtle inventions of ingenious theorists, than to be parties to a plausible scheme, which, under the guise of an improvement of the Reform Act of Lord Grey, might sweep away half its fruits, and give a worthless husk in exchange.

"Maximus novator tempus."

Let them rather trust to the greatest of innovators, Time.' (*Introduction*, p. lv.)

The narrative of this steady and gradual progress is related by Lord Russell, in its salient points, in the successive chapters of his book and in his Introduction. They are precisely the points which every man who cares for the honour and welfare of his country ought to know by heart. We have been struck in reading this volume over again, with the clearness and precision with which they are disentangled from all superfluous matter. Hence, in our judgment, this Essay is peculiarly well adapted for the use of students as well as thinkers and statesmen. It might with advantage be put into the hands of every lad who leaves an English school, and,

with a few alterations arising out of the reforms Lord Russell has himself contributed to bring about, it might be employed as a text-book in public education. We learn, indeed, as these sheets are passing through the press, that a third edition of the work has just appeared, with some further additions and amendments. An important passage has been added on Parliamentary Reform, and the Introductory Chapter of the last edition now takes its appropriate position at the close of the volume. The book has, therefore, now received its last corrections from the hand of the author, and may safely be committed to the judgment of the nation and of posterity.

The excessive influence of the Crown, against which Mr. Dunning directed his celebrated motion, the formidable abuses of the old Poor Law, the corruption of rotten boroughs, the exclusion of many of the principal towns in the kingdom from the representation, the close system of municipal corporations, the inhuman severity of the criminal law, are things of the past; but they are recorded in this Essay, to make us sensible of the incredible changes which England has undergone in the life of a single generation. The Introduction, written at the present time, is a retrospect of progressive improvement on which the eye may well rest with complacency, although it be mingled with regret for those who bore with Lord Russell the heat and burden of the day, but who have not lived, like him, to behold the complete gathering of the harvest. For in this respect his life has been one of an unexampled good fortune—shared only with his venerable coadjutor Lord Brougham. He entered Parliament early enough to promote the rising movement of Liberal opinion, which was beginning to break against the outworks of Toryism, petrified by forty years of almost uninterrupted power. He was selected by Lord Grey to sit on that committee of the Whig Government, which was charged in 1831 practically to remodel the popular element in the Constitution. The first sketch of the first Reform Bill is in his own handwriting. He stood by Lord Althorp in the memorable contests of those tempestuous years—yielding nothing to the threats or the terrors of a frantic opposition—but equally firm in restraining the extreme and inflammatory elements which were associated with the Whig party, and excited to fever heat by the occurrences of the time. Then it was that Lord John Russell and his friends performed the greatest and most difficult of the labours they had undertaken: having contributed to raise the storm, they allayed it; having justified the expectations of their friends, they falsified the predictions of their opponents. Let any one look

back at the arguments by which the measures of the Reforming Government were chiefly resisted by the Tory Opposition, from the first introduction of the Reform Bill down to the last instalment of Free Trade. They consisted mainly of incessant appeals to the fears of Parliament—fears of revolution, fears of democracy, fears of financial ruin, fears of social disorder—fears which were perfectly sincere in the minds even of men as brave as the Duke of Wellington and as wise as Sir Robert Peel. The Whig Ministers confronted these spectres. They, as little as their adversaries, were prepared to consign the country to confusion, to overthrow the monarchy and subvert the Constitution. But the difference between the Tories and Whigs of that day was that the former believed in all the frightful consequences conjured up by their excited passions; the latter disbelieved them altogether, and resolved to stake their reputation on the experiment and put the peril to the proof. How many of these tremendous vaticinations have been fulfilled? How many of these disastrous consequences have actually ensued? It may safely be said *not one:* but, on the contrary, every one of these predictions has proved entirely false and groundless; and it must now be conceded, even by those who most vehemently opposed and obstructed these proposals, that they have brought about results the most opposite to those erroneously ascribed to them—that they have strengthened the monarchy; augmented the authority and ability of the House of Commons; preserved to the House of Lords an undisputed influence; rendered the Church of England more popular, more pure, and more respected; cured the chronic sedition of the lower orders which not unfrequently broke out in agrarian riots and in city mobs; enormously increased by free-trade the industry, the wealth, and the revenue of the nation; and augmented the union and mutual confidence of all classes in society. How would it have been with England if the same opposition to Reform which had retained an unbroken ascendency from 1785 to 1825 were still paramount? Does any one now suppose that the institutions of the country could have borne such a strain as would then have been put upon them? Does any one doubt that the danger of revolution lay not in just and timely concessions to the progressive spirit of the age, but in rash resistance to it?

'Indeed, it may be said that every measure which effaces a blot in our institutions, which deprives popular discontent of a topic of just complaint, and remedies an obvious and offensive grievance, tends to confirm the attachment of the people to their government, and is thus a conservative measure.

'"There are," said Lord Palmerston, in his great speech of 1850, "revolutionists of two kinds in the world. In the first place, there are "those violent, hot-headed, and unthinking men, who fly to arms, "who overthrow established governments, and who recklessly, without "regard to consequences, and without measuring difficulties and com- "paring strength, deluge their country with blood, and draw down "the greatest calamities on their fellow-countrymen. These are the "revolutionists of one class. But there are revolutionists of another "kind—blind-minded men who, animated by antiquated prejudices, "and daunted by ignorant apprehensions, dam up the current of "human improvement, until the irresistible pressure of accumulated "discontent breaks down the opposing barriers, and overthrows and "levels to the earth those very institutions which a timely application "of renovating means would have rendered strong and lasting." Such were the renovating means which, applied between 1830 and 1850, have restored to our institutions a strength which was about to decay.' (*Introduction*, p. lviii.)

It was not for want of firmness or energy that the Duke of Wellington and his Cabinet (the last genuine Tory Cabinet which has governed England) had brought the country, in the autumn of 1830, to the most perilous crisis in our recent history. All authority was shaken. A war of classes had begun. The old policy of repression was worn out, even in the hands of its most vigorous defenders. And, as Lord Russell expresses it:—

'The political party which for sixty years had swayed, with very brief intervals, the destinies of the State; which had led the nation to the American and the French wars; which had resisted all reform and protected all abuse; which had maintained all that was bigoted and persecuted all that was liberal—broke down under this great failure.

'The light now burst in; after the general election the Ministry was defeated, and Lord Grey, the new Prime Minister, proclaimed the advent of peace, retrenchment, and reform.' (*Introduction*, p. xxi.)

We have dwelt the more on these topics, which are naturally suggested by Lord Russell's observations and experience, because we have seen of late with surprise some disposition even on the Liberal side of the House of Commons to revive this ancient cry of alarm—'Spread of democracy'—'Overthrow of the Constitution'—'Ruin of the country.' The old common chord into which Sir Charles Wetherall's variations and dissonances were wont to resolve themselves, has been struck in the present Session by men immeasurably superior to Sir Charles Wetherall in intellect and in judgment. When politicians gifted with the acuteness and the knowledge

of Mr. Lowe and Mr. Horsman direct their criticism against a crude and imperfect measure of Reform, we listen to them with interest, and we derive advantage from their arguments. But when they appeal to fears and prejudices, which may be roused alike by every form of change, however salutary—when they confound the just and politic extension of the suffrage with the incursions of an uncontrollable democratic power—when they read us lessons borrowed from America and Australia, countries whose social condition is even more unlike our own than their political institutions—we question not only the force of their reasoning, but the wisdom of their policy. In considering the past services and the future designs of the Liberal party, it would be absurd to conceal—it is unjust to deny—their essentially conservative character. Those who sought to preserve the venerable fabric of the Constitution from the sacrilegious hands of the architect and the mason, were, in truth, much less judicious and prudent statesmen than those who repaired the structure, enlarged its foundations, and raised its towers. In his excellent work on the Constitutional History of the past century, Mr. Erskine May observes, with equal force and truth, that the great changes in our laws and policy, which have been the legislative fruits of extended liberty, have not been effected in the spirit of democracy; but that, on the contrary, the Constitution, having worked out the aims and promoted the just interests of society, has *gained upon democracy*.* We believe it is so. If there ever existed in this country what could fitly be termed a revolutionary party, it has been disarmed by the wise and timely reform of abuses. Those who looked to radical and organic changes in the fabric of the Constitution, as the only means of effecting the redress of intolerable grievances, have learned by the experience of the last thirty years that they have no such pretext for their demands. And to those demands, the steady and gradual progress of Reform is the best answer. It is therefore inconsistent, not only with policy, but with the very theory of our government, to draw a frightful and alarming picture of the consequences of change.

The true principles of the Constitution may be stated in two words—Ponderation and Development. As the nation grows in knowledge, intelligence, and wealth, we hope to see an increasing number of our fellow-citizens exercising a share of political power, and adding the force of their will and their interests to the will and interests of the electoral body. Far from

* May, vol. ii. p. 620.

entertaining any apprehension of, or aversion to, that popular influence, combined with the influence of all other classes in the country, we are satisfied that the danger lies not in the admission, but in the exclusion, of that important element. For whilst a fuller representation of the popular class incorporates it more closely with the Parliament of the realm, and directs its force in the normal lines of government, the forces which are excluded from this common action are more easily directed against it, and may at critical conjunctures be roused into dangerous hostility. This principle of development, which we owe to the genius of the unwritten Constitution of England, mainly distinguishes our political system from that which has been erected or attempted with inferior success by other nations. Charters and contracts are apt to grow old; few of them have survived for half a century without a forcible disruption caused by an alteration in the state of things or of opinion. In England, the omnipotence of Parliament and the entire freedom of discussion have the effect of adjusting the provisions of the Constitution to the wants of the time. Our political edifice is at once the oldest and the newest in the world—the oldest, because its foundations are coeval with our existence as a nation; the newest, because every year adds or adapts some portion of it to the progress of knowledge. It may be said to be the more complete, because it is never finished, and we look forward to the labours of the future with as much confidence as we feel in the results of the past.

It is true, that one of the conditions of this systematic development of our liberties is, that the new should not be based upon the destruction of the old, and that in extending power to another class, we should not wrest it from those classes which have previously enjoyed it, and have certainly not forfeited it by selfishness or incompetence. When we consider the difficulty of this problem, we see no reason to regret that the progress of Reform has not, of late years, been quite as rapid as the more eager advocates of a liberal policy may desire. If legislation advances as rapidly as political knowledge, there is no reason to deplore the result: and as the discussion of these questions is never suspended for a single day, no day passes without adding something to the work. The debates of Parliament on any particular Bill bear but a small proportion to that great debate constantly going on out of doors, in which every man who can frame a speech or wield a pen, or even take part in an ale-house argument, may, if he pleases, engage. These are the means by which the effects of legislative measures are calculated, foreseen, and adjusted; these are the

tests applied to crude or uncertain propositions: and when public opinion is sufficiently enlightened to pronounce itself with certainty, it is idle to suppose that any obstacle can long retard the legislative adoption of the change.

The present state of opinions in the Liberal party, both in Parliament and in the country, affords a striking proof of the benefits of this cautious mode of proceeding. It is far more essential that measures of permanent importance should be matured by argument and inquiry, than that they should be precipitately carried. The result of this searching process has not always been favourable to the ultimate adoption of changes which were at one time confidently regarded as measures of progress. The Ballot, for example, is one of the points on which the convictions of the Liberal party have fluctuated, and, of late years, receded; and perhaps the same may be said of the proposal to extend the electoral body by a simple reduction of the franchise based on house-tenancy. The true test to apply to the mechanism of representation, and the improvements to be made in it, is to ask whether they really tend in the direction of freedom and of good government. It does not follow, that by throwing a mask of secresy over the act of voting, the elector will exercise that duty with greater purity, honesty, and independence; and it is certain, that behind the impenetrable screen of the ballot-box, the abuses which might creep in would be far more difficult of detection and punishment, than they are when every man bears the public responsibility of his vote. Before we accede to the proposal to reduce the borough franchise to a six-pound qualification, we should be glad to know more accurately than we do at present, what the relations of the new constituency will be to the old one; whether the numerical addition to the electoral class would be in a fair proportion to the classes already represented, or whether it would absorb them altogether; and whether the present state of political knowledge and intelligence in this powerful reinforcement is such that it will not lend its support to exploded errors, and undo a portion of the work already completed. These are topics still anxiously discussed by the most devoted adherents of the Liberal cause, and by the keenest intellects which have directed their powers of analysis to the subject. Mr. Mill, Mr. Hare, Lord Grey, Dr. Temple, Mr. Buxton, and many others have taken part in the discussion, with at least as much effect as such politicians as Mr. Bright and Mr. Baines. It is one of the most favourable symptoms of the present time that the discussion of the question of Parliamentary Reform is carried on with more zeal in the closet of

the philosopher and the statesman, than in the heated atmosphere of political agitation. The great truths of political economy which have incalculably promoted the welfare of the nation—which placed the currency on a sound basis, checked pauperism, and struck off the shackles of protection—have all been worked out in the same manner. The cause of the successful operation of the important changes brought about in almost every branch of our administration within this century is, that they rest on a scientific basis: they are not so much triumphs of party as triumphs of truth; and they owe even more to the wisdom in which they were conceived than to the vigour with which they were executed. It is a rash assumption that true freedom always finds its most approved defenders in the multitude, or that the greatest triumphs of a liberal policy have always originated with the masses. On the contrary, history demonstrates that prejudices, intolerance, and even despotic power, never hold their ground so firmly as when they are rooted in popular delusions; and that the progress in the art of government, of which we boast, is the work of intelligent minorities, working gradually by argument and persuasion, until they have leavened the mass. The indiscriminate admission of the uneducated classes to the franchise would be quite as likely to strengthen the hands of the opponents of enlightened improvement, as to direct the powers of government to nobler and higher ends.

If these views are just, it is no cause of reproach to the Government that they have not sought to give immediate effect to conclusions not yet definitively arrived at, and to decide by the weight of ministerial authority questions of policy on which the opinion of the country is not yet determined. The individuals who form the Cabinet have, of course, like all other men engaged in public affairs, their opinion on these questions. Those opinions are favourable to Reform and to a large extension of the suffrage. In accordance with those opinions they have given their votes. But when they are called upon to decide whether the time for action, as a Government, is come, and whether it is their duty to advise the Crown to sanction, and Parliament to adopt, a scheme for the modification of the electoral system, they are bound to take into consideration the opportunity of the measure, the prospects of success, the state of public opinion, and the effect of a new Reform Bill on the whole state of the nation. Twice within the last twelve years the Whig party, coming into office under a distinct pledge to present a measure of Reform, has redeemed that pledge by producing the Bills of 1854 and 1860. Even the

Tory administration of 1859, led astray by a puerile desire to disguise themselves in the dress of their opponents, imitated their example, and proposed a measure which, however imperfect, was an admission fatal to the plea of finality. The failure of these schemes was a demonstrative proof that at the time they were brought forward Parliament and the country had not made up their minds on the subject. That fact alone explains the extraordinary result, that although both the great parties and almost all the leading statesmen on both sides were committed to an extension of the franchise, no such Bill was passed. The Government, which had a pledge to redeem, was much more in earnest than the majority of its supporters in the House of Commons; and the Liberal members of the House of Commons, who had also given a pledge to their constituents, were more in earnest than their constituents themselves. We say then that it rests, not with the administration, nor with members of Parliament, to determine the future and immediate progress of the Reform movement, but with the people of England; and this, which is true at all times, is especially true on the eve of a general election, when that people, exercising a direct and not a delegated authority, bound by no pledges, and in the free exercise of their own convictions, will pronounce to which side in this controversy their judgment inclines. The declaration made by Sir George Grey, on the 7th of May, in the name of the Cabinet, was therefore a wise, honest, and opportune declaration. He avowed that the Government would not consider itself bound by anything that had occurred in the late Parliament to an unqualified support of the six-pound franchise as the crucial test and *sine quâ non* of Reform; and he further stated that the Government would enter into no engagement to produce a fresh scheme of Reform in the new Parliament, until the opinion of the country, now about to be taken at the general election, should be ascertained. To accuse the Government or the Liberal party of having broken faith on this subject of Reform, is therefore simply an abuse of terms. No Government can bind itself to do more than the House of Commons will consent to do; no House of Commons can bind itself to a course of future action independent of argument and of events. It rests with the country to judge; and if the people of England think that these Bills have not been urged forward with sufficient vigour, the remedy is in their own hands.

On one point of his thoughtful and memorable speech we are entirely agreed with Mr. Lowe. We deprecate what he termed the *fatalistic* argument of the progress of democracy,

as if the future policy of the nation had already been decided upon by the fates and destinies, and nothing remained for us but to ratify their decree. Whatever we do, let us do it freely, not as the slaves or victims of some occult power which we are too feeble or pusillanimous to resist, but as the masters of circumstances and lords of our own institutions. It is true that in foreign countries, on the continent of Europe, in America, and in our own colonies, the progress of democracy is rapid and unchecked—unless it be checked by arbitrary power. The reason is evident. In those countries freedom knows no other form. There are no other materials of popular government. The struggle lies between the Executive Government, with its centralised authority and its military force, and the popular masses who may be summoned to the ballot-box. It is in the social rather than in the political constitution of England that the difference lies—it is in the preponderance in this country of the wealthy and educated classes, but these classes are open and accessible to every man who has the industry to acquire a competency and the wit to cultivate his intelligence. And until the social organisation of this country is overthrown — until the independent vigour of its civil existence in every county, borough, and parish throughout the realm, is annihilated—until the traditions and habits of every class and every family are materially changed—we deny that the extension of the franchise to a body of men who do not yet possess it would necessarily democratise the country. No doubt, there exists in the true Radical and democratic party a certain class of persons, of which Mr. Bright is the most conspicuous type, who desire, by changing the conditions of property and by restricting the liberty we now enjoy, to level the ranks of society. But we believe their numbers to be small and their influence limited. The proof is that they seek to conceal and to disavow the ulterior tendency of their doctrines, and they have never gained the ear of the country. They know well enough that the most fatal charge to be brought against a measure of Reform in England is that of being revolutionary in its effects, and that no party would purchase an apparent extension of political freedom at the price of a social catastrophe, in which, judging by the experience of other nations, freedom herself might be doomed for a time to perish.

Mr. Mill has laid it down dogmatically that ‘ *as the time will* ‘ *certainly arrive* when the only choice will be between plural ‘ voting and equal universal suffrage, whoever does not desire ‘ the last cannot too soon begin to reconcile himself to the

'former.'* We entirely deny the truth and reason of such an argument. As well might Mr. Mill say that as the time will certainly arrive when property will be transferred from the possessing to the non-possessing classes, the sooner we reconcile ourselves to the theory of communism the better. Men have still greater incitements to wrest property from those who hold it than to wrest votes. The property and the votes are defended by law. These rights are sanctioned not merely by the advantages they may confer on those who possess them, but by the advantages they secure to the whole nation. The destruction of the security of property would be quite as injurious to those who do not possess it as to those who have it: in like manner the transfer of political power from the educated to the uneducated classes would be followed by consequences not only not beneficial to them, but highly injurious. We see no reason whatever to apprehend the occurrence of such a catastrophe, unless reason, truth, and experience are to be overpowered by brute force; and when that happens, it is idle to talk of the mechanism of government—the result is anarchy, and the remedy most commonly applied to anarchy is absolute government. If it be assumed that there exists in the country some force capable of applying an irresistible pressure to our existing institutions, and of sweeping away the barriers of the franchise, what reason have we to imagine that the peculiar and highly artificial barrier of a plurality of votes would resist this pressure, when everything else has given way before it?

There is yet another cause which renders the unlimited extension of the suffrage dangerous to liberty. The franchise is not an element of freedom, but an instrument of oppression, when it is held by a numerical majority ill prepared to exercise it with independence, and easily influenced, as in France, by the patronage of the State, or, as in England, by the corrupting influence of wealth and local power. The Tories at the time of the Reform Bill fought the battle of the lowest class of electors, the freemen, well knowing that they were the most venal and unscrupulous portion of the constituencies; and with the existing character and habits of the English people, it is impossible that a large extension of the suffrage should take place without including a considerable number of persons who would value their vote by what they could get for it. In France, where electoral corruption was almost unknown before 1848, it is now rapidly increasing. Every true friend of liberty in France deplores the fatal consequences of universal

* Mill on 'Representative Government,' p. 170.

suffrage, which has not only become the mainstay of Imperialism, but has incurably infected and demoralised the great bulk of the electors insomuch that the independent class can be outvoted by the venal and dependent.* Hitherto, there is no page in English history which acknowledges or sanctions the doctrine of a franchise founded on an *à priori* conception of the rights of man. That theory is in truth the proper basis of a democratical republic and not of a limited monarchy. Our Constitution, with whatever merit it may possess, rests on a totally different principle. Let us have the courage to avow the institutions under which this country has flourished for centuries, and not to disguise them in a foreign dress. To borrow the words of Lord Russell in describing the Reform Bill of 1832:—

'There were evidently two modes in which Reform might be approached. The one was to consider the right of voting as a personal privilege possessed by every man of sound mind, and of years of discretion, as an inherent inalienable right, belonging to him as a member of a free country. According to this theory, the votes of the whole male adult population form the only basis of legitimate government.

'Other political writers and eminent statesmen, while of opinion that a free and full representation of the people forms a necessary condition of free government, acknowledge no personal right of voting as inalienable and essential. They consider that the purpose to be attained is good government; the freedom of the people within the State, and their security from without; and that the best mode of attaining these ends is the problem to be solved.

'It seemed to me that these last reasoners were in the right.' (*Introduction*, p. xxxi.)

The demand for Parliamentary Reform, which has made itself heard at intervals for the last century, assumes at different times a very different character. The Reform Bill of Lord Chatham, and that of his son in 1784, were avowedly directed against the immoderate influence of the Crown, then justly considered by the Whigs to be the danger that threatened the Constitution. The Reform Bills of 1831 and 1832 were mainly directed against the abuse of rotten boroughs; the preponderating influence of the class into whose hands

* Among the curious problems likely to arise out of the revolution now occurring in America is that of the *negro suffrage*. Once concede to negroes the rights of humanity, and it is argued that you cannot, on American principles, refuse their votes. But what would be the result of entrusting political power to men who are but one step removed from slavery? Obviously, their votes will become an instrument in the hands of others.

these boroughs had fallen, and the monstrous refusal of a due representation to many of the principal towns in the kingdom. But it was no part of the original design of the authors of that measure to create new classes of constituents or materially to displace the electoral franchise. On the contrary, the enormous disproportion between the 10*l.* borough franchise and the 50*l.* county franchise was retained expressly for the purpose of marking the distinction between the classes of borough and county voters—of borough and county members. Another period has passed away, and distinctions which appeared reasonable in 1832 may be thought unreasonable now: but we deprecate the attempt to convert this into a question of classes. A member of Parliament is sent to the House of Commons not by one class, but by men of different ranks and classes of one opinion; and when there he sits and votes, not as the representative of a class, but of all classes in one nation.

This doctrine of class hostility appears to us to have failed, whether it has been put forward by those who sought to profit by it, or by those who used it to excite terror and a spirit of resistance to Reform. In our judgment both are equally false and mischievous, and both are equally remote from the true views and policy of the English people. When, therefore, we are exhorted in vehement language to withstand the torrent of democracy, we ask with some surprise and uncertainty, in which direction the torrent is flowing. It may be as necessary to withstand the backwater of the stream, as to oppose its downward course. But, in fact, the opposition which has for a time suspended the progress of Reform has arisen much less from the determination of its direct antagonists than from the altered position of its advocates. The eminent men to whom we have already adverted—Mr. Mill, Mr. Hare, Mr. Greg, Lord Grey, the late Mr. John Austin in his admirable 'Plea 'for the Constitution,'—are all Liberals in opinion—some of them are Democrats, and we might include Mr. Holyoake himself in the number. Yet these writers all say with Mr. Mill, 'No lover of improvement can desire that the *predo-* '*minant* power should be turned over to persons in the mental 'and moral condition of the English working-classes; and no 'Conservative needs object to making the franchise accessible 'to those classes at the price of a moderate degree of useful 'and honourable exertion.'*

The following passages from the second edition of Earl Grey's 'Essay on Parliamentary Government' state the same objection with great force and clearness:—

* Mill, 'Thoughts on Parliamentary Reform,' 1859.

'It is a question therefore deserving the most serious consideration, whether the transfer of supreme political power to the numerical majority of the people (to which the passing of such a measure would manifestly tend) would be likely to promote the welfare and happiness of the nation. For my own part, I regard it as not in the slightest degree inconsistent with a firm attachment to free institutions and to popular liberty, to express my conviction that such a change in the character of our government would be one of the greatest misfortunes that could befall the country. I believe that it would prove injurious to all classes of society, and perhaps to none more than to that which might seem at first to be the most direct gainer by it.' (*Earl Grey*, p. 156.)

'But even if the experiment had never been tried, we should surely have little right to expect that placing supreme power in the hands of the numerical majority of the population, and carefully removing every obstacle to the accomplishment of their will so soon as it is pronounced, would conduce to such a wise administration of a nation's affairs as would be calculated to advance its welfare. In every country the working classes must largely outnumber all the other classes of the community united; and from the mere fact of almost their whole time being occupied by their daily labour, it is impossible that labouring men should in general be equally well instructed with those who have greater advantages of fortune. Hence, if the conduct of the Government is to be determined by the pleasure of the numerical majority of the population, it follows that the policy of the Nation will be directed by those who, being the least enlightened, are the least competent to form a sound judgment as to what that policy ought to be. We might also have inferred beforehand, that if unchecked power were given to the majority of the People, there would not only be danger of error from want of knowledge, but that the multitude would be exposed to the still greater danger of being led astray by men who would have an interest in deceiving them and in flattering their passions.' (*Earl Grey*, p. 185.)

We have read with great interest Mr. Holyoake's able letter to Joseph Cowan, junior, entitled 'The Liberal Situation: Necessity for a Qualified Franchise;' and although we differ from some of his principles, and we regret the tone of irritation discoverable in some parts of it, the writer appears to us to state his case with great fairness and candour. We cannot accept the dictum of Major Cartwright, adopted by Mr. Holyoake, that 'all not having the right of suffrage are *slaves*,' and that a vast majority of the people of Great Britain are 'slaves,' for the simple reason that slavery means a *forced* condition, from which a man cannot relieve himself. But the conditions of the borough suffrage in England are not so high, but that any man of ordinary industry and intelligence may surmount them by his own exertions. We wish to see

these conditions rendered still more accessible to industry and intelligence, and equalised throughout the country, but to call a man a slave merely because he has not yet acquired rights, which it is open to him to obtain, is a misuse of the term. We also regret that Mr. Holyoake should employ such expressions as that 'all hope in Parliament has long been over. . . . 'It may be imprudent, it may be disastrous, to think of vio-'lence, but that is a mere question of policy. The necessity 'of resorting to some form of force, moral or physical, is un-'questionable' (p. 35). Such intimations are extremely injurious to the popular cause, and we believe that Mr. Holyoake would himself admit that the only force which can produce lasting and beneficial results is the force of reasoning and of justice. For there is much in other portions of this remarkable production which shows that the writer is by no means averse to moderate measures. He denounces the programme of the Manchester Reform Union, which 'runs in the old, 'tiresome, tame, wearying, struggling, discouraging Radical 'rut; proposes a suffrage without guarantee for its qualified 'action, and gives the working-class the numerical majority' (p. 32); and he adopts as valuable suggestions Lord Grey's scheme for giving representatives to the working-classes by means of guilds, and Mr. Mill's scheme of 'plural voting,' apparently on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread.

Considerations such as these, proceeding from men whose attachment to freedom and progress cannot be called in question, and who write not from prejudice or interest but from reason, have undoubtedly contributed to modify the zeal of the great Liberal party for a change based exclusively on a reduction of the property qualification to a nominal amount. We say a nominal amount, because if the occupation of a dwelling at less than two shillings per week is to confer the right of voting, and to be admitted as a test of capacity, it is hard to say on what ground any portion of the working-classes domiciled in a borough is to be excluded. The same argument has had its weight, not on philosophers and members of Parliament alone, but on the existing constituencies; for a little reflection may suffice to persuade them that the proposal to extend the franchise to the classes beneath them, which increase in numbers exactly as they decrease in wealth and education, is practically to surrender it to classes numerically more powerful than themselves, and to allow the power they now possess to be absorbed by others. For as Mr. Mill has well observed, the power of voting implies not only a right to control the power of govern-

ment over him who votes, but a right to control that power over the interests of the whole community. It must therefore be admitted, that a measure designed to reform the representation of the nation by a simple reduction of the franchise is suspected to be a mere transfer of power to the hands of those who individually contribute least to the taxation of the country, and who are least qualified by education to augment the stock of knowledge. Such a measure is therefore at any rate unjust, and might be dangerous. The question of the redistribution of seats necessarily excites similar reflections on the part of those who would be called upon to sacrifice their representatives. Whatever may be thought of the equity or policy of leaving some of the larger towns unrepresented while Calne and Bodmin send members to the House of Commons, it is not in human nature that Calne and Bodmin should commit suicide or desire their own representatives to offer them up upon the national altar.

To meet these objections various ingenious expedients have been suggested. Of these the least objectionable is perhaps the 'cumulative vote' proposed by Mr. James Marshall and approved by Lord Grey, by which each voter should be at liberty to dispose of as many votes as there are members to be returned, either by dividing them, as at present, among the candidates, or by giving them all to one candidate of his choice. Mr. Hare and Mr. Mill go further. They recommend a system of 'plurality of votes,' by which the several classes of society should exercise a power proportional to their station in life and their education, so that an artisan would have twice as many votes as a labourer, a tradesman twice as many as an artisan, and a member of the liberal professions or of the higher classes a still higher proportion. Of all the schemes proposed, this appears to us the most mischievous and impracticable. For, if it were adopted, the voter in the humbler classes of society would be degraded to become the fraction of a man, and the election might be carried by a minority of electors disposing of a fictitious majority of votes. Suppose the popular candidate in a borough to be supported by a thousand voters, each polling one vote. Suppose the Conservative candidate to be supported by five hundred of the upper classes, having on an average three votes apiece. The latter would be returned by a majority of 500 over his opponent, although the actual number of his supporters would be 500 less. Can anything be conceived more insulting to the defeated party—more inconsistent with that spirit of equality which makes every English freeholder or ten-pound householder, on the day of election, hold his head as high

as the wealthiest or wisest magnate in the land? It seems to us that such a provision would place in the most odious and invidious shape the adventitious distinctions of property and station, and that it is better to leave a man without any vote at all, until he has earned it by thrift and industry, rather than to degrade the most numerous class of voters by making them feel that they are no more than the small change of society. Numbers are not always a safe test of political judgment; but it is the height of imprudence to appeal to numbers, to excite their political passions, to bring them into the lists, and then to suppose that they will submit to be emasculated by an artificial contrivance. Equality is not the basis of the English Constitution, and is not, as in France, the ruling passion of the people; but to establish a system of palpable privilege and inequality, for the avowed purpose of reducing the most numerous class of voters to a position of inferiority in the exercise of the franchise conferred upon them, is an experiment which would not be tried twice upon the citizens of a free country.

The distinctions of rank and power most acutely felt by men are not those which exist between themselves and the classes to which they do not belong, but distinctions introduced into their own class. A man may submit willingly to be without the franchise, knowing that it rests with himself to acquire it, and that when he does acquire it, he will be invested with the full rights and privileges of an elector. Propose to him a half or a third of the franchise of his wealthier neighbour, and he will spurn terms which would degrade him in the electoral body. It is singular that this scheme should proceed from men whose sympathies are strongly democratic, and who regard equality as an essential condition of modern society; for in England no one ever before proposed so aristocratic a distinction, since it would plant inequality in the heart of the populace itself, and reduce electors who have hitherto voted on a footing of perfect parity, to an inferior condition. What would be the force of such restrictions? how long could they be maintained? As well might you bring one hundred men into the field against fifty, upon a stipulation that the larger number should equalise the contest by using *but one of their arms.* You acknowledge, *ex hypothesi,* that the class of small voters is so large and powerful that you are afraid it will submerge all the other classes of society, if they meet on equal terms; but you conceive that the minority can dictate terms of inequality to the majority, by which this disproportion of forces will be adjusted. How long will the majority consent

to be held in tutelage by such a device? How long will it consent to be outvoted by the artificial means you have adopted for the express purpose of robbing the franchise of its true power? Just as long as the strong man consents not to use his strength, or the skilful man not to put forth his skill. The game of politics and the fierce contention for power are not to be balanced, like the game of billiards, by giving a few points of the score from the stronger to the weaker party. Where the strength lies, there the power will be; and it is an extravagant delusion to suppose that conditions imposed by the weaker side, in defence of their own weakness, can be permanently binding on those who choose to cast them off. Perhaps it is this last consideration which induces Mr. Holyoake to declare himself in favour of Mr. Mill's proposal: otherwise we should be at a loss to conceive on what principle a writer so jealous of the rights of the people and so sensitive to their exclusion from political power, could consent to see their power diluted to so unequal a strength.*

We entirely agree with the judgment Lord Russell passes on these singular expedients, and we are confident that no such schemes will ever be adopted by a British House of Commons:—

'The theory of Mr. Mill, that every man ought to have a vote, but a vote weighed according to a sort of handicap, seems to me visionary in the extreme. I cannot perceive, should it be once admitted in principle that in order to form a free government it is necessary that every man should have a vote, that it is practicable, or possible, to put every man's vote into a balance; to count a merchant or a banker for more voices than a baker or a grocer, and still less, how it is possible to gauge the intellect of labourers or artisans of superior talent or knowledge, and enter them as weighing more than a fundholder or a merchant, a landholder or a great capitalist, whose mind has not been cultivated, or whose talents have never been very bright. For besides the interminable disputes, the never-ending jealousies, the appeal of a wise baker against a foolish banker, the doubt and suspicion thrown upon the integrity of the examiners, who in fact decide the election between the Liberal and Conservative candidate —is there, after all, any reason to say that a man who knows the

* Mr. Holyoake argues with a plausible ingenuity that this sort of inequality already exists in our constituencies, since the suffrage of a voter in Thetford has thirty-two times the power of a voter in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and an elector in Portarlington has 289 votes more than an elector of the Tower Hamlets. But these electors are *not opposed to each* other, or reduced to the same denominator. *In each constituency* every vote is equal. Here lies the fallacy of this argument.

higher mathematics, who can calculate compound interest, who is wonderful in his knowledge of geography, is a better elector of a member for the county than the man who goes to market every Saturday, or is at the covert side every Monday morning? After all, were not the distinctions made by our ancestors, that a man who has a freehold of 40*s.* a year, shall vote for the county, and a man who pays scot and lot shall vote for the borough, and those who have not these qualifications shall not vote—were not these distinctions much more simple, much less invidious, much more attainable by industry and thrift, and after all quite as philosophical a basis of representation as the metaphysical categories of modern times?' (*Introduction*, p. xxxii.)

It is a remarkable proof of the interest taken by Parliament in the rights and welfare of those classes which are not directly represented in it, that this very question of Reform, the most important question of the day, chiefly concerns those unrepresented classes, and not the classes by which the House of Commons is now returned. The latter have already their votes. They have little to gain by granting the same privilege to others. Their share of power will be diminished rather than increased by extending it to far more numerous bodies of voters. Yet already the interests of the classes now unrepresented do so far preponderate over the present interests of the electoral body, that one of the main objects of the Liberal section of electors throughout the country is to obtain the franchise for the classes below themselves. No doubt they expect to derive an indirect advantage from the reduction of the franchise by giving greater strength to the popular party; but we are by no means satisfied that this will always be the result. If the contest lay between the people and the Crown, or the people and the aristocracy, no doubt all classes of the people might be supposed to have a common interest. But the questions likely to be fought with eagerness in our time are those which will arise between the employers and the employed, between the capitalist and the workman, between the middle class and the classes beneath it. There is already in the middle trading class a very strong apprehension, that the same power and organisation which now manifests itself in Strikes and Unions might exercise a very formidable control over the industry of the country, if it were invested with political authority. In the rural districts the extension of the suffrage would have an opposite effect. It would bring to the poll the classes least eager for novelty and least conversant with political theories. Mr. Disraeli has more than once pointed out to his followers that an extension of the suffrage amongst the more dependent classes implies an extension of

influence among their landlords; and the use made of universal suffrage in France proves that a state of things may occur in which the votes of an uneducated peasantry serve chiefly to give a broad basis to absolute power. Mr. Holyoake says in his letter entitled 'The Liberal Situation' (p. 33), 'I 'know towns where ardent Reformers are themselves afraid 'of an unqualified suffrage. Good Radicals, the most tho- 'rough of their class, have said to me, "There is a mob in '"our town [there is in every town] ignorant, selfish, venal, '"and reckless of principle: had they all votes, our present '"Liberal members would be unseated at the next general '"election. They would vote against those who seek to '"raise them." This is a general feeling in Liberal bo- 'roughs.' So that however low the franchise may be carried, there is a conviction on the part of the more intelligent of the electors, that the power they are seeking to extend *might* be used by the ignorant and the profligate to outvote them. Mr. Holyoake complains of rights held on *sufferance*; but what would such a state of things be, but to hold all the advantages of good government and liberal principles on the sufferance of those who are most liable to be turned against them by false opinions or by corrupt influence?

For ourselves we remain perfectly faithful to the principles and opinions which we have expressed on various occasions on this subject.* We believe, to quote from our own pages, that, in our present state of society, the 1,045,000 registered electors of Great Britain do not adequately represent the population of twenty millions of their fellow-countrymen. We desire to obtain the representation, not of numbers merely, but of classes, in a fair and beneficent proportion. We have to devise some franchise which shall give to the working-classes such a share of electoral power, as may enable their influence to be felt and heard, but not to predominate. We are entirely satisfied that the maintenance of the arbitrary distinction and enormous difference between the 10*l.* borough voter and the 50*l.* qualification of house and land beyond the borough boundary is unjust and indefensible. Its consequences have been repeatedly exposed—for instance, a man on one side of a street may have a vote in virtue of a tenement which would convey none whatever to his opposite neighbour. The small county voter is practically disfranchised in favour of the holder of a larger landed occupation. Yet the small county voter has, it seems

* See especially articles on Reform in this journal for January 1852, October 1853, and July 1857.

to us, quite as good a claim to vote as the borough voter with a similar qualification. It is no answer to that claim that the exercise of the right would affect the influence of the county families.*

With regard to the borough franchise, the difficulty arises much more from the pledges given by many members of the Liberal party, when the subject was less clearly understood, than from any inherent difficulty in it. Never having advocated the principle of representation based on the extension of numbers, without reference to capacity and independence, we have nothing to recant, and we are firmly convinced that the true interests of free government and of the Liberal party itself are far more concerned in just and wise measures for the improvement of constituencies than in a wholesale and precipitate augmentation of them. We deny, in the first place, that it is either just or wise to confer indiscriminately the right of voting on every man who happens to come within the broad limits of a low pecuniary qualification. Franchises so conferred are comparatively little valued, and are easily prostituted to corrupt purposes. One of the greatest evils of our present system is that very large numbers of those who possess, or might possess, the franchise, do not care to exercise or to obtain it. The practice of compounding for rates, which is a voluntary practice, has the effect of taking the voter's name off the register and consequently disfranchising him.

---

* Lord Brougham, one of the surviving authors of the Reform Bill of 1832, expressed himself with great force on this subject in his speech on Parliamentary Reform, delivered as late as August 1857. He said, 'I regard the maintenance of that distinction in-'violate as absolutely necessary to the Constitution of this country,' because the equalisation of the county franchise would virtually transfer an immense numerical majority from the rural population to the voters registered in small county towns. Mr. John Austin also held ('Plea for the Constitution,' p. 26) that 'any reform of the 'present representative system, which suppressed the aristocratical 'influence of the county constituencies, would be followed, ulti-'mately, but not immediately, by the virtual suppression of our 'present parliamentary constitution.' We must take leave to doubt these conclusions. An anomaly is kept up in order to preserve an imaginary distinction; and as for the county-town voters, they are in fact as much allied to the agricultural interest by their respective trades as the tenant farmer is by his occupation of land. Perhaps but few Englishmen know, or recollect, that the county franchise in Ireland descends to a 12*l.* franchise, and we observe that Lord Russell suggests in the last edition of his Essay, that this provision might fairly be extended to the rest of the United Kingdom.

From a note to the returns published by Government, and quoted by Mr. Holyoake, it appears that in Birmingham alone there are upwards of 7,000 male occupiers of 10*l.* houses who compound with their landlords for their rates, and who prefer losing their votes to becoming personally liable to such rates. Yet it is evident that these persons could enfranchise themselves without any real pecuniary sacrifice whatever. In the colony of Victoria, where universal suffrage prevails, the law now requires that every elector should pay a shilling fee on registration, and be registered in the district he resides at: this simple provision has sufficed to induce about one quarter of the constituencies to disfranchise themselves. The abuses of the class of freemen and scot-and-lot voters, which led to their disfranchisement by the Reform Bill of 1832, had arisen from the existence of these rights in a very low class of citizens, incapable of a satisfactory exercise of them: though, in point of fact, the existence of those franchises proves that the representation of the working-classes, even to the humblest rank, is an ancient and essential element in the Constitution.

The introduction of a uniform 10*l.* qualification in boroughs was one of the peculiar provisions of the Reform Bill. Mr. Molesworth, one of the recent historians of that measure, enumerates all the qualifications which existed before 1832—householders, householders paying scot and lot, inhabitants, burgesses, capital burgesses, baggage-holders, freeholders, freemen, potwallopers, and payers of poor's rates, and many more.* No doubt these qualifications had given birth to a very corrupt and degenerate class of electors in many boroughs, and it was desirable to sweep them away. For this reason we cannot agree with Mr. Gladstone in the regret which he lately

* The City of London was exempted at the time of the Reform Bill from the operation of the disfranchising clauses of the Act. This great Metropolitan Constituency, therefore, still consists of two classes of voters. 1. The Liverymen of the City Companies residing within seven miles of Guildhall, and as the freemen of the trading companies usually rise by seniority to the Livery, these include the upper rank of all the trades of the city. The freemen of the Watermen's Company, having, as we are informed, no liverymen, all retain votes. The number of liverymen and freemen having votes in the City is 5,534. 2. The 10*l.* householders to the number of 11,921. As, however, 2,029 electors belong to both classes, the actual number of voters is 15,426. The liverymen, therefore, form more than one third of the constituency. This remarkable example of the retention of the suffrage by the old guilds appears to us to deserve great consideration.

expressed at Chester at the extinction of these voters. But we are by no means satisfied that the present uniformity of system is just or beneficial, and we see no reason why other franchises should not be introduced, based either on the ownership of property in the borough, or on personal qualifications of apprenticeship or employment.

Little value could be attached to the right of voting conferred by the accident of birth, marriage, or settlement, but we should desire to afford to every man the utmost facility of obtaining the franchise by the exercise of a moderate amount of self-control, industry, and intelligence. It may be mischievous to lower the franchise so as to include the whole labouring classes, but it cannot be otherwise than beneficial to raise a portion of the labouring class to the franchise; and this would not be the only instance in our constitutional legislation in which a portion acts for, and represents, the whole of a class. It is neither wise nor necessary to throw open to the populace the door of the Legislature, but it is equally unwise to refuse admission to any man who has a reasonable claim to it, and who will make some effort to obtain it. In point of fact, that is almost the case already. A moderate amount of prudence might enable any good workman to save enough to purchase a 40*s.* freehold or to occupy a 10*l.* dwelling-house; and these facilities tend continually to increase. The pecuniary qualification fixed thirty-three years ago is already considerably modified by the change in the value of money. Wages have augmented, rents have risen; already the ten-pound householder is about equal to the eight-pound householder of 1832, and in a few years more we have no doubt that, by the natural progress of wealth and the influx of gold, the nominal qualification of 10*l.* will let in as large a class of electors as a 6*l.* franchise of half a century back. At the present time a 40*s.* freehold is a nominal value; but at the time it first appears in our history it was a small landed estate. Far from regretting these changes, we think them highly satisfactory and desirable, because they supply, by a natural process, that gradual increase and growth which is one of the conditions of health and vitality.

There is another change of a totally different nature, to which we can only cursorily advert at this moment, but which would, in our judgment, tend more than any other to raise and purify the House of Commons—we mean the transfer of the private business from Parliamentary Committees to an independent and impartial tribunal. The mode in which Private Bills are now carried through Parliament appears to us to

be unsatisfactory as regards the undertakings they are designed to promote; to exercise a corrupt influence on the electoral and representative bodies; and seriously to affect the political constitution of the country by the enormous and increasing number and power of persons whose chief claim to sit in Parliament is their connexion with Joint Stock Companies. It is not impossible that these Companies may, in modern society, make their influence felt as much as the influence of the Crown or the aristocracy was felt in former times, and it is not too soon to take precautions against it.

It can hardly be asserted, except by those who desire to bring about organic changes in the Constitution and in English society, that the work of good government, of practical reform, and especially of measures designed to ameliorate the condition of the working-classes, has been arrested by the failure of the attempts hitherto made to remodel the electoral system. In 1831 the Reform of the House of Commons was an indispensable preliminary to the removal of a thousand abuses, and to the inauguration of that grand system of liberal policy which has in the last thirty years renovated and invigorated every branch of our legislation and our government. That work being done, it is absolutely impossible that changes equally important and equally beneficial should be the result of another electoral change. Those who are in vigorous health need not the alterative system which can alone prolong the sick man's existence. And we say with confidence that the Constitution of the country is in vigorous health. There never was, in any land or any age, a nation more successfully or harmoniously governed—enjoying a larger amount of freedom—advancing more rapidly in knowledge, wealth, and power—or more eager to seek out and apply a remedy to every form of evil which is remediable, than England under the sway of Queen Victoria. Her Majesty had the good fortune to ascend the throne at the very time when the great tempest of the preceding reign was abating, and when the nation could look hopefully for the fruits of those vehement struggles. She gave her confidence, without the slightest hesitation or reserve, to the Ministers who had successfully weathered that great crisis; and although, some years afterwards, the other great party in the State, laying claim to a more conservative policy, rose to power under the leadership of a great statesman, it soon appeared that the principles of Reform had won over even their opponents, and that Sir Robert Peel himself was intent on showing that he too could apply them to the commercial policy of the country, to finance, and to the interests

of the humbler classes of society. So that it may with truth be said, that during the whole of this beneficent reign, the chief contention of parties has been as to which of them could best promote the welfare of the greatest number. Therefore, as a renowned foreign statesman remarked not long ago, in speaking of our condition, 'England presents the singular spectacle 'of a country which is not only well governed, but which 'believes itself to be well governed.' Rarer even than the possession of that great blessing is the disposition to acknowledge that we possess it.

It would be tedious to recapitulate the long series of measures to which these results are due; and on a recent occasion we showed that the 'Five-year-old Parliament,' which is now completing its sixth Session, has not been behind any of its predecessors in adopting laws of practical utility. The remarks we published last October on this subject have since been reprinted with considerable additions in another form, to which we may refer our readers. But no one page in this memorable history tells a more impressive lesson than that of our finances. The whole current of legislation, for the last twenty-five years especially, has been to remove or reduce the taxes which pressed most heavily on the industry, the wants, or even the luxuries of the people; and to substitute for them burdens more direct, and in some cases more onerous on property. Members of the House of Commons may unquestionably lay claim to one proof of their fidelity to popular interests: in every instance where choice was possible, they have not hesitated to reduce the taxation which bore most heavily on the masses, even though it was necessary to impose additional burdens on the classes by which they are elected, or to which they belong. Never was there an assembly less actuated by class interests, or more ready to place in the first rank the interests of the most numerous and least favoured portion of society.

Let us go back ten years, although if our survey embraced a longer period we should find that the same principles have been constantly at work. The progress of financial reductions was violently interrupted by the exigencies of the Crimean War, and the expenditure of the country rose from 51 millions in 1854 to 65 millions in 1855, and to 88 millions in 1856, and 75 millions in 1857. In these years nearly 15 millions of war taxes were imposed on the country. With the return of peace in 1856 the reductions commenced; and they may be traced in the following table:—

REDUCTIONS.*

	£
1856. Customs . .	3,475
Malt War Tax . .	2,200,000
	2,203,475
1857. Customs . . .	1,628,582
Property and Income	9,125,000
	10,753,582
1858. Property and Income Tax . .	2,100,000
1859. Customs (repealed)	981,250
1860. Customs (reduced)	1,895,681
Hops and other Taxes	245,000
	3,085,931
1861. Customs . . .	279,558
Paper-duty . .	1,350,000
Income Tax . .	1,060,000
	2,689,558
1862. Customs and Excise	348,671
Hop Duty and Stamps . . .	5,000
	353,671
1863. Customs . . .	1,896,319
Income Tax . .	2,750,000
	4,646,319
1864. Customs (sugar) .	1,744,384
Excise, Stamps, Insurance . . .	312,000
Income Tax . .	1,230.000
	3,286,384
1865. Customs (tea) . .	1,868,000
Half-year's Income Tax	650,000
Insurance . . .	260,000
	3,778,000

By far the largest portion of the duties repealed or reduced, were duties which pressed upon the industry of the country, or upon the wants or luxuries of the working-classes. The duty on tea has gradually come down from 2*s.* to 6*d.* per pound. The duty on sugar from 1*l.* to 12*s.* 10*d.* per cwt. The duty on hops has been repealed. The duties on foreign wines and spirits have been reduced until wine may, and we hope will, become an article of habitual consumption to a much larger class of the people. Meanwhile the revenue itself has not materially decreased, and exceeds the large expenditures of the country. Provision has been made for the public service by the maintenance of the Property Tax and the imposition of the Succession Duty—imposts which have become permanent charges on the property of the country, because the Ministry and the House of Commons preferred to perpetuate those burdens, rather than to interrupt the course of reductions by which the whole nation, and more especially the poorer classes, are largely benefited. Yet we have by no means reached the end of these reductions. On the contrary, with every reason to hope that peace will be preserved, and that the costly reconstruction of the navy and the erection of fortifications will soon have reached a point at which we may rest in safety and await the further progress of the military

* In some of these years additional taxes were imposed in other branches of the revenue. In 1858 to the amount of 456,780*l.*; in 1859, of 577,904*l.*; in 1860, of 2,680,904*l.*; in 1862, of 252,500*l.* But the amount of reduction exceeds the amount of addition by about ***fourteen millions.***

sciences, we hope that the public expenditure may be brought down to a sum approaching that which sufficed to our wants before the Crimean War. It is not generally known that the total amount of the Civil List and the civil charges of all kinds for the government of this country barely exceeds ten millions, or about one-seventh of the revenue of the kingdom—a sum which contrasts very favourably with the expenditure of several foreign States. If it were not for the interest of the debt, amounting to twenty-six millions, and the cost of the forces, amounting to the same sum, we might boast that no country was ever governed at a less expense, in proportion to its wealth, than the United Kingdom now is. Every other State in Europe, in spite of a long period of almost unbroken peace and great prosperity, has stretched taxation to its last point, and accumulated year by year increasing debt. England alone has reduced her debt by eighteen millions in the last few years, and relieved the nation from a vast amount of taxation.

The progress of Parliamentary Reform has been checked, not so much by the resistance of the Tory Opposition—for Mr. Disraeli's Bill of 1859 did in fact surrender the key of the position he had undertaken to defend—as by the want of uniformity and agreement among the Liberal members of the House of Commons as to the shape the new Reform Bill should assume. Of this the country and the advocates of Reform may be certain—whenever the Liberal party is united, and resolved as one man to carry a Reform Bill, the Bill will be carried. But that time is not come yet, and until it does come, it may be not unfairly argued that the preparation of the measure is incomplete. Men of the confident and adventurous stamp of Mr. W. Forster, whom we respect for the honesty and vigour of their principles more than for their judgment and their wisdom, tell us that a Liberal Government ceases to be a Liberal Government if it fails after the next election to bring forward a comprehensive measure of Reform at all risks and hazards; and in the event of their being too weak to carry it, Mr. Forster thinks that Ministers ought to throw up their offices, and consign the whole management of public affairs to their opponents, until the Reform impulse has reached the point required to bring them back again. In short, to use an old and humorous illustration, they would burn down the house to singe a pig. Mr. Holyoake, who cannot be accused of Whig predilections, has too much sense to be imposed upon by this nonsense. He denounces 'the immoral indifference towards the return of the 'Tories to power,' and declares that if the next election gives us a strong Tory Government (as he seems to anticipate, with

very little reason), 'the people will soon find out the difference 'then. The right thing is to vote for Reformers only who 'can be relied upon, and take measures to secure the choice of 'those likely to keep their word. The difference between a 'Whig and a Tory is very clear:—The Tory will rob you of a 'pound and give you a shilling back, in a patronising way; the 'Whig will rob you equally and won't give you even a shilling 'back, but he will give you the means of earning two for your-'self. The Whig, stingy as he is, is greatly to be preferred. 'He promotes self-help and self-respect. The Tory represents 'the comfortable principle of authority and the graciousness of 'patronage—the Whig troublesomeness of reason and the 'harshness of self-exertion; the Tory sufferance and submis-'sion—the Whig independence and progress.' Although this advice is not conveyed in terms which are complimentary or even just to the party to which we belong, we very much prefer it to Mr. Forster's insidious recommendation—that if the Government should fail to bring forward a comprehensive scheme of Reform after the general election, and to carry it out, they should 'not be supported'!

Other members of the Whig party, not less sincerely attached to liberal principles than Mr. Forster and even Mr. Bright, and not less anxious to extend and ameliorate the suffrage, are nevertheless convinced that it would be utterly inconsistent with public duty to break up Her Majesty's Government, and transfer every department in the State to other hands, solely because the existing electoral body may not think fit to arm Ministers with power to alter the basis of the Constitution. On the one hand it is said, a Liberal Administration which does not carry a Reform Bill is a farce and a sham—we had rather be without such a Liberal Government, and throw power back into the hands of the Tories, than submit to be governed by men who have disappointed our expectations in this particular. On the other hand it may be answered, that these vehement partisans are ready to sacrifice the very objects for which they exist as a party, and to occasion what we cannot but regard as a very serious evil. in the hope of bringing about by reaction a less certain good. Is it wise or patriotic—is it consistent with duty or with principle—to wrest the conduct of the affairs of this Empire from the hands of men who have conducted them with signal success, merely to urge on a question which the country, as a whole, has not yet decided? Let these gentlemen allow us to tell them, especially on the eve of a general election, that they are practically the worst enemies of Parliamentary Reform, because

they cause it to be associated with ideas extremely unwelcome to large classes of reflecting men in this country. No man has done half as much service to what is called 'Conservative reaction,' as Mr. Bright, with his American principles and his revolutionary passions; just as, on the other hand, the extravagant language of the old Tories, in 1832, greatly increased the intensity of the Reform movement. Happily these intemperate agitators, to whichever side they belong, generally do much more harm than good to the cause they advocate.

We are perfectly satisfied that the vast majority of the people of England desire to see Lord Palmerston prolong to the uttermost his venerable and glorious career. They would be ill pleased to transfer the conduct of our foreign affairs, seldom more delicate than at the present time, to hands less experienced than those of Lord Russell. What Tory financier is to receive from Mr. Gladstone that mystic scrip and wand of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, with which he at least has known how to work marvels of taxation, and to raise a revenue of exceeding magnitude by means which press each year more lightly on the community? It would be invidious to contrast with names such as these the names and antecedents of the men whom Lord Derby might again be driven, by a cruel necessity, to force into their places. But the question we have to ask is, whether Liberal politicians and Liberal voters can, with any show of reason or consistency, withdraw their support from the good old cause, or, what is worse, divide the supporters of that cause, solely on the ground that although satisfied with the conduct of Government in the performance of all its ordinary duties, all this goes for nothing as long as Ministers refuse to pledge themselves to an organic measure, without knowing by what means it is to be carried. If the information we receive is correct, nothing could be more fatal to the true Liberal interests of the country than the belief that Ministers were resolved to force on measures for which the country is not prepared. Mr. Disraeli, indeed, with that happy recklessness of assertion which characterizes his eloquence, has represented to his constituents that the Constitution in Church and State has only been saved by the vigour of the Tory Opposition in the last six years from the constant attacks directed against it. If serious attacks on the Constitution were made or contemplated at the present time, no one would be better pleased than Mr. Disraeli, for nothing would be more likely to secure to him the majority he is in search of. But the reverse is the case. The people of England have long found out that the Constitu-

tion is a great deal safer in the hands of those who seek to defend it by improvement rather than by obstruction; but they are also disinclined, in the present temper of the country, to great or abrupt changes. We, who are Whigs, but not Radicals—firmly attached to Liberal principles, but not disposed to adopt violent methods of giving effect to them—are not ashamed to confess that we look to the electors of England to express their will in the new House of Commons, more than to the cry of those who are not yet invested with the franchise; and to the tried leaders of the Liberal party, rather than to its less influential members, to guide and determine its future policy.

It would be an exaggeration, in the present prosperous and peaceful state of the country, to apply the term Crisis to the dissolution of Parliament and the renewal of the national representation which is about to take place. But though it is not a Crisis, it may justly be described as an Epoch, of more than common solemnity and importance. The Parliament, whose existence may now be counted by hours, is one of those (more numerous than is commonly supposed) which have very nearly completed the full term of its legal existence.* Elected in 1859 under the influence of Lord Derby's administration, and destined to put to the proof the delusive hopes of the Tory party by immediately ejecting that administration from office, it has nevertheless been singularly free from fierce party contentions. The Opposition has for the most part acquiesced in Mr. Disraeli's doctrine of non-resistance, feeling, no doubt,

---

* Since the passing of the Septennial Act, the following are the longest Parliaments:—

		y.	m.	d.
Geo. I.	1715–1721	5	11	21
Geo. II.	1727–1734	6	4	21
„	1734–1741	6	10	15
„	1741–1747	5	11	24
„	1747–1754	6	7	26
„	1754–1761	6	9	20
Geo. III.	1761–1768	6	9	22
„	1768–1774	6	4	21
„	1774–1780	5	9	0
„	1784–1790	6	0	25
„	1790–1796	5	11	3
Geo. IV.	1820–1826	6	1	9
Victoria	1841–1847	5	11	6

The writs of the Parliament elected in 1859 were returnable on the 31st May of that year; consequently the actual duration of the Parliament will be about 6 years and 5 weeks.

that (to use his highly-coloured but incorrect language) 'who 'may be the Ministers of the Queen *are* the accidents of history;' and that if the policy pursued was not to their taste, they had not the power to change it. The majority of 13 which threw out Lord Derby in 1860, had risen in 1864 to a majority of 18 in favour of Lord Palmerston upon the great party vote of last Session. The Ministry, undisturbed by any great internal agitations, has followed an even, prosperous, and successful course. It has had to deal with questions of the utmost difficulty and novelty both at home and abroad, arising out of the American war; it has cemented our good understanding with France by a Treaty of Commerce, whose effects have silenced the cavilling of its opponents and surpessad the expectations of its friends; it has maintained peace and improved our amicable relations with all countries; it has aided in the consolidation of the independence of Italy; and it has placed our affairs in China and Japan on an honourable and, we believe, a safe footing. To these marks of its wisdom and influence abroad, may be added the signs of progress and good government at home, in the abundance of our financial resources, the improved state of the national defences, the judicious relief of the cotton famine, and the general content of the people. The severest blows the Administration has had to sustain have been dealt, not by its political opponents, but by the hand of death: losses such as those of Sir George Cornewall Lewis, of Sidney Herbert, and of the late Duke of Newcastle, are irreparable in the places they already filled; how much more irreparable in the places they might one day have occupied!

The lapse of years since the last election cannot fail to lead to considerable changes in the persons of our representatives. Many of them are retiring from public life, and it is highly desirable that men of the younger generation, who have risen to manhood or to social importance in the last six years, should largely recruit the ranks of the House of Commons. It is to them we must look for the future government of the country, and with the utmost respect for those veterans whose 'heroic' achievements have filled the annals of England for the last half-century, we have no wish to see the elder generation of statesmen preponderate in the Cabinet or in the House of Commons. On the contrary, we hold it to be essential that Parliament should mainly consist of men in the full vigour of life and in direct sympathy with the opinions and habits of the time. The most immediate consequence of the approaching election is, that we shall see on the benches of the next House of Commons the men to whom the interests of the

country are likely to be intrusted for the next twenty years. We therefore earnestly hope that many young men of talent and character—although they must necessarily be untried men in the political sense—will be returned; and from what we know of the younger generation, we are persuaded that it is not deficient in worthy aspirants to the highest honours in the State, to whom nothing is wanting but the opportunity to earn them.

It is certain, in the course of public affairs and of human life, that a Government whose term of office is already long, and whose most conspicuous members are advanced in years, must at no very distant period undergo some modification. Indeed, the vitality of its principles and the vigour of its action depend, in some degree, on the renewal of its composition. The country looks to the new Parliament to supply that renovating power. We see no reason to doubt that the same Liberal principles which have long triumphed, almost without dispute, in the councils of the nation, will derive a fresh sanction from the constituencies. We utterly disbelieve that the electoral body is prepared to repudiate the Government to which the country owes six years of prosperous administration. But that is not all—the country must also supply by the election of able and energetic men the statesmen who are to prolong the existence of that administration and to extend its action.

This, then, is emphatically the Parliament of the Future. To this Assembly the nation is about to intrust the control of its policy and its affairs for a term of years. It is one of the wisest provisions of the Constitution that at stated intervals the existing Parliament, whether it be serviceable or not, shall be transmuted; and the most serious objection to the Septennial Act is that towards the close of so lengthened a period, a certain languor begins to creep over that popular Assembly —the House of Commons—which is to our political frame what the heart is to the body. It is time this languor should cease. Easy times are apt to make careless statesmen, and a contract of mutual insurance between the Ministry and the House of Commons for the prolongation of their respective existences may be made at the expense of the country. In government, as in every other pursuit of life or industry, the soil must be turned and the plant renewed:—

> 'Vidi lecta diu et multo spectata labore
> Degenerare tamen, ni vis humana quotannis
> Maxuma quæque manu legeret.'

The new Parliament is to give us Ministers, when those who now hold the helm of affairs cease to guide it with so firm a

grasp; it is to give us a majority capable of supporting a vigorous and active government; it is to give a voice and a will to those measures which public opinion, fecundated by the press, expects the time to bring forth. The duty of the country is to return that Parliament, passing judgment indeed on the previous conduct of its representatives, but far more interested in their future proceedings.

Can it then be supposed that, after thirty years of the successful application of the principles of Reform, the electors of Great Britain, conscious of all they owe to those principles and resolved to preserve those results, will take the supreme power from the hands of the men by whom these marvellous changes have been wrought, in order to place it in the hands of those by whom all changes were strenuously opposed, as long as opposition was possible? The Tory party has indeed sought to repudiate the stubborn unprogressive creed of the Toryism of the last generation; but whilst the Tories have become more progressive in spite of their opinions and by the sacrifice of their consistency, the Whigs have triumphed by their opinions and by the gradual development of their original theory of government. What part have the Tories borne in the peaceful and prolific revolutions of this century? They resisted Catholic emancipation; they resisted Reform; they resisted even Railroads and Penny Postage; they sacrificed the most eminent of their statesmen to their insane revenge, because he preferred the interests of the country to the creed of his party; they have chosen for their leader in the House of Commons a man who has no other claim to their allegiance than that he made himself the organ of their hatred; and down to the latest hours of the expiring Parliament, Mr. Henley's resistance to the most important social measure of this Session — the Union Chargeability Bill—proves how little their temper is changed. The very last act of the Tory majority in the House of Lords was to prove, by throwing out the Roman Catholic Oaths Bill, that the intolerance and timidity of their political creed still render them the irreconcileable enemies of complete religious freedom. In Opposition, as well as in power, great measures may be produced, new and original opinions may be started and discussed, the public interest may be served. Yet, in this Parliament, what measure has any Tory statesman given to the country? Lord Robert Montagu has made a meritorious effort to improve the drainage of our towns, and Sir Fitzroy Kelly has made an abortive attempt to repeal the Malt Tax. But, with the fewest possible exceptions, the whole policy of the Oppo-

sition has been passive, inert, sterile. Mr. Disraeli has never added a single useful enactment to the statute book. The only merit he himself claims in his Address is to have saved the Church and rescued the State when no one attacked them; the only institution of the country he can pretend to have protected is a system of Church-rates so inefficient that it has ceased to operate as a rating power and that it contributes nothing to Church extension. The sum of the Tory manifesto is an appeal to apprehensions of imaginary dangers, and a total silence as to the real dangers to which a Tory policy would expose the country.

We say, on the contrary, that there is nothing so dangerous as to stand still—nothing so dangerous as to bury the talent of the Constitution in a napkin, as if it were some palladium of stone, which these men worship, and not a living acting power—nothing so dangerous as to pledge the Government of England to the maintenance of abuses, when the time is come for the removal of them. The policy of the Whig party is to guide that movement and to give effect by gradual and well-considered measures to the just desires of the country at large. The question for the country to decide is, which of these courses it prefers, what are the measures it adopts, and by whom those measures can best be framed and carried? The moment is come when the nation is called upon to answer these questions. We cannot doubt its answer, but it behoves every man who feels the momentous consequences of that answer, to throw the weight of his vote and influence on the side of an enlightened Parliament and a liberal Administration.

No. CCL. will be published in October.

THE

EDINBURGH REVIEW,

OCTOBER, 1865.

No. CCL.

ART. I. — *Extracts of the Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry from the year* 1783 *to* 1852. Edited by Lady THERESA LEWIS. 3 vols. London: 1865.

IN the autumn of 1788, Horace Walpole (afterwards Earl of Orford), then in the seventy-first year of his age and the height of his fastidiousness, was invited to meet a family, consisting of a father and two daughters, who had recently returned from the Continent with a high reputation for social graces and accomplishments. 'The first night I met them,' (he writes to Lady Ossory,) 'I would not be acquainted with them, having 'heard so much in their praise that I concluded they would be 'all pretension. The second time, in a very small company, I 'sat next to Mary, and found her an angel, both inside and out. 'Now, I do not know which I like best, except Mary's face, 'which is formed for a sentimental novel, but it is ten times fitter 'for a fifty times better thing—genteel comedy.' These young ladies were Mary and Agnes Berry, who formed the chief solace and interest of the remaining years of his life. They speedily became his neighbours at Twickenham, where he kept up a constant intercourse with them, and during their frequent absence in town or at country-houses, his letters succeeded each other with such unprecedented rapidity that an overtasked postmaster cried out. Although always writing with the fear of ridicule before his eyes, and almost ostentatiously parading his consciousness of being a septuagenarian adorer, he is prodigal of the most endearing epithets. They are his wives, children, loves, friends. 'If two negatives make an 'affirmative, why may not two ridicules compose one piece 'of sense? and, therefore, as I am in love with you both, I 'trust it is a proof of the goodsense of your devoted.'

Mary, however, was in reality the object of his preference; and it is tolerably clear that he wished to marry her, rather with a view to the advantages she would enjoy as a widow, than from the hope or wish of binding her more closely to him by the tender obligations of a wife. Indeed, there is a tradition, handed down by Lord Lansdowne, that he was ready to go through the formal ceremony of marriage with either sister, to make sure of their society and confer rank and fortune on the family; as he had the power of charging the Orford estate with a jointure of 2000*l.* a year.

On his death in 1797, he bequeathed Little Strawberry Hill to the Miss Berrys, and a box marked O, containing manuscripts, to Mr. Berry and his daughters, with directions that Mr. Berry should undertake the care of a new edition of his works with the addition of the papers contained in the box; thus, as she felt and stated, making Mary his editor, 'without 'the necessary publicity attached to the name.' This association with his name and memory, no mean title to celebrity, would have constituted an excellent introduction in most European capitals, had these ladies needed one. But their social position was rather recognised and confirmed than strengthened by him. Go where they would, they seemed to have a natural affinity and attraction for the most cultivated and refined society of the place. Mary, especially, the loadstone of the house, seldom failed to draw into their circle the persons best worth knowing, as well as the celebrities,—the hero, the orator, the author, the artist, the wit, the beauty of the hour; and this was done spontaneously as it were, and without an effort, by the quiet influence of purely personal qualities, by ready sympathy, frank appreciation, sense, varied information, and simplicity. It was they who sought her, not she them. The Iron Duke grows talkative when accidentally seated by her at a dinner-table; Lord Byron lays himself out to please her; Joanna Baillie is grateful for her critical approval; Canova approaches her with the strongest expressions of affection and esteem; the Princess of Wales (Queen Caroline) tries hard for the cover of her respectability; Sydney Smith looks over one of her proposed publications, and Mackintosh another; Madame Recamier eagerly solicits her friendship; and Madame de Stäel, after some preliminary coquetting and caprice, declares that 'she had loved her the best, and thought her *by* '*far* the cleverest woman in England.'

Her correspondents, besides Lord Orford, comprise Playfair, Gell, the late Earl of Dudley, Joanna Baillie, Canova, Madame de Staël, the Hon. Mrs. Damer (the sculptor), the

Hon. Keppel Craven, the late Duke of Devonshire, Queen Caroline, Lady Charlotte Lindsay, Lally Tollendal, Lord Jeffrey, Edward Everett, the late Countess of Morley, the Countess of Gifford (Lady Dufferin), and a host of others who had been in the way of seeing things worth telling and possessed the happy art of telling them effectively. The resulting value of the Journal and Letters now first published is not overstated by the editor:

'From the age of seventeen or eighteen to that of nearly ninety, Miss Berry and her sister Agnes (one year younger than herself) lived constantly in society both at home and abroad: they had seen Marie Antoinette in all her pride and beauty, and they lived to regret the fall of Louis-Philippe, for whose prudence and abilities Miss Berry had for many years conceived a high respect, and with whom she was personally acquainted. Born in the third year after the accession of George III., she lived to be privately presented to Queen Victoria a few months before her death.

'In her early youth she gained the respect of her elders, and was well known to have engaged the devoted affection of one already far in the decline of life; in her own old age the loved and admired of the fastidious Horace Walpole won the hearts of the grandchildren and great-grandchildren of the friends of her youth, and will be affectionately remembered by some who still lingered in childhood at the time of her death.'

'The great age to which Miss Berry lived has given almost an historical interest to many trifling incidents in her journals; and changes and improvements, that steal imperceptibly on, in manners, in morals, in refinement, in general convenience, and in opinions, become more defined and more interesting, when brought before the rising generation by the notes and journals of one who, born above one hundred years ago, was so lately moving amongst the living in the full enjoyment of every faculty. They are as the stepping-stones that help us to remount the stream of Time, down which we often drift too fast to mark the ever-varying scenes which accompany our passage, or the objects which unconsciously determine its course.'

Miss Berry was unconsciously recommending her own literary remains by anticipation when, in justifying the fondness of the French for private letters and memoirs, she remarks, 'So 'entirely do time and distance hallow and render interesting 'minute details that, after a certain period, history becomes 'more or less valuable as it presents more or less lively pictures, 'not only of events, but of their effects on the minds and man-'ners of cotemporaries.'

She bequeathed all her papers to the late Sir Frankland Lewis, and informed Lady Theresa Lewis that she had done so, adding that, in case of his death and of his not having had time to deal with them she wished Lady Theresa to take charge of

them. The high estimate formed by Miss Berry of Lady Theresa's 'Lives from the Clarendon Gallery' is supposed to have led to the expression of this wish; but her practised discrimination must have been unaccountably at fault, if, independently of this undeniable proof of the required knowledge and ability, she had failed to foresee what her posthumous reputation was likely to gain from the guardianship of a lady whose cast of mind, habits of thought, range of reading, social relations, and intellectual tastes agree in so many points, the most honourable and the most distinctive, with her own.

The amount of anxious toil obviously bestowed on this compilation proves that the task of editorship was undertaken with no common sense of responsibility. The materials have been carefully selected from the contents of two large trunks filled to the brim; and although we were somewhat startled at the first sight of three bulky octavos, mostly made up of journal, we should be puzzled to say how the work could be materially abridged without marring its declared purpose or detracting from its utility. It comprises two-thirds of a century; it deals more or less with three or four generations; and there is hardly a letter or an entry that does not throw light on some pre-existing state of manners, morals, or opinion; on some question of politics, literature, or art; on the look, dress, language and demeanour of some person of historical importance; on the degree of preservation, at a given period, of a famous statue, picture, or building; on the first impression left by books or men whose renown has since become world-wide, or by discoveries which have changed the entire complexion of society. There is no saying beforehand what passing allusion or reflection by such a woman may not afford a pregnant hint to the historian or economist; and we applaud the editor who prefers a place in standard literature to the ephemeral popularity of the circulating library or book club. At the same time, the amateur of what is termed light reading is little to be envied who cannot find amusement in Miss Berry's Journal. We should most of us have esteemed it a privilege to listen to her impressions at the end of a day's sight-seeing or a week's journey over historic ground, after the perusal of a new book by a rising author or an interview with one whose deeds or words have left their mark upon mankind. How, then, can a judicious selection from these self-same impressions prove other than interesting in print?

None but those who have attempted to annotate letters or diaries can form an adequate estimate of the extent of research and amount of application required for the purpose, when, as

in the present instance, the scene is frequently laid abroad and much of the time goes back beyond living memory. Lady Theresa, however, not content with filling up blanks and explaining allusions, has been even over-anxious to save readers the trouble of reference; for surely familiar names that belong to history might be allowed to speak for themselves. Her notes, if occasionally superfluous, are always clear and concise. She has also contributed an Introduction, in which Miss Berry's rank as an author is fairly stated; and a 'Retrospect,' in which her life, character, and social position are summed up with rare impartiality, and with mingled firmness and delicacy of touch.

The clearest and most satisfactory mode of conveying an accurate notion of this publication will be by dealing with it chronologically, and connecting our extracts with the leading events of Miss Berry's life. From some brief autobiographical notes of the early part, it appears that she was born on the 16th March, 1763; that her sister Agnes was born on the 29th May, 1764; that their mother died in 1767; and that, although governesses were provided for them, they were left so much to their own guidance as to be essentially self-educated, except indeed that Mary's extreme precocity (to use her own phrase) enabled her to save Agnes from suffering equally with herself from the want of parental care. She tells us nothing of her father, but that he was the maternal nephew of a Scotch merchant of the name of Ferguson, sprung from a Fifeshire family, who had come up to London in 1709, settled in Austin Friars, and made a very large fortune, which, in default of a direct heir, was to devolve on his sister's sons. The eldest, Robert Berry, was bred up to expect the whole or the bulk of it; and although he adopted the law as his profession, he never thought of following it as a means of livelihood. The small capacity for exertion which he possessed was wasted in literary idling; and he put the copestone to his helpless and dependent condition by marrying one of the penniless daughters of a widow of the ancient name of Seton, who disappointed the old man by not bearing a son.

Under these circumstances, a younger nephew, William, of a more active turn of mind, grew into favour, and long before the uncle's death was openly substituted as the heir.

'That my father (says Miss Berry) should have allowed himself to be thus *choused* out of a great inheritance, by a brother who had not a sentiment or feeling in common with himself, and by an uncle whom he had never offended, and in whose society he continued to spend three days of every week, while his brother was living in ease, indulgence, and luxury at Raith, and only making a yearly

visit of a couple of months to the melancholy residence of Austin Friars,—that the easy temper of my father should have silently acquiesced in all this; that he should not have seen the character, and obviated the conduct, of his brother before it was too late, during all the youth and middle of my life sorely afflicted me.'

Her affliction was natural and excusable, but the claim of a maternal nephew to an acquired fortune is not a matter of hereditary right or primogeniture. Mr. Ferguson chose, as he was fully entitled to choose, the heir whom he thought best qualified to be the head of the family and most likely to continue it in the male line. By her own showing, her father had ample opportunities for conciliating favour, and so far as we can learn from her statement, there was nothing like chousing in the case.

The uncle died in 1781 at the age of ninety-one, leaving Robert Berry a legacy of 10,000*l.*, and making no mention of the daughters. William Berry, who took the name of Ferguson, succeeded under the will to the estate of Raith (which had been sold by the Melville family) and 300,000*l.* in the funds. One of his first acts was to settle a life annuity of 1,000*l.* on his elder brother. This change of circumstances took place when the Miss Berrys were just arrived at womanhood, and the family had previously struggled on as they best might on an allowance of 300*l.* a year, which certainly left small margin for the acquisition of accomplishments, travelling on the Continent, or the cultivation of society. The annuity of 1000*l.* was continued to the daughters after the father's death; but they had no subsequent increase of income except the small bequest of Lord Orford; so that the position they maintained through life was in no respect owing to any marked superiority of birth, fortune, or connexion.

The occurrences of the next three years are condensed into less than two pages, which bring the autobiographical notes to an abrupt conclusion:—

'1781.—I was now eighteen, and began to long to see that world of which I had been picking up all sorts of accounts from much desultory and often improper reading.

'1782.—The first fruit of our enlarged income was spent in a tour to the West of England as far as Plymouth, and we went in July for some weeks' residence at Weymouth.

'1783.—I persuaded my father to give up the house at Chiswick, which we had hitherto inhabited; and after a month or two spent in a lodging in Charles Street, Grosvenor Square (now an hotel), to go abroad. . . .

'In May 1783, we went from Harwich to Rotterdam, where a branch of the Crauford family, into which my uncle had married,

had been always established, and where two unmarried sisters, but little older than ourselves, were now spending the summer with their brother. They received and lodged us on our arrival at Rotterdam in their house on the beautiful terrace shaded with great trees, which forms the principal street in that town. With them we remained about three weeks, and made with them an almost complete tour of Holland; and certainly during my very long after-life I have always looked back to those three weeks as the most enjoyable and most enjoyed of my existence, in which I received the greatest number of new ideas, and felt my mind, my understanding, and my judgment increasing every day, while at the same time my imagination was delighted with the charm of novelty in everything I saw or heard.'

It seems to have escaped Miss Berry that this is the effect produced on almost every Englishman and Englishwoman of imagination and sensibility by their first visit to the Continent. It was the remark of a celebrated traveller that, till he got beyond the confines of Europe, he never could regain or reproduce the rush of fresh sensations which he experienced on first landing at Calais. They proceeded up the Rhine and across Switzerland to Italy, and there Miss Berry took a calm review of her position, subjected herself to a rigid self-examination, and drew up a plan of conduct to which she steadily adhered.

'At Florence was our first stop; and here for the first time I began to feel my situation, and how entirely dependent I was on my own resources for my conduct, respectability, and success. My father, with the odd inherent easiness of his character, had since my mother's death entirely abandoned the world and all his early acquaintance in it, entirely forgetting that on him now depended the success and the happiness of his two motherless daughters. I soon found that I had to lead those who ought to have led me; that I must be a protecting mother, instead of a gay companion, to my sister; and to my father a guide and monitor, instead of finding in him a tutor and protector. Strongly impressed as I was that honour, truth, and virtue were the only roads to happiness, and that the love and consideration of my fellow-creatures, and the society in which I was about to live, depended entirely on my own conduct and exertions, the whole powers of my mind were devoted to doing always what I thought right and knew would be *safe*, without a consideration of what I knew would be agreeable, while I had at the same time the most lively sense of everything that was brilliant and distinguished, and the greatest desire to distinguish myself. Add to this the most painfully quick feelings, and a necessity for the support of some kind sympathising mind, and it is easy to imagine not only how little I could profit by all the advantages nature had given me, but how little I could have enjoyed of the thoughtless gaiety and lightheartedness of youth.'

She kept a journal of this tour, principally devoted to sights

and pictures, and the editor has printed liberal extracts, prefaced by the remark that, 'considering the many changes which 'revolutions, wars, and treaties make in the destination of treasures of art, it seemed, on the whole, desirable to preserve 'extracts at least of this authentic record of the localities and 'condition of different works eighty years ago, for the benefit of 'those who take an interest in such subjects.' Other and more important changes may also be traced with the aid of these extracts. Thus, Liège has certainly changed for the better, morally and materially, since from a mere episcopal capital it has been converted into a great manufacturing emporium:—

'*Saturday*, 28*th* [1783].—Walked about the streets of Liège, which is one of the dirtiest, ugliest, worst-built towns I ever saw. The very palace of the Prince Bishop has not the least air of cleanliness or propriety about it; the streets are crowded with beggars, exhibiting every possible form of wretchedness, and everything bears the appearance of poverty, vice, and misery. Indeed, the many instances of profligacy observable in the city under the government and the residence of a bishop, shock and surprise one. Every priest openly keeps a mistress, and the principal bookseller's shop was filled with nothing but libertine and profligate tales and novels.'

The inhabitants of Chamouni, on the other hand, have lost the air of rural innocence and simplicity which fascinated the traveller in 1783:

'In the afternoon, took a delightful walk in the woods opposite Chamouni. If anything could inspire an unpoetic imagination it would surely be the scenes which surround this delightful valley; and let me add, too, the simple, plain, ingenuous manners of its inhabitants. I am anything but romantic, God knows! and am far from supposing that there anywhere exists a society of men free from the mean passions and frailties incident to human nature; but the inhabitants of Chamouni appear to me more in good fellowship with one another, more charitable and benevolent, and less envious, tricky, and avaricious, than any other society of people that has fallen under my observation.'

She leaves Cologne with the remark that 'it is a remarkably 'ill-paved town, but seems to have some business going on in it;' taking no notice of the Cathedral, from which Lady Theresa Lewis infers that it was not in those days regarded as one of the most indispensable as well as one of the beautiful sights on the Rhine. It was not so regarded for the simple reason that the modern taste, or pretended taste, for Gothic architecture, which received its first impulse from Walpole, was then in its infancy. Miss Berry, moreover, was far from being an excitable or demonstrative observer, and she records many things without a note of wonder which would well justify one.

From the time of her return to England in June 1785, to the commencement of her acquaintance with Walpole in October 1788, there is no journal or other record that throws any light on her engagements or pursuits. There is only this brief memorandum of 1788: 'In the winter made Mr. Walpole's 'acquaintance. Took a house at Twickenham Common. Went 'to Yorkshire, to the Cayleys', at Middleton.' Walpole is much more expansive on the great event of the year; and we cannot omit the passage in his letter to Lady Ossory in which he describes his first impression of the Berrys, although it must be familiar to many of our readers. After detailing a portion of their family history, he proceeds:—

'Mr. Berry has since carried his daughters for two or three years to France and Italy, and they are returned the best-informed and the most perfect creatures I ever saw at their age. They are exceedingly sensible, entirely natural and unaffected, frank, and, being qualified to talk on any subject, nothing is so easy and agreeable as their conversation, nor more apposite than their answers and observations. The eldest, I discovered by chance, understands Latin, and is a perfect Frenchwoman in her language. The younger draws charmingly, and has copied admirably Lady D.'s Gipsies, which I lent, though for the first time of her attempting colours. They are of pleasing figures. Mary, the eldest, sweet, with fine dark eyes, that are very lively when she speaks, with a symmetry of face that is the more interesting from being pale; Agnes, the younger, has an agreeable sensible countenance, hardly to be called handsome, but almost. She is less animated than Mary, but seems, out of deference to her sister, to speak seldomer, for they dote on each other, and Mary is always praising her sister's talents. I must even tell you they dress within the bounds of fashion, though fashionably; but without the excrescences and balconies with which modern hoydens overwhelm and barricade their persons—in short, good sense, information, simplicity, and ease characterise the Berrys. . . . This delightful family comes to me almost every Sunday evening, as our region is too *proclamatory* to play at cards on the seventh day. . . . I forgot to tell you that Mr. Berry is a little merry man, with a round face, and you would not suspect him of so much feeling and attachment.'

Three years and a half later, May 1792, he writes to the same lady:—

'I am indeed much obliged for the transcript of the letter on my "wives." Miss Agnes has a *finesse* in her eyes and countenance that does not propose itself to you, but is very engaging on observation, and has often made itself preferred to her sister, who has the most exactly fine features, and only wants colour to make her face as perfect as her graceful person: indeed, neither has good health, nor the air of it. Miss Mary's eyes are grave, but she is not so

herself: and having much more application than her sister, she converses readily, and with great intelligence on all subjects. Agnes is more reserved, but her compact sense very striking and always to the purpose. In short, they are extraordinary beings, and I am proud of my partiality for them; and since the ridicule can only fall on me, and not on them, I care not a straw for its being said that I am in love with one of them—people shall choose which; it is as much with both as either, and I am infinitely too old to regard the *qu'en dit on.*'

We are not left wholly without means of judging how far Walpole's account of their personal appearance was correct. Lady Theresa's first volume has for frontispiece an engraving from a miniature of Miss Berry, painted by Mrs. Mee for Lord Orford and now in the possession of Frances Countess of Waldegrave: the second, an engraving from a picture of the two sisters playing with a large dog, by Zoffany, in the possession of Colonel Ferguson of Raith; the third, an engraving from a miniature of Miss Berry, painted, it is supposed, for Miss Gore, and now in the possession of Viscountess Palmerston. In both the miniatures the face is decidedly handsome and expressive, but the expression is different—in Lady Waldegrave's, melancholy and thoughtful, in Lady Palmerston's, inquiring and sweet. Zoffany's picture must have been the opposite of flattering, for it represents two rather plain young ladies in the quaint dresses of the time, doing their best to look interesting.

From the very commencement of the acquaintance, Walpole gave all his time and thoughts to them, and immediately set about the collection of anecdotes entitled 'Reminiscences written 'in 1788, for the amusement of Miss Mary and Miss Agnes 'B——y;' first published amongst his posthumous papers, with the motto from Voltaire: '*Il ne faut point d'esprit pour s'occuper* '*des vieux évenemens.*' Could that have been Walpole's honest self-estimate?

If he did not 'care a straw' for the ill-natured rumours to which this intimacy gave rise, Miss Berry was much annoyed by them; especially by one which found its way into the newspapers, attributing the attachment she and her family felt for him to pecuniary motives. Their establishment, rent free, in 'Little Strawberry Hill,' (a small house and garden of his, which he had christened 'Cliveden' from its having been the residence of Kitty Clive,) led to the partial estrangement indicated by the correspondence in October 1791. He writes to Mary:—

'You have hurt me excessively! We had passed a most agreeable evening, and then you poisoned all by one cruel word. I see you are too proud to like to be obliged by me, tho' you see that my

greatest, and the only pleasure I have left, is to make you and y^r^ sister a little happier if I can ; and *now*, when it is a little more in my power, you cross me *in trifles even*, that would compensate for the troubles that are fallen on me. I thought my age would allow me to have a friendship that consisted in nothing but distinguishing merit—you allow the vilest of all tribunals, the newspapers, to decide how short a way friendship may go! Where is your good sense in this conduct? and will you punish me, because what you nor mortal being can prevent, a low anonymous scribler pertly takes a liberty with y^r^ name? I cannot help repeating that you have hurt me.'

She replies immediately :—

'I did not like to show you, nor did I myself feel while with you, *how* much I was hurt by the newspaper. To be long honoured with your friendship and remain unnoticed, I knew was impossible, and laid my account with ; but to have it imagined, implied, or even hinted, that the purest friendship that ever actuated human bosoms should have any possible foundation in, or view to interested motives ; and that we, whose *hereditary neglect* of fortune has deprived us of what might, and ought to have been our own, that we should ever afterwards be supposed to have it in view, or be described in a situation, which must mislead the world both as to our sentiments and our conduct, while our principles they cannot know, and if they could, would not enter into. All this I confess I cannot bear ; not even your society can make up to me for it.'

This cloud blew over, and the attachment went on deepening on his side, till he intimated his wish to make her his wife. It would seem, however, that he never made any formal proposal to her to this effect, nor even communicated with her personally on the subject. Her letter relating to it is addressed to an unnamed friend who had expressed uneasiness on her account. After dwelling on the limited income (700*l.* a year), which was all she and her sister could calculate on after the father's death, and indulging in an honest burst of conscious integrity, she continues—

'You will easily see how all this applies. Besides, although I have no doubt that Lord Orford said to Lady D. every word that she repeated to your brother—for last winter, at the time the C.'s talked about the matter, he went about saying all this and more to everybody that would hear him,—but I always thought it rather to frighten and punish them than seriously wishing it himself. And why should he? when, without the ridicule or the trouble of a marriage, he enjoys almost as much of my society, and every comfort from it, that he could in the nearest connexion? As the willing offering of a grateful and affectionate heart, the time and attentions I bestow upon him have hitherto given me pleasure, Were they to become a duty, and a duty to which the world would attribute

interested motives, they would become irksome. Of the world, its meanness, its total indifference to everything but interest, in some shape or other, be assured you cannot think so badly nor so *truly* as I do. "They best" believe "it who have felt it most."'

If Walpole was not guilty of the folly of expecting her to fall in love with him, he rather hastily overlooked the probability of her falling in love with some one else; and this contingency actually occurred in a manner to give the finishing touch of sensibility to her character. The aim of Mrs. Sullivan's charming story of 'The Old Maid' was to vindicate the sisterhood from the popular suspicion of being the reluctant or involuntary victims of celibacy, the cold or repulsive arbiters of their own destiny; of passing through life, unloving and unloved, from incapacity to inspire or feel the tenderest and most elevating of passions. But there was no necessity for resorting to fiction to repel or palliate the reproach; and Mary Berry is one example amongst a thousand of its crying injustice. She had successively the option of a brilliant and, as she believed, a happy marriage—a marriage of reason and a marriage of affection. She deliberately declined both; the one from delicacy and generosity, the other from self-respect; consulting, in each instance, only her own strong sense of right.

The earliest evidence of her susceptibility is an entry in the journal for 1779:

'1779.—I became acquainted with Mr. Bowman. Suffered as people do at sixteen from a passion which, wisely disapproved of, I resisted and dropped.'

She arrived at the mature age of thirty-three without betraying any fresh entanglement of the heart. It was not till the beginning of 1796 that she contracted a marriage engagement with General O'Hara, although it would appear that he had been for many years an admiring follower of the sisters. Walpole writes to Miss Berry in April, 1791: 'I 'have seen O'Hara with his face as ruddy and black, and his 'teeth as white, as ever, and as fond of you too, and as grieved 'for your fall as anybody—but I.' In February, 1794, to Agnes: 'O'Hara is come to town. You will love him better than 'ever.' A capital sketch of him at a somewhat later period is given by 'Cyril Thornton,' who describes him as the most perfect specimen he ever saw of the soldier and courtier who had fought with Granby and Ligonier—

'One would have sworn to it by his air and look, nay, by the very cut of his coat, the double row of sausage curls that projected on

either flank of his toupee, or the fashion of the huge military boots which rivalled in size, but far outshone in lustre, those of Dutch fisherman or French postilion. Never had he changed for a more modern covering the Kevenhuller hat (an equilateral triangle) that had been the fashion of his youth.'

The portrait is completed by some details which throw light on the engagement and the breach of it. The General had been remarkably handsome. His life had been divided between the court and the camp, and he had earned distinction in both. He had a fine voice, and managed it admirably. 'He was a 'bachelor, and had always been noted as a gay man—too gay a 'man, perhaps, to have ever thought of narrowing his liberty 'by the imposition of the trammels of wedlock. . . . He would 'entertain his guests by the hour with the scandalous tittle-'tattle which had been circulated at court or the club-houses 'some thirty years before, and did more than hint at his own '*bonnes fortunes* among the celebrated beauties.'

It was understood at Gibraltar, where Cyril Thornton (*alias* Captain Hamilton) became acquainted with him, that he had accepted the post of governor and commandant because he had dissipated his fortune, and become deeply involved in his circumstances. He accepted it just about the time of the formation of his engagement with Miss Berry, whether before or after does not appear. All we know is that he quitted England for Gibraltar in November 1796, after proposing an immediate marriage that she might accompany him: a proposal which, according to Lady Theresa Lewis, 'she conceived it her duty 'to decline, out of consideration for others.' It is not stated who these 'others' were, but a wish to spare Walpole's feelings had something to do with her determination; and the self-sacrificing spirit in which she acted was more honourable than prudent under the circumstances. 'In submitting to this absence,' she wrote, 'I think I am doing right. I am sure I am con-'sulting the peace and happiness of those about me, *and not* '*my own*.'

If the maxim, *les absens ont toujours tort*, can be plausibly maintained at all, it must be by pointing to the frequent result of the prolonged separation of an engaged couple. Trifles light as air are exaggerated by distance; little jealousies and disappointments rankle for weeks and months instead of being dissipated in an hour; and if letters can waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole, they cannot waft an explanation across the Atlantic fast enough to soothe a wounded spirit or anticipate a corroding sense of wrong. The General probably went away piqued at not being made the paramount object of her arrange-

ments, at seeing their mutual happiness risked for the sake of others; and she may have felt hurt by the want of confidence implied in this state of feeling on his part. The engagement was broken off in the following April; he died before the expiration of his command, and they never met again. 'After a 'twelvemonth,' she writes towards the close of the year, 'passed 'in the most painful, agitating, and unavoidable suspense, I 'find myself not only totally disappointed in a plan of happiness, 'founded on the most moderate desires, and pursued by the 'most rational means, but obliged to change my opinion of one 'of the characters in the world of which I have ever thought 'the highest.' When, however, some illjudging friends sought to alleviate her regrets by depreciating what she had lost, she indignantly turned upon them:—

'Mrs. L., you say, "observes that my affections have been more "deeply engaged than I was aware of," and Mrs. D. "has repeatedly "intimated the same" to you. Needed you any intimation that my affections *must* have been *deeply* engaged before I resolved, or even thought of marrying? Had I ever chosen to think of making what is called a *prudent* marriage, did you suppose that I, in common with all my sex, might not have done it? Or could you suppose *this* a *prudent* marriage? Did my silence on this subject deceive you? and did you really believe me capable of the *platitude* of talking in raptures, or enlarging on the character and perfections of the man whom I considered as my husband? Now that he no longer stands in that position, it is not *my* having reason to complain of him that shall prevent my doing him justice. I know not where you have taken your reports of his character, but I know that a character "universally highly thought of," is the last I should choose for any intimate connexion, for (except in early youth) nothing but mediocrity can possibly attain it. . . . Instead of not knowing "any "real virtues he possesses," until this unfortunate affair, in which I am still convinced his head and not his heart is to blame, I know nobody whose character united so many manly virtues.'

She sealed up her own and the General's letters, and laid them aside for forty-eight years. She then reopened the packet, and enclosed in it what the editor truly describes as 'the 'touching little record of the disappointed hopes and blighted 'affection that deepened the natural vein of sadness in her 'character.'

'This parcel of letters relates to the six happiest months of my long and insignificant existence, although these six months were accompanied by fatiguing and unavoidable uncertainty, and by the absence of everything that could constitute present enjoyment. But I looked forward to a future existence which I felt, for the first time, would have called out all the powers of my mind and all the warmest

feelings of my heart, and should have been supported by one who, but for the cruel absence which separated us, would never have for a moment doubted that we should have materially contributed to each other's happiness. These prospects served even to pass cheerfully a long winter of delays and uncertainty, by keeping my mind firmly riveted on their accomplishment. A concatenation of unfortunate circumstances—the political state of Europe making absence a necessity, and even frequent communication impossible, letters lost and delayed, all certainty of meeting more difficult, questions unanswered, doubts unsatisfied. All these circumstances combined in the most unlucky manner crushed the fair fabric of my happiness, not at one fell shock, but by the slow mining misery of loss of confidence, of unmerited complaints, of finding by degrees misunderstandings, and the firm rock of mutual confidence crumbling under my feet, while my bosom for long could not banish a hope that all might yet be set right. And so it would, had we ever met for twenty-four hours. But he remained at his government at Gibraltar till his death, in 1802. And I, forty-two years afterwards, on opening these papers which had been sealed up ever since, receive the conviction that some feelings in some minds are indelible.'

When, in enumerating the consolations on which she reckoned in 1796, she spoke of the increased and touching affection of her sister, she little thought that, even in the most peculiarly personal episode of woman's life, their joys and sorrows, their hopes and disappointments, were to be alike. In her diary for 1804, she sets down: 'Col. —— engaged to marry Agnes. 'Engagement broken off in the spring. Agnes dangerously 'ill.' We are not able to fill up the blank with certainty. But it was no secret that, towards the beginning of the century, her eldest cousin, Ferguson, came to town expressly cautioned by his father not to fall in love with either of the Berrys. The warning naturally led to the catastrophe. He fell in love with Agnes; but, for some reason or other, either on account of his father's opposition or her reluctance, his suit ended unsuccessfully. Agnes bore her disappointment better than her sister, although with an added shade of despondency to her character; and a nice observer would have collected from a brief intimacy with either that *l'amour avait passé par là*.

There is a striking passage in Miss Berry's Life of Rachel Lady Russell, which evidently took its rise from her own once elevated and fondly indulged hopes. It is that in which she portrays the blessings enjoyed by a married couple, 'united 'not only in hand and heart, but in principles, in intellect, in 'views, and in disposition: secure of a refuge from the vexa-'tions, the follies, the misunderstandings, and the evils of the 'world, in the arms of each other, and in the inestimable enjoy-

'ments of unlimited confidence and unrestrained intimacy.' The General's character, as sketched by his military admirer, justifies a doubt whether he was capable of realising this *beau idéal* of wedded bliss.

In an equally striking passage of one of her letters (Oct., 1808), she draws a picture of what is commonly called a love-marriage upon a small fortune between ill-assorted persons of weak character:

'I found my old friend and playfellow in a small uncomfortable house, surrounded by a number of ugly, ill-mannered children, and a silly, idle husband. The smallness of their fortune depriving her children of those means of education which she has not in her power to supply, and depriving her husband of those means of expense which can alone hope to conceal and make passable in the world, a character like his. The same smallness of fortune, crowding them inconveniently altogether, makes their manners hardly amiable to each other, and not at all so to their friends.'

She was firm in her general views of this momentous topic, and always strongly recommended marriage to her young friends of both sexes. 'Marriage,' she would say, 'is the high road of 'life: keep the high road;' an argument which has been amusingly amplified by M. Alexandre Dumas *fils* in his clever play, *L'Ami des Femmes*:—

'Le mariage est un de ces moyens de transport dont personne n'a encore trouvé l'équivalent. Quand vous descendez de chemin de fer en pleine campagne, vous montez dans l'omnibus qui attend à la station. On est un peu les uns sur les autres; on est secoué, on fait du mauvais sang, mais on s'y habitue, on s'endort, et on arrive pendant que les autres se fatiguent et se perdent dans les mauvais chemins. *Faites comme tout le monde, prenez l'omnibus.*'

It is clear from an entry in her journal for 1807, that she had informed Walpole of her engagement:—

'After tea, Mr. Greathead, at my request, read to us his translation in verse of Boccaccio's "Lisabetta and her Brothers." I had once heard it before, eleven years ago, at their house in Bryanstone Street, on an evening memorable to me, for it was that on which I had at last relieved my own mind and scruples, by confiding to my second father, to Lord Orford, that in a few months, as I then thought, I was to leave him for a still dearer friend and a nearer connexion; and satisfied with having acted up to the most scrupulous, the most romantic ideas of the duties of friendship, I was indulging myself in all the rational hopes and fair prospects which seemed then to open to my still enthusiastic mind. Alas! alas! all too soon cruelly crushed, and since levelled with the dust.

'But whither am I roaming? from Greathead's tale to my own!'

On May 19, 1796, she writes to Lord Orford:—

'But let me assure you (though I trust you know me too well to doubt it), that whether in or out of spirits, happy or otherwise, every new occurrence of my life only seems to give me fresh instances of your consoling friendship, to increase my confidence in it, and to convince me that I may flatter myself with having inspired *one* sentiment at least as lasting as it is rare.'

She was soon to be deprived of this source of comfort. He died on the 2nd of March, 1797; and during the last weeks of his life 'his mind,' we learn from her, 'became subject to the 'cruel hallucination of supposing himself neglected and aban- 'doned by the only persons to whom his memory clung, and 'whom he always desired to see. In vain they recalled to his 'recollection how recently they had left him, and how short 'had been their absence; it satisfied him for the moment, but 'the same idea recurred as soon as he had lost sight of them.'

Immediately after his death, she gave up all her time to the preparation of the complete edition of his works directed by his will. This edition was published in 1798, in five volumes quarto. The editor's name is kept back.* It neither appears in the title-page, nor is subscribed to the preface; in which, after acknowledging the assistance of a daughter in a manner to lead to the conclusion that it had been limited, he adds: 'The 'reader, it is hoped, will pardon from the heart of a father 'overflowing with affection for a child, who, from her infancy 'to the present moment, has rendered his retired life a scene 'of domestic comfort, this public acknowledgment of the assist- 'ance he has received from her on the present occasion.' In point of fact, the entire edition was her work. It cost her nearly a twelvemonth of unremitting labour, during which she is described as neglecting all her own ordinary pursuits, and never looking into a book that was not in some degree conducive to the undertaking she had in hand.

The apparent incapacity of Mr. Berry, literary idler as he was, for a work of this kind, is a conclusive proof of his comparative insignificance. But the scant notice taken of him in his daughter's circle indicates that he was not a downright incumbrance, like Dr. Mitford on the author of 'Our Village,' or Miss Edgeworth's father, who was so intolerable a bore that Byron proposed a 'Society for the Suppression of Edge- 'worth.' Mr. Berry died in 1817, at Genoa; and thenceforth

* Lady Theresa says (vol. ii. p. 22): 'The edition, published with 'the name of Mr. Berry, was given to the public in 1790.' The date is evidently a misprint, but we know of no edition published with Mr. Berry's name.

we hear no more of him. The tradition is that he was good-humoured, careless, and dull.

This edition did not comprise Walpole's letters to the Berrys; and a certain number of his compositions included in the bequest were advisedly left unpublished. These are now given to the public in the belief that 'the interest attached to 'his pen has much increased, as fresh publications and new 'editions of his letters have made his readers better acquainted 'with his peculiar vein of thought and humour.' This belief is well-founded; and the alleged increase is satisfactorily accounted for by Lord Macaulay, when he owns that 'we may 'expect to see fresh Humes and fresh Burkes before we again 'fall in with that peculiar combination of moral and intellectual 'qualities to which the writings of Walpole owe their extraor-'dinary popularity.' Twenty pages are filled, and not badly filled, with these last gleanings, amongst which are included a clever parody on Addison's Travels, in a letter to Gray; a renewed defence of his treatment of Chatterton; 'Thoughts on 'the Reign of George the Third;' 'Thoughts on Government;' 'A Plan for encouraging Painting;' 'Detached Thoughts;' Letters to Marshal Conway, Mason, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, the Duchesse de Choiseul, &c.; and part of a burnt letter to Sir Horace Mann, containing a sketch of Charles Townshend, on May 8th, 1767, which offers the combined attraction of a capital likeness and a masterpiece in art.

The distinguishing feature of the 'Plan for encouraging 'Painting' is the proposal for taxing all the great public functionaries, including the Episcopal Bench, to form a fund. Thus, the Archbishop of Canterbury would be required to pay 300*l.* a year for pictures to be placed in his palace, or any public collection at his choice; the Archbishop of York, 200*l.*; the Bishops of London, Durham, and Winchester, 250*l.*; and the other bishops according to their incomes. There is one provision against which the members of the Dilettanti Club would protest: 'No contributor should be allowed to give his own 'portrait in lieu of an historic picture.'

The best of the 'Detached Thoughts' have been already published, including one which Lord Melbourne was fond of quoting: 'This world is a comedy to those who think, a tragedy 'to those who feel.' Equally good, in the same *genre*, is one of Mrs. Piozzi's marginal notes on Dr. Wellesley's copy of Boswell's Johnson: 'The world is a schoolroom, not a playground.' Another of Walpole's thoughts is: 'A Gothic cathedral strikes 'one like the enthusiasm of poetry; St. Paul's, like the good 'sense of prose.' Coleridge said that an old Gothic cathedral

always looked to him like a petrified religion; Henri Heine, that 'this hardest of material things expresses the spiritualism 'of Christianity.'

Miss Berry's course of study, when she had got over the onerous task of editing, must be collected from her letters, for there is a break in the journal till 1802. She was then working hard at Greek, being already, it would seem, well versed in the chief Latin classics:

'Whatever recommends Lucretius to your notice, recommends a source of exquisite pleasure to your poetic mind: his metaphysics are naught, but his poetry is divine. Virgil shrinks into *prettiness* whenever compared with him: but remember he is supposed to have died the day Virgil was born; therefore he is less polished, less uniformly harmonious.'

She reads 'Malthus on Population,' and rejoices to find her own unassisted ideas upon subjects of philosophical politics and national economy confirmed; and she becomes a free-trader on principle about the time when Charles James Fox was owning that he could not read the 'Wealth of Nations' and vehemently opposing a commercial treaty with France.

In March, 1802, Miss Berry left England with Mrs. Damer on a five weeks' visit to Paris, of which she kept a minute diary, and her description of Parisian society at the period is exceedingly curious. The two ladies are taken by the English Minister, Mr. Jackson, on a round of visits to the wives of the great officers of state, beginning with Berthier's, the War Minister:—

'Berthier received us very civilly. He is a little rather ill-looking man, with a crop curled head of dark hair; his dress the uniform of a Minister d'Etat—blue cloth, with a broad silver embroidery. But a greater revolution seems to me to have taken place in the race of tailors than in that of any other set of men. Nobody's coat is now well made, and more especially the uniforms of the constituted authorities—they all look too long and too big; in short, like coats made by a village tailor. Cambacérès, the Second Consul, was among the company: he came late, and was received without any sort of distinction. He is an uncommonly ill-looking, shortish, thick man, with his eyes sunk in his head; his hair badly dressed; his dress the undress uniform of the Consuls—blue velvet, with a broad gold embroidery, fustian breeches, and common turn-down boots. General Macdonald (he that commanded in Italy), neatly dressed in uniform, like a soldier, and with a very intelligent though not a noble countenance; the hereditary Prince of Orange, in his uniform; the President of the Tribunât, in *his* uniform—blue cloth, embroidered with gold, pantaloons, and hussar boots bound with gold tassels. We found ourselves almost immediately surrounded by

a number of acquaintances whom we had met elsewhere—the *old original* Princess Sta. Croce, looking quite as young and well as ever she did in Italy, and quite as uncovered as anybody in France; Madame Doria from Genoa, &c. &c. We were presented to a number of French women—Mesdames de Sémerville and Joubert, Madame Le Conteuse, Madame de Marmont, Perregaux's daughter (married to General Marmont, a favourite of Buonaparte), Madame Visconti, a very handsome Italian, the mistress *en titre* of the master of the house; Madame de Staël too there. Most of the ladies loaded with finery of shawls, laces, and a good many diamonds, and abominably ill-dressed; Madame Visconti well dressed in black velvet, with only diamonds in her head. The servants who served refreshments were in boots. The ladies sat all round the room, as in a small assembly in London; and the men stood in the middle. Here we remained till near twelve o'clock, when the rooms began to be very thin.'

The journal contains numerous pen-and-ink sketches, boldly struck off, of most of the consular and imperial notabilities. But we can only find room for the First Consul, and the reception at the Tuileries, already fitted up in a style of splendour that startled Miss Berry, albeit not unused to royal and imperial residences:

'He went regularly round, speaking to every lady for about two or three minutes—M. Luçay, the Préfêt, having a sheet of paper in his hand, on which was written the name and nation of each lady, which he announced to Buonaparte as he approached her. We, standing at the further part of the circle from whence he began, had the opportunity of observing his manner and address—it is very simple and unaffected. He asked one lady if she could ride on horseback, another if she had been long in France; to the Italians, of which there were several, he spoke in Italian, saying much the same sort of royal nothings. My turn happening to come before Mrs. D.'s, he asked me if I had been long at Paris. "Plus de trois semaines." "Comment trouvez vous l'Opéra;" or, "Etes vous contente de l'Opéra?" "Oh! bien beau, mais nous avons tant vu l'Opéra." He seemed to feel by my answer that he might have addressed us better; but totally ignorant of who either of us was, he knew not how to change the subject, and continued it with Mrs. Damer, by asking: "Si nous avions d'aussi bons danseurs en Angleterre?" "Oh non, nous en faisons venir d'ici." "Cependant vous avez une bien belle voix, c'est Madame Billington, je l'ai entendu en Italie." "Oui, assurément, elle a une très belle voix, et c'est une Anglaise." "Oui, c'est une Anglaise, mais elle a épousé un Français et étudié en Italie, de manière qu'elle appartient aux trois nations."

'And so he passed on to the next person, who happened to be a Russian, and repeated the same royal enquiry, si elle montait à cheval—which put me laughably in mind of the "*Do you get out?*" of St. James's. One could not but regret in every way that Mrs.

Damer's talents had never reached his ears, nor the principal object of our journey to Paris, or he would certainly, had it only been *pour change de thèse*, have addressed us upon some other subject, of which many might have immediately offered themselves, and have reserved the opera for younger women.'

The object of Mrs. Damer's journey to Paris was to offer the First Consul her bust of Fox, and she might well feel surprised at his making no reference to it. He was not particularly happy on such occasions, probably from want of early practice in the royal *métier* of remembering names and characters. He asked Erskine whether he had ever been Lord Mayor of London, and addressed to an ordinary member of Parliament the compliment he had prepared for Mackintosh. His personal appearance, and that of Josephine, are next described:—

'Madame Buonaparte struck us both still more like Lady E. F., *en répresentation* than even she had done before in private: but did not gain as much by being more dressed, as I expected. She wore, by way of being in a smart *demi-parure*, a pink slight silk gown, with a pink velvet round spot upon it, a small white silk or satin hat, with three small white feathers, tied under the chin; a handkerchief, and no fan, in her hand; in short, a decided half-dress; while we were all as much dressed as the present fashions (without any decided *robe de cour*) admits of. Buonaparte himself, as I have already said, was in his undress consular uniform, but with silk stockings and small buckles. His hair is very dark, and cropped much shorter than it appears on any of his busts, and it does not lay well or smoothly upon his head. He by no means struck me as so little as I had heard him represented, and as, indeed, he appeared on horseback. His shoulders are broad, which gives his figure importance. His complexion, though pale and yellow, has not the appearance of ill health. His teeth are good, and his mouth, when speaking, as I saw him in good humour, has a remarkable and uncommon expression of sweetness. Indeed, his whole countenance, as I saw him in this circle, was more that of complacence and quiet intelligence than of any decided penetration and strong expression whatsoever. The Man of the Parade and the Man of the Circle has left a totally different impression on my mind, and I can hardly make the two countenances (one of which I saw so imperfectly) belong to the same person. His eyes are light grey, and he looks full in the face of the person to whom he speaks. To me always a good sign. Yet, after all I have said of the sweetness of his countenance, I can readily believe what is said that it is terrible and fire-darting when angry, or greatly moved by any cause.'

This was in 1802. Thirty-two years afterwards, in October 1834, we find her the honoured guest, for three days, of the King and Queen of the French at Fontainebleau. Their domestic habits, with their mode of receiving visitors, are

described in detail; and, besides affording a curious contrast to the reception at the Consular Court, may suggest a comparison with the recent and renowned Imperial hospitalities at Fontainebleau and Compiègne. Compelled to content ourselves with referring to these and other passages relating to kings and princes, we are tempted to quote her impressions of some eminent performers in another line:—

'In the evening to the Théâtre de la République. The pieces were "Tancrède" and "La Réconciliation malgré soi." Talma was Tancrède. He acts with fire and just expression, but his voice is rough, hoarse, and very disagreeable. His countenance, too, is against him, for he squints. Were he better endowed by nature, I think he would be a very good actor; as it is, he is reckoned one of their best.'

She was delighted with Mdlle. Mars, and gives a highly flattering account of her demeanour in private:—

'*Monday*, 11*th*.—In the evening went to the Princesse Zénéide to meet Mdlle. Mars. There was only her sister-in-law, her daughter, and a Madame Rosamofski (the French one), M. Sosthène de la Rochefoucault, the Duc de Rauzan, Fontenay, another gentleman, and ourselves. Mdlle. Mars arrived very late. In society she is as natural and as intelligent as upon the stage, talking with much cleverness and very willingly about her art, about Talma, and about a new piece in which she is to appear with him. In short, she is in the drawing-room as much as possible what she is on the stage—the same charming tone of voice, the same *finesse*, the same simplicity. I was very glad to have seen her, and also very glad to find her what she is. Her dress was very simple, her hair without ornament—a plain muslin gown, with gold beads round her neck. We left her at Princesse Zénéide's near midnight.'

She is equally pleased with Miss O'Neil, now Lady Becher:

'*Monday*, 30*th* [October, 1815].—In the evening I went to the play, in the Duke of Devonshire's box, with Lady Tancred, A. Turner, my father, sister, H. Tancred, and R. Oswald. Saw Miss O'Neil in Jane Shore; she acted it in a very charming and interesting manner.'

Kean does not fare better than Talma:—

'*Monday*, 28*th* [March, 1814].—I went with Lady Conyngham to the play, to see Kean for the first time. It was "Richard the Third." It pleased me, but I was not enthusiastic. His expression of the passions is natural and strong, but I do not like his declamation; his voice, naturally not agreeable, becomes monotonous. When I have seen him in "Hamlet" I shall be better able to judge if he will ever reach what is now expected of him.'

'*Thursday*, 31*st*.—Went, in the Duke of Devonshire's box, to see Kean in "Hamlet." I must confess I am disappointed in his talent.

To my mind he is without grace and without elevation of mind, because he never seems to rise with the poet in those sublime passages which abound in "Hamlet," and for what is called recitation of verse he understands nothing.'

A month after Miss Berry's return from Paris, a play of hers, called 'Fashionable Friends,' which had been acted in private with flattering success at Strawberry Hill the year before, was brought out at Drury Lane, and unequivocally condemned without appeal. The story ran that, on the night of the performance, she sat waiting her destiny in a room at the Old Hummums, where, long before the commencement of the fifth act, Rogers, who had volunteered for the duty in anticipation of the result, hurried in. 'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'I see it is all 'over, or *you* would not look so much like the harbinger of 'good.' 'I don't know what I look like, but I came away 'because I could not bear to hear anything of a dear friend's 'hissed.' It was told of Godwin that, from the time his own play had been damned, he never missed a first representation, in the hope of being consoled by a failure similar to his own. Rogers had no such justification, but he was an undeniable exemplification of Rochefoucauld's maxim, that we generally find something pleasant in the misadventures of our friends.

Miss Berry acted on the orthodox rule of 'Shame the fools 'and print it,' and the following advertisement was prefixed, with the view of leading off the public on a false scent as to the authorship,—a hardly justifiable expedient:

'*Advertisement.*

'This Comedy, found among the papers of the late Earl of Orford, and remaining unclaimed in the hands of his Executors for five years, was brought forward at the request of Mr. Kemble, on the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane. After the extraordinary abuse that has been lavished upon it, the Executors considered it as a duty to the unknown author to publish it.'

The play is also included in the complete edition of her works (1844), with a preface in which she endeavours to account for its failure by adventitious circumstances:

'This Comedy was acted for three nights in May 1802, and then withdrawn. In addition to its inherent defects of wanting the bustle and intricacies of a popular plot, and all the exaggerations of character which such plots often make necessary, it was believed at the time, to be the production of some one of a certain Pic-nic Club then existing, much addicted to theatrical amusements, to which the *pit-filling* public (ignorant of its harmless dulness) had endowed with a supposed power of propagating loose principles, and profligate wit. This piece, therefore, emanating, as they believed, from a focus of

evil, they indignantly determined to stifle in its birth, and came to the first night determined to damn, without hearing it.

'The real author, living in the midst of the world described in the Comedy, was particularly anxious to avoid all suspicion of authorship; so that the piece, being entirely unprotected by its natural friends, and attacked by prejudiced enemies, must have possessed much greater merit than it can boast, to have secured such a fair hearing, as might have *fairly* condemned it.'

The parts were strongly cast; the Prologue, written by William Spencer, was spoken by Charles Kemble, and the Epilogue, written by the Hon. W. Lamb (Lord Melbourne), by Miss Du Camp; so that the piece can hardly be said to have been entirely unprotected, and its failure may be explained without presupposing any hostility to the Pic-nic Club, or any predetermination of the pit-filling public to damn.

It is a comedy in five acts, the plot of which turns mainly on the intrigues of married people of both sexes; and it is interspersed with allusions showing that their feelings are by no means of the sentimental or Platonic order. Now, in countries where marriage is an affair of arrangement rather than of heart, conjugal infidelity has always been sufficiently common to warrant its introduction in the acted drama as a fair and generally intelligible representation of manners; but this was never the case in England, except for a generation or two succeeding the Restoration, although the dramatic school of which Congreve, Farquhar, and Vanbrugh were the chiefs, kept possession of the stage for nearly half a century after the state of manners depicted by them had ceased to be in any sense national. Frequent adaptations from the French may have caused a slight reaction of late years, but we remember the late Mr. Yates positively refusing to receive a piece for the Adelphi unless the faithless wife was transmuted into a runaway daughter. During the protracted struggle with revolutionary France, the English prided themselves as a people on their dislike and avoidance of continental notions and habits, or what they deemed such. Miss Berry's scenes and characters must, consequently, have been thought overdone and out of keeping, as well as immoral, by the pit-filling public; whose judgment was based on sounder and broader canons of criticism than that of her fashionable friends at the private theatre, although some of these may have recognised their own features behind the curtain.

It is worthy of remark that Sheridan, whose 'School for Scandal' was first acted in 1777, is entirely free from the laxity and indelicacy which mar the masterpieces of the most brilliant of his predecessors; and we strongly suspect that Miss Berry,

instead of drawing from actual life, unconsciously reproduced the style of drama which had fastened on her imagination by its movement, vivacity, and wit. Her play certainly reads more like a revival than an original production, and is less redolent of the Devonshire House circle in its hey-day, than of Mirabell and Millamant, Maskwell and Lady Touchwood, Mrs. Foresight and Mrs. Frail: of the ladies and gentlemen who intrigued in dominos and made assignations in the Mall: of the dramatic age—

> 'When belles sate panting at a courtier's play,
> And not a mask went unimproved away.'

The very heiress, whose hand and fortune are the reward of the would-be seducer of his friend's wife, reads like a modernised edition of Miss Prue in 'Love for Love.'

Scene: Mrs. Racket's *Drawing room.*
Enter Sir Dudley Dorimant.

'*Miss Rac.* (*Hums a tune.*) So, I suppose, if it had not happened that mamma was denied, because she was busy with my guardian, you would have gone first to her, as usual.

'*Sir D.* You know my only reasons for ever going to her at all.

'*Miss Rac.* Oh! but I can tell you I don't like this way of being made love to by proxy.

'*Sir D.* Faith, I think now, that so many mothers make love to men for their daughters, it is but civil that we should sometimes return them the compliment.

'*Miss Rac.* Ay, but when they make love for themselves, as they dispense with one ceremony, I think you might with the other. I would not give a pin for a lover I have not the credit of.

'*Sir D.* Now-a-days everybody begins first with having the credit of a husband.

'*Miss Rac.* Then I will have a husband as soon as I can, that I may lose no time in getting a lover. I want somebody that will sit by one at an opera, and dance with one at a ball, and call for one's carriage, and hand one out, and—

'*Sir D.* Lord, child! how much you expect of a lover! where could you get such antiquated ideas? I trust you are less *exigeante* upon the subject of husbands, or, upon my soul! violent as my passion is, I should be almost afraid to venture upon matrimony with you.

'*Miss Rac.* I shall desire nothing more of my husband than other women of fashion have from theirs.

'*Sir D.* That is being very moderate in your desires, I must confess.

'*Miss Rac.* Oh! I intend to be completely fashionable in everything. . . . . .

'*Sir D.* You are determined upon being a fashionable wife—I as certainly mean to be a fashionable husband;—our pursuits will be

so much the same, that we shall go on like parallel lines in the same course without ever coming in each other's way.

'*Miss Rac.* I don't know what you call parallel lines, and the same way; but when I am married, I intend to be in everybody's way.

'*Sir D.* And so you shall, in the handsomest carriages in London.'

Wherever Miss Berry picked up her dramatis personæ, we must give her credit for tricking them out with the modish follies of her day, and our female readers may be amused by finding that their great-grandmothers managed to crowd as much excitement into the twenty-four hours as they can do, and took as much pains to get fat as they are now taking to grow thin. 'I drink porter and eat meat three times a day,' exclaims the young lady; 'for you know we all feed for a 'shape now instead of starving.'

The dialogue is more wanting in polish and condensation than in humour or wit. It contains more than one cluster of fanciful illustrations at which Sheridan would have worked till it sparkled like a catherine wheel or went off like a rocket, instead of hanging fire like a matchlock.

Several years elapsed before Miss Berry came again before the public as an authoress, during which she is indefatigable, both at home and abroad, in reading the best books and cultivating the best society. At Tunbridge (1807) she fell in with two great lawyers, and records a circumstance which may console those of our readers who, with the best intentions, have never been able to master the strategies of whist:

'In the evening we went to Lord Ellenborough's, where were collected almost all the company in the place, and among the rest Lord Erskine, who had arrived the night before at the rooms. Lady Donegal and I played whist with Lord Ellenborough and Lord Erskine. I don't know which of the four plays worst.'

If Lord Thurlow and Lord Lyndhurst had taken the places of the two ladies, the concluding doubt would have been equally in point. Lord Thurlow used to say that he would give half his fortune to play well.

'*Saturday*, 21*st* [*Nov.* 1807].—Went into Pope's back-garden, and saw the devastation going on upon his quincunx by its now possessor, Baroness Howe. The anger and ill-humour expressed against her for pulling down his house and destroying his grounds, much greater than one would have imagined.'

The quincunx is that which Pope has imperishably associated with Lord Peterborough—

'And he whose lightning pierced the Iberian lines
Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines.'

The destruction of historic and literary sites should be forbidden by Act of Parliament. The grotto still remains, and fully confirms the satirical remark of Johnson, that 'being 'under the necessity of making a subterranean passage to a gar- 'den on the other side of the road, he (Pope) adorned it with 'fossil bodies and dignified it with the name of grotto.'

The journal abounds in passing remarks or reflections, on which it is often agreeable and improving to pause:—

'*Monday, 25th* [*July*, 1808].—Left Kendal for Ambleside. The road winds through a variety of highly cultivated valleys, and a constantly changing horizon of distant mountains. About eight miles from Kendal we first came in sight of Windermere, with its beautifully curved shores, green cultivated banks, and wooded islands. It is pretty, excessively pretty, and if it had never been compared to the lakes in Switzerland would be more so. But this comparison has just a similar effect to declaring some well-written modern play to be very like Shakspeare—it recalls all the sublime perfections of the model, and all the weakness of the copy.'

[*July 19th*, 1808.]—'Frederick North is always entertaining to the head, but less gratifying to the heart; and in this is much inferior to his sisters, who are often quite as agreeable as himself.'

'*Tuesday, 15th* [*Jan.* 1811].—Found Miss C. Fanshawe at home; half her formality, I believe, depends upon the family to which she belongs. We are half of us the creatures of circumstances; or rather, the half-marred, half-made creatures of circumstance.'

Miss Fanshawe, best known to the general public as the author of a charming riddle on the letter H, was on terms of intimacy with the Berrys; and one of her most successful attempts in verse is an 'Ode, by Mary Berry,' in imitation of Gray, on the momentous subject of the choice of a bonnet:

'With undissembled grief I tell,
For sorrow never comes too late,
The simplest bonnet in Pall Mall
Is sold for 1*l.* 8*s.*'

This was written in May, 1805. Lady Theresa Lewis states that Miss Fanshawe was 'admirable as a letter-writer, a 'reader of Shakspeare, and a designer in almost every style;' and adds an expression of regret that too few of her poems have been published. The same reflection seems to have almost simultaneously recurred to a valued and accomplished friend of hers, an excellent judge of literature and art, the Reverend W. Harness; who has recently printed for private circulation a

small quarto, entitled 'Memorials of Miss Catherine Maria Fanshawe.' In a short preface dated June 19th, 1865, he says: 'I have never turned to the little treasure which I possess in her Etchings and Manuscripts without an earnest wish that they should, in a collected form, be rescued from the oblivion that threatens them.' 'To secure a more permanent existence for some at least of her productions, is the object of the present volume.' The Etchings, nine in number, are well photographed by Messrs. Varley; and by their varied humour, feeling, sense of beauty, and spirited execution, show that her artistic talents have not been over-estimated by her friends. Her verses, also, which are mostly imitative and in the familiar style, bear, one and all, the impress of a highly refined and cultivated mind. They are distinguished by fertility of fancy and idiomatic flow, but would be much improved by pruning and condensing. Her affluence of images is in excess; she overlays her subject with illustrations; her linked sweetness is *too* 'long drawn out.' The poetical 'Epistle to Earl Harcourt, 'on his wishing her to spell the name of Catherine with a K,' is actually continued to the exhausting length of three hundred and thirty lines! The volume contains a single specimen of her epistolary excellence, which makes us wish for more. It is an account of an argument between Madame de Staël and Lord Byron at a dinner-party at Sir Humphry Davy's, which grew so animated and absorbing, that 'Lady Davy proposed 'the coffee being served in the eating-room.' Breaking in upon one of Childe Harold's tirades against the tyrannical character of the British Government, Corinne exclaims: 'Et vous 'comptez pour rien la liberté de dire tout cela, et même 'devant les domestiques.' Miss Fanshawe says of his mind: 'It is a mind that never conveys the idea of sunshine. It is 'a dark night upon which the lightning flashes.'

We make no apology for this digression, if it be one; for Mr. Harness's agreeable book comes most opportunely in aid of Lady Theresa's to illustrate a particular phase of social and literary life.

Miss Berry's first impression of the Princess Charlotte, in February, 1811, is well worth quoting:

'A finer girl of fifteen one seldom sees, with an open lively countenance, and well-cut expressive features; fair, like all her family, but without having a fine complexion, or at present any colour, for by some inconceivable mismanagement at the time she had the small-pox, it has muddled her complexion, destroyed in part her eyebrows, and left several decided marks about the end of her nose. I dare say there is hardly another person in the kingdom, who within these last fifteen years has suffered as much by the small-pox, which only

shows the old story, how much the children of princes are neglected and ill-treated. Her mouth is like the Prince of Wales's, without having however much sweetness, and her eyes are by no means as handsome as her mother's. She is lively, animated, and laughing; told Sir William Drummond, who was on the other side of her, to go on with what he was saying, for she liked nothing so much as politics; then got into a talk with Lady Charlotte Campbell, about being afraid of the dark and ghosts, and dismal stories; told a good one herself, and then made me tell her the story of Lillo's "Fatal "Curiosity," which Lady Charlotte mentioned, and which she had never heard of before. Soon after ten o'clock her carriage was announced, and away she went, very cheerfully, having kissed her mother, shook hands with Lady Charlotte, &c., and bowed to us. And thus is this girl, now a woman, who in three short years may be called to reign over this country, with all her senses awake, eager and curious about everything and everybody, sent away with her governess, and during the hours not spent with her, she has Mrs. —— to form her mind, manners, and disposition! . . . She knows no creature, but the Royal Family and their attendants; she has never yet seen a play or an opera; and whenever she is her own mistress, what must be her first idea but to satiate herself with pleasures, which every other girl of fifteen is beginning to appreciate at their just value, provided they are not entirely new to them.'

The composition of the Berry society may be collected from two or three brief entries:—

'*Saturday, October 2nd* [1813].—In the evening Agnes and I went to Sir J. Mackintosh's, where Madame de Staël had dined; we found there the Davys, Ward, Lord Byron, Malthus, Curran the famous Irish advocate, and some other men. Madame de Staël appropriated as usual Curran, though Sir James tried and succeeded in making the conversation more general. Curran's conversation is eloquent, but without taste.'

Speaking of the same party, Lord Byron says: 'I saw 'Curran presented to Madame de Staël at Mackintosh's; it 'was the grand confluence between the Rhone and the Saone, 'and they were both so ugly that I could not help wondering 'how the best intellects of France and England could have 'taken up respectively such residences.' He thought Curran's conversation the best he ever heard. Madame de Staël's name is constantly recurring, and it is always interesting to hear about her:

'She is always entertaining, and I, who know her so much and so well, will add always good-natured, and never *méchante*. Ward and she will amuse you. She thinks him handsome, and *d'un joli tourneur*. I tell her she has undertaken two miracles, to make him *poli envers les femmes, et pieux envers Dieu*. And there is no saying, if they go on, what her success may be. *En attendant*, they make very good company for other people.'

'*Tuesday*, 7*th* [*Oct.*, 1813].—Dined at Lord Stafford's with Madame de Staël, her daughter, and her son, Sir James and Lady Mackintosh, &c. In the evening more guests, making a very agreeable soirée. At dinner the conversation rather flagged. Madame de Staël was not excited enough; it appeared to me that she only wanted that to be as brilliant as usual, though she had to-day received the news of the death of Comte Louis de Narbonne. One must acknowledge that one could not lose an old lover more gaily, as it was said of Charles the VIIth of his kingdom.'

In August 1810, Miss Berry published an edition of Madame du Deffand's Letters (bequeathed to Walpole), with the Preface and Life mentioned in her journal for the preceding April:—

'*Wednesday*, 11*th*.—Saw Mr. Sydney Smith in the morning; went over again my Preface and Life; adopted almost all his corrections; expressed with much warmth and sincerity my thanks to him. I believe he was pleased, but I have not known him long enough for him to know me.'

She received 200*l.* for this publication, which elicited much applause from her friends, and was favourably reviewed by Professor Playfair in this Review. The best of the numerous epistolary criticisms which she received is contained in a long letter from Mr. Roscoe, the historian of Leo X.

Her 'Life of Rachel, Lady Russell' was published in August 1819, having been first read over to Mackintosh and other friends. It was a congenial subject and well treated, but it is made up of letters connected by remarks or notes, a kind of biography which, although the most trustworthy, seldom reads flowingly. Joanna Baillie writes:—

'I have, indeed, read it with great interest; and the picture you draw of that noble and excellent woman, with your own just and impressive remarks on her character, and the nature of her piety, which had so much effect in forming that character, will make her life a pleasing and edifying example to the young women of the day, who consider religion as too exclusively connected with mystery, and what we call Methodism. . . .'

The first part of her most ambitious publication, the one by which her literary pretensions must principally be judged, appeared in 1810; the second part in 1831. It figures in the collected edition of her writings under the title of 'England 'and France; a Comparative View of the Social Condition of 'both Countries. From the Restoration of Charles the Second 'to the Present Time.' The comparative view is brought down to the completion of the French Revolution of July 1830. This again was a subject which many thought made for her, yet it was clearly above her grasp. The facts are laboriously collected and judiciously arranged; the language is good; the tone is excellent; and the result is a most agreeable and in-

structive book. But there is no depth or breadth of view; no philosophic generalisation; and, so far as thought and speculation are concerned, it is essentially a superficial book, dealing only with the surface of events, and accepting the easiest, not always the true, solution of the causes. Thus she attributes the altered habits of the highest class in England, in laying aside state for ease and comfort, to the diminution of their incomes and the increase of the public burthens during the revolutionary war:—

'Few of the great landed proprietors could afford to occupy their residences in the country, accompanied by all the expenses, and all the largesses which were expected to surround them. The public places of summer resort were filled with persons who left palaces in their counties, to occupy crowded and inconvenient lodgings at Tunbridge or at Brighton, not from preference, but from poverty; many of their inmates generously preferring a suppression of the enjoyments of their own country houses, to that of the charities they had been in the habit of distributing there. Others gave up their annual visit to London, and let, or endeavoured to part with, their houses in town; but the purchasers were so few, that the only chance of lessening the charge of a house, not inhabited by its owner, was letting it furnished; and from this time only, dates the now universal custom, even among opulent individuals, of letting their unoccupied houses in London. To this period likewise, namely, to that of the heavy taxation caused by the war, may be referred the great families of England getting rid of a crowd of useless retainers, unnecessary carriages, unemployed sets of horses, and all those appendages of riches, which, without contributing to the comforts or luxuries of their owners, were formerly considered as part of *the state* of an English nobleman. Such things still exist among the great of other countries, but in England they are extinct.'

The assessed taxes may have caused some reduction of establishment, especially amongst the middle class. But the change in question has been in constant progress since the Last of the Barons, who (Hume states) feasted daily thirty thousand retainers in his halls. The taste for refined simplicity and comfort, as contradistinguished from useless expenditure and display, is the fruit of civilisation, the unerring sign of progress, material and intellectual. The proudest English nobleman may now be seen going to a dinner-party in a brougham or leaving a railway station in a fly, thereby indicating neither his poverty nor his economy, but his good sense. Nor is it the fact that the means of the great landed proprietors were straitened by the war, which practically ensured them a monopoly of the market for their produce, whilst augmenting the demand. Enormous commercial fortunes simultaneously grew up; and we will undertake to say

that there was seldom a lordly mansion to be let or sold, in town or country, without a merchant prince or cotton lord, a Baring, a Peel, or an Arkwright, to bid for it. Surely Miss Berry might have remembered that it was the termination of the war that made the farmers and manufacturers, the fundholders and landholders, cry out:

> 'Where are those martyr'd saints, the three per cents,
> And where, oh, where the devil, are the rents?'

The summer resort to watering places is no more a sign of reduced incomes than the practice (of comparatively recent origin) for men of business to have private residences at the West End or in the country. Tunbridge had been in vogue time immemorial; and there is something almost ludicrous in the notion that persons 'left palaces in their counties' for inconvenient lodgings at Brighton from economy, considering that the Prince, who brought it into fashion, was just then making it the most expensive place in England.

In the next paragraph, she attributes to the same cause a social phenomenon, of which traces are visible in our social annals at a long antecedent period, whenever in fact a *nouveau riche* figures in them. The hereditary aristocrats, she says, not being able to entertain at their own expense, entertained at the expense of the wealthy upstarts:

'Hence arose fêtes and entertainments, where the masters of the house were strangers to three-fourths of the company, who were all invited by some fashionable friend, willing thus to give a ball to her *own* acquaintance at the expense of her complaisant protégée. Strange mistakes sometimes took place at these meetings, from the ignorance of the guests of the person of their host, and demands for refreshments made in a tone of authority to him who paid for them, mistaken and addressed as the individual hired to administer them.'

The Nabobs of Clive's day were ridiculed for giving entertainments in this manner. The mistake of the host for the butler is introduced in an old farce to illustrate the position of the husband of a fashionable lady whose acquaintance are not aware of his existence; and there is extant a satirical poem of 1782, in which the Duchess of Gordon is introduced inviting the company for the wealthy occupant of a fine house in Piccadilly.

The oddest delusion of all, however, to be entertained by an enlightened admirer of Malthus, is the theory that, whilst the landed proprietors were sinking under the weight of the public burthens, the whole body of retail dealers resolved to throw them off, and succeeded in so doing. 'They so in-

'creased the price of every article of their commerce as at once 'to secure to themselves the same indulgences and the same 'profits; thus eluding all contribution to the public neces- 'sities at the expense of the consumers.' This 'manœuvre,' she adds, was allowed to pass unnoticed by the government, but its consequences were fatal and are felt to this hour. 'It 'is to these times that must be referred the great demoralisa- 'tion, on the score of fair dealing with their employers, which 'has taken place in this whole order of people.'

We quote from the second and corrected edition of 1844; so that this startling paradox must have escaped attention, although the general commendation called forth by her book was qualified by a little friendly criticism. Joanna Baillie, after saying that she should have liked it better had it contained less court anecdote and more of illustration of the manners of the middle classes of society, proceeds:—

'There is another thing which I could have wished otherwise, but perhaps the general run of readers may not feel it: the account given of Voltaire's mistress, Madame de Chatelet, rather offends as to that delicacy which is expected in the writings of a woman. The mention too of Lady W. Montague's poem on Lady Murray's disagreeable adventure, though very justly reprobated by you, falls a little under the same condemnation; and these I notice because they have been felt by others whose judgment and feelings I respect, though, as I said before, the generality of readers may not see them in the same light. I also mention them because I know you expect my sincere opinion, and the work itself has sufficient merit to afford such exceptions to its praise.'

Professor Smythe backs the objection. But she stoutly maintains her ground:—

'On the charge of "offending the delicacy which is expected in "the writings of a woman," the two instances marked by you have been passed over by others, who have observed on a note of which you take no notice. I have only to say that, if women treat of *human* nature and *human* life in *history* and not in *fiction* (which perhaps they had better not do), human nature and human life are often indelicate; and if such passages in them are treated *always* with the gravity and the reprobation they deserve, it is all a sensible woman can do, and (not writing for children) all she can think necessary.'

Lord Orford's Letters to the sisters were first published in Bentley's Chronological edition, with an advertisement by Miss Berry, in which she endeavours to reply to Lord Macaulay's article on Walpole in this Review (Oct. 1833), reprinted amongst his Essays. She apologises for so doing on the ground of his want of acquaintance with the subject and the

age. 'A conviction that these reasons led to his having drawn 'up, from the supposed evidence of Walpole's works alone, a 'character of the author, so entirely and offensively unlike the 'original, has forced the pen into the feeble and failing hand 'of the writer of these pages, has imposed the pious duty of 'attempting to rescue, by incontrovertible facts acquired in 'long intimacy, the memory of an old and beloved friend, from 'the giant grasp of an author and a critic, from whose judgment, 'when deliberately formed, few can hope to appeal with success.'

The undertaking was beyond her strength, indeed beyond any one's strength; for the evidence of Walpole's weaknesses and littlenesses is as irrefragable as that of the rare combination of qualities and acquirements which constitute his charm. The utmost she can be thought to have effected is to have shaken the general conviction that he was unamiable and without heart; and even this is done much as the fair owner of a canine favourite denies his snappishness on the plea that, 'he 'never bites me.' This was the last of her publications. A farce, called 'The Two Martins,' set down in a manuscript list of her works, was prudently suppressed.

Lady Theresa Lewis says: 'It is as an authoress that she '(Miss Berry) must be judged by the public.' We cannot subscribe to this doctrine, and we should be sorry to be obliged to subscribe to it; unless the composition of her Journal is to count for authorship. She was certainly better than her books, and she strikes us as offering another instance, amongst many, of persons eminently gifted with social powers and attractions whose reputation is not sustained by their set efforts with the pen. This is the more remarkable in her case, because, according to the editor, who knew her well, she possessed the sterling qualities which conduce to literary success, namely, a strong understanding and an energetic mind, and did not possess those which shine most in conversation. 'What was wanting in Miss 'Berry's mind were the lighter graces and gifts which spring 'from a lively imagination—that playfulness of thought which, 'by the humorous combination of fanciful imagery, enlivens 'dullness itself, and converts into subjects of mirth the most 'ordinary occurrences or even the trifling annoyances of life.'

It must have been, then, as already intimated, by the happy union of moral with mental qualities, by heart as well as by head, by warm sympathies acting in concert with a strong and comprehensive intellect, that she won and kept her enviable place in the esteem and affection of her proud array of friends. There is no enjoyment for superior minds like being understood and appreciated; and the attraction is ineffably enhanced when this coveted

community of thought and feeling is avowedly reserved for genius and worth. Throughout the whole of her long life, Miss Berry kept looking up instead of looking down. 'I have 'ever,' she writes, 'sought in friendship persons I considered 'my superiors in mental endowments. If I afterwards found 'an inferiority in some points, I looked for and recognised a 'superiority in others. My very seeking their friendship at 'all necessarily supposed these circumstances, this balanced 'equality; but certainly the more superior I found them in 'judgment, in feelings, in opinions, in taste, the more I sought 'and cultivated them; the more I *took* and the less I *gave*, 'the more I should have considered the balance in my favour.' Care in the formation of attachments is the best pledge of their durability. She never threw off or forgot a friend. 'I shall 'put the mark in the book,' she would say on taking leave, 'and it will not be removed till you come back to open the 'page afresh.'

Lord Dover compared the sisters to the smooth and rough sides of a piece of tapestry; a comparison more pointed than true. They were essentially unlike; and although content to drop into the background from unfeigned deference to the stronger understanding and more marked character of her sister, Agnes contributed her full share to the reputation and attraction of their salon. Her manner, especially to new acquaintances, was kindlier and more inviting, and her flow of talk had more spontaneity than Mary's, whose tone bordered on hardness. The younger also possessed a talent, and was endowed with a taste, both denied to the elder. She drew well, understood the principles as well as the technicalities of art, and had a fine sense of the picturesque in buildings; whilst Mary, Lady Theresa states, 'could see no beauty in a 'town in which neatness, cleanliness, and regularity were not 'the prevailing features, or that could not boast the still higher 'merits of well-built houses, and well-paved spacious streets 'running at right angles to each other.' In a purely artistic point of view, she would have preferred Berlin to Dresden, Turin to Florence, and, of course, new to old Paris. Some of their common friends go the length of insisting that Agnes was the best writer of the two; and the specimens that have fallen under our observation, particularly her account of the 'Three Days' of 1830 at St. Germains, are distinguished by perspicuity, idiomatic ease, and occasional flashes of fancy; as when she describes the National Guard as having 'risen to 'light and to command from the moment that the disturbances 'broke out.' Yet we cannot but think that the secondary

place she so happily filled through life was her appropriate place; and the attempt to reverse or alter the relative positions of the sisters recalls what we think the equal paradoxical attempt to prove 'Bobus' Smith the equal or superior of Sydney by a comparison of their *bon mots*.

Lady Charlotte Lindsay was so constantly with the Berrys, that her image has become associated with theirs as one of a trio. She was the youngest daughter of Lord North, the Minister, and resembled him as well in plainness of person as in kindliness of disposition, good humour, and vivacity. She was one of the ladies-in-waiting on Queen Caroline, and was placed in a very critical position at the famous trial, from which she extricated herself with credit by the clearness and frankness of her statements. Her journal of the leading occurrences connected with Her Majesty's arrival in England in June 1820, in letters addressed to Miss Berry, are printed amongst the Correspondence. Her reminiscences of her father, forming an interesting contribution to political biography, are contained in a letter to Lord Brougham, printed in the Appendix to the first volume of his 'Historical Sketches.'

It was well remarked by Boswell that friendship, 'the wine 'of life,' should, like a well stocked cellar, be continually renewed, to make up for the waste and consumption of time. The untiring zeal and spirit with which the Berrys acted on this doctrine are gracefully indicated by Mr. Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton) in his poetical tribute to their memory:—

'As generations onward came,
They loved from all to win
Revival of the sacred flame
That glowed their hearts within.
While others in Time's greedy mesh
The faded garlands flung,
Their hearts went out and gathered fresh
Affections from the young.'

As might be anticipated from their very advanced age, they drooped and flagged a little in social intercourse for the last ten or fifteen years of their joint lives; and those who only knew them in their decline, may be excused for questioning the tradition of their supremacy. Their amiable leaning to old friends deducted somewhat from the liveliness of their circle; prosy people and bores were no longer excluded with the same watchful sagacity; and they latterly encouraged what Swift calls a 'little language,' an interchange of pleasantries and catchwords hardly intelligible to the unitiated. But if the orb grew dim as it was setting, we must not forget the brilliant

constellation it had attracted, nor the steady lustre it had shed. To arrive at a fair estimate of them, we must hear those who knew them in their prime; and it is difficult to suppose that so many acute and independent observers could have been simultaneously mistaken:—

'Sometimes think of me,' writes Canova, 'whilst I retain 'the most lively recollection of your charming manners and 'the amiable qualities which adorn your noble heart, and con-'sole whoever approaches you, and whom I envy so much.' We have already mentioned the enthusiastic praise of Madame de Staël. Professor Playfair writes from Naples in 1817:— 'Lord Minto added that, but for your house and the society 'you collected, Genoa would have been insupportable. I 'have often admired, as indeed all the world does, that power 'which, by the above account, has this winter been exerted in 'making something out of nothing—society out of solitude.'

At a much later period (1842), and in one of his most desponding moods, Lord Jeffrey begins a letter from Torquay:

'I have just been reading over your admirable letter for a third time, and, after nourishing the meditations to which it led by gazing for half-an-hour on the long waves which come glittering in the moonlight to the beach below my windows, and listening to the soft and solemn roar they send up to the silent stars, I find that I cannot lay myself down with a quiet conscience till I have thanked you for the pleasure it has given, *and the good it has done me.* Never was wisdom so gentle, or magnanimity so simple and modest. I heartily wish you joy of them, and feel already that (though without much hope of being able to copy them) I cannot but profit by being allowed to look on them so nearly. And yet you are one of "the world's veterans," of whose closing scene your friend Pope has made so frightful a picture, and one, too, who has had more spoiling, more temptation from circumstances, and more apology from natural endowments, for worldly pride and vanity, and all their hardening influences, than ninety-nine in the hundred of those who have become their victims.'

There are several tributes in his peculiar manner from Sydney Smith. The following is now printed for the first time:

'Combe-Florey, August 28, 1844.

'The general notion here is that the two Miss Berrys, in conjunction with Lady Charlotte, have been destroyed by fire at Richmond. I am told that the Hand-in-Hand and the Phœnix fire-engines played upon them for a considerable time without the smallest effect; that they were so brilliant, and emitted so many sparks, and showed themselves to be composed of materials so combustible, that

it was impossible to save them; that the elder Miss Berry (Elder Berry) was heard in her last sufferings, inviting a party to dinner after the fire. Lady Charlotte, with her glass, eyed to the last moment the fire people who were playing upon her; and Agnes screamed out to a policeman to write to the housekeeper in Curzon Street to inform her that they were all burnt alive.'

The late Countess of Morley, another very remarkable woman who could hold her own in playful controversy with Peter Plymley, rises to a higher and graver strain:—

'Dearest Miss Berry,—You have no business to say ill-natured things of old age. It is an evil or a good (like most things) according as we take it; but it is scarcely an evil to you; and, as I always take you for my model in that matter, it shall not be an evil to me, if, please God, I live two or three years longer, and have no lingering painful disease to prevent my enjoying and making the best of it. You are surrounded, almost as you were in your youth, by those who admire and love you with all their hearts and souls. You have a large volume of past events in your memory to interest you at all times; you have still a cheerful *enjoying* spirit, and above all that blessed hope that, as the world and its pleasures draw to a close, a far, far higher state of enjoyment awaits you. 'Tis for "crabbed age" to grumble—standing alone like a blasted yew in a churchyard, with nothing around but the graves of contemporaries—without the sweet compensation of those gentle, kindly, warm feelings and affections, which attach all who come within their influence, old and young, and make life, if it were to last as long as did that of Methuselah, cheerful and happy. Now is not that the truth? I begin to have a craving to drive up to your door, and to have a merry evening at dear No. 8. . . . God bless you, &c. &c.'

Our specimens of the Correspondence included in these volumes would be incomplete without an extract from the letters of one of the wittiest and most agreeable of Miss Berry's last generation of friends. Lady Dufferin (now Countess of Gifford) is describing her adventures in search of justice:—

'Your kind little note followed me hither, dear Miss Berry, which must account for my not having answered it sooner. As you guessed, I was obliged to follow my "*things*" (as the maids always call their raiment) into the very jaws of the law! I think the "Old Bailey" is a charming place. We were introduced to a live Lord Mayor, and I sat between two Sheriffs. The Common Sergeant talked to me familiarly, and I am not sure that the Governor of Newgate did not call me "Nelly." As for the Rev. Mr. Carver (the Ordinary), if the inherent vanity of my sex does not mislead me, I *think* I have made a deep impression here. Altogether, my Old Bailey recollections are of the most pleasing and gratifying nature. It is true, I have only got back three pairs and a half of stockings, one gown, and two shawls; but that is but a trifling consideration

in studying the glorious institutions of our country. We were treated with the greatest respect, and ham sandwiches; and two magistrates handed us down to the carriage. For my part, I could not think we were in the *criminal* court, as the law was so uncommonly *civil*.'

That pleasing legal fiction by which stolen property is vested in the Crown, seems to have come upon this accomplished prosecutrix by surprise:

'I find that the idea of *personal property* is a fascinating illusion, for our goods belong, in fact, to our country and not to us; and that the petticoats and stockings which I have fondly imagined *mine* are really the petticoats of Great Britain and Ireland. I am now and then indulged with a distant glimpse of my most necessary garments in the hands of different policemen; but, "in this stage of the pro-"ceedings," may do no more than wistfully recognise them. Even on such occasions, the words of justice are: "Policeman B 25, produce "*your* gowns." "Letter A 36, identify *your* lace." "Letter C, tie "up *your* stockings." All this is harrowing to the feelings, but one cannot have *everything* in this life! We have obtained *justice*, and can easily wait for a change of linen. Hopes are held out to us that at some vague period in the lapse of time we may be allowed a *wear* out of our raiment—at least, so much of it as may have resisted the wear and tear of justice; and my poor mother looks confidently forward to being restored to the bosom of her silver tea-pot. But I don't know! I begin to look upon all property with a philosophic eye, as unstable in its nature, and liable to all sorts of pawnbrokers; moreover, the police and I have so long had my clothes in common, that I shall never feel at home in them again. To a virtuous mind, the idea that "Inspector Dowsett" examined into all one's hooks and eyes, tapes and buttons, &c. &c., is inexpressibly painful. But I cannot pursue that view of the subject. Let me hope, dear Miss Berry, that you feel for us as we really deserve, and that you wish me well "thro' my clothes" on Monday next!'

Lady Charlotte Lindsay died in 1849; Agnes Berry in January 1852; when Mary writes, 'I hope I am tolerably 'prepared to follow dear Agnes at as short a distance as I ever 'thought I should, and of which we have so often talked with 'mutual satisfaction.' The extent to which her sister was lamented by their common acquaintances was unexpected and proportionally delighted her. Pressing on one of them a cameo bracelet of herself that Agnes had always worn, and crying bitterly, she said: 'I give it to you; you always prized poor 'Ag as she deserved to be prized: others have waited till 'they missed her.'

From the hour of their separation by death, the scene grew darker and darker for the survivor. She with difficulty

roused herself (June, 1852) to be privately presented to the Queen, 'who, by my friend, the Duchess of Sutherland, desired 'to make my acquaintance.' This is the last event recorded by her pen. On the 20th of November following, at midnight, without a struggle, scarcely a sigh, she breathed her last, in her ninetieth year.

This story of a life—for such it is, rather than what might be inferred from the title-page—is closed with taste and feeling by the Editor:—

'With the lives of the sisters closed a society which will be ever remembered by all who frequented those pleasant little gatherings in Curzon Street. Sometimes a note, sometimes a word, and more often the lamp being lighted over the door, was taken as notice to attend, and, on entering, it might be to find only a few *habitués*, or a larger and more brilliant assembly. All that was uncertain; but it was certain to find the cordial welcome of the two genial, lively, well-dressed, distinguished-looking hostesses—the comfortable tea-table, over which their friend Miss Anne Turner presided for years, and Lady Charlotte Lindsay, the third partner in the firm, clever and agreeable to the last. There was an absence of formality—a kindly mingling together of persons of various habits, pursuits, and positions in life, that tended to bring different portions of society together, as much as in other coteries there is a tendency to keep them apart; and when death had closed this little chapter in our social life, no one attempted, or, indeed, could have carried it on with equal success: their age, their experience in society, Miss Berry's acknowledged talent, their home-staying life, their absence of domestic duties and of family ties, all contributed to give them the power and the means which others have not, to do that which few would have done so well, under equally favourable circumstances.

'It has long been over, and death has set its seal on many who composed that society. A time must come to all, when the enjoyment of the present, and the hopes of the future, cede their place to the memory of the past. We cannot renew what is gone.

'Happy are those who can look back to social pleasures, to useful toil, and to domestic happiness, and gratefully recall the time "when "such things were"!'

We will not risk spoiling or weakening this most appropriate finale by amplification—by more last words. All we wish to add is that, thanks to the labour of love with which the memory of the founder of that society has been cherished and illustrated, her beneficial influence, her power of animating and improving by precept and example, will not perish with her. They are preserved, for all who are capable of understanding and appreciating her, by this book.

ART. II.—1. *Our Convicts.* By MARY CARPENTER. 2 vols. London: 1864.

2. *Memoirs of Jane Cameron—Female Convict.* By a PRISON MATRON. 2 vols. London: 1864.

AFTER all that has been published, in many forms, within a few years, we have never till now had the means placed before us of forming any true and complete conception of the distinctive life and character of the criminal class of our population. Miss Carpenter has at last supplied us with the material needed to qualify us so to understand the conditions of a life altogether unlike our own, as to enable us to perceive what sort of minds we have to deal with in our attempts to guard society from the evils of lawlessness. The main object of Miss Carpenter's book is to establish the principles on which our treatment of criminals should proceed; but while, in our opinion, she succeeds in this, she has perhaps rendered a yet greater service in disclosing to us the entire natural history of the lawless classes. She supplies us with the material essentially necessary as the basis of action on any theory of judgment and punishment of social offenders. Some of us may assume the reformation of criminals for their own sakes to be the first object; some may propose above everything else to render it impossible for criminals to repeat their offence; some would deter by the pain of punishment those who are corrupt and lawless from violating the order of society; some insist on the security of society as the object to be pursued, at any cost to criminals, whose welfare is quite a secondary consideration; while others hold that all these aims may be best accomplished by arresting crime at its source, and treating the ill-conditioned classes in their childhood, and thus preventing the growth and propagation of crime. But the first requisite to action under any of these views is to understand the peculiar character of criminal life, in its origin and progress. This requisite we believe Miss Carpenter to have supplied by the compilation of facts which she has presented to us. In the Memoirs of the celebrated Preston Chaplain, the Reverend John Clay, noticed in a former article of this Journal*, we found a useful and interesting account of the workings of the various schemes of convict treatment tried since our prison reforms began; but that description could not obtain its full value till we held the pre-

* Ed. Rev., vol. cxvii. p. 241.

liminary knowledge of the natural history of the lawless classes which has been accumulating since Mr. Clay's time, and which we find collected and methodised in the work before us. We are too apt to lose sight of that broad humanity which is common to us all, whenever some peculiarity masks it from our observation. A blind man is thought of not as a man who is blind, but as one separated from the rest of mankind by his blindness. A man addicted to liquor, becomes to all but his household connexions, a drunkard, and there's an end. So a man who has once transgressed the boundaries of the criminal law, is thenceforward a *criminal*, and in that term we seem, as it were, to drown many of the common attributes of human nature, though it is by the temptations of human nature itself that he has fallen. Yet, as Dr. Johnson felt, who can tell whether we ourselves might not change places with criminals on their way to the gallows, if the whole course of the existence of both parties could be truly judged on earth? The sources of crime are so mysterious, the circumstances which lead men into crimes so various, that it is only by a close study of the antecedents of the criminal classes, that we can hope to understand them, not only from our own point of view as breakers of the law, but from their point of view as victims of it.

In a rough way, we may say that there are three kinds of criminals among us. Of these, we may take first, for a very brief notice, the respectable men in society who suddenly become convicts. In no other case is the perplexity of dealing with that mysterious being—a criminal—so keenly felt. Some of us are no doubt conscious of it at this hour, when events bring up the name of William Roupell, or Sir John Dean Paul. We perhaps remember many an evening in the House when the one was sitting at our elbow, or talking within our hearing; and many a charity meeting when the other was busy on the platform, and listened to with sympathy and respect. What a gulf seems to have opened between them and us by their becoming *convicts!* Their life seems to be suddenly obliterated from our comprehension, and to have been governed by passions and forces above the average incidents of our social existence, though they appeared to be commonplace men enough till they acquired the notoriety of the Old Bailey. The fact is, however, that those who assumed to know them ought to have been aware of the conditions which ultimately determined their lot,—of the habits of self-indulgence, of the tendencies to vanity, to intrigue, to ostentation or mere trickery, while the weakness of the conscience ought to be recognisable in such cases after very little intercourse. The

history of Dr. Dodd has recently been republished in a curious and instructive little volume, which shows how naturally his vanity, extravagance, and want of truth led him to the offence for which he suffered; but in his case and on the occurrence of such incidents as are too common in our own time as in all others,—instances of clergymen obtaining money on false pretences, or forging, or committing scandals of other kinds, it confounds the ordinary mind to think of the devout reading of prayers by the voice which has now to plead at the bar; and of the trust and deference hitherto enjoyed by the man whose word now goes for nothing, and who would never be spoken to again but for mere compassion. We need not dwell on such cases, because they produce their own effect upon society, and because this class of offenders is so small, and so sure to be watched over by public curiosity, that they can take care of themselves. When the moral is once pointed out,—that self-indulgence of one sort or another may bring after it such a fate as this, all is said that is most important; and we should know it without being told.

More perplexing, and, to our mind, more interesting, is the next class—that of the Kleptomaniacs, a joke to police-reporters, and comfortable people who are not troubled by nature with any unmanageable propensities—the shoplifters, and other victims of irresistible natural impulses to crime. Now and then we are shocked by a repetition of the old phenomenon of some lady or gentleman of wealth and position stealing something;—so certainly having stolen money or goods, just as a common thief would do, that there is no ground for acquittal, if the excuse of morbid propensity is rejected. Thirty years ago, there was an elderly lady, wealthy and of an old family, serving out her time on the treadmill at Coldbath-fields with shaven head and in the prison dress. She had stolen lace from a shop. The modern bazaars have yielded several victims of a temptation which, to ninety-nine persons in a hundred, is not conceivable as a temptation at all. It is probable that most of us know, personally or by general reputation, some gentleman whose arrival is a signal to put out of reach anything portable which it would be inconvenient to lose,—from a medal, or an old-fashioned guinea, to a penknife. At any rate, we have all heard of a titled lady or two who always carried something from a party,—a teaspoon, or an opera-glass, or, failing anything better, a few lumps of sugar. The articles being returned by her relations the next morning, justice did not move, even in menace. It is probable that no sensible man, either in the world or in the study, doubts the

fact of the overwhelming strength of certain propensities,—and the propensity to theft among others,—in certain natures. It is one of the most painful illustrations we have of the mischief of our ignorance of the relative constitution and action of mind and body: but there is scarcely any controversy as to our practical course while we are hoping and trying to grow wiser. The law must be no respecter of persons. While justice makes no allowance for irresistible propensity in the poor and ignorant, it can make none on behalf of the rich and educated. The real practical difference is one which gives all the advantage to the latter. The friends of the evil-disposed can, and for the most part do, in the case of gentry, keep an effectual watch and preclude mischief; whereas, the poor and ignorant town-thief must take his chance, amidst influences which are all against him, and which are sure to bring him into gaol at last. On the other hand, the genteel offender, caught and brought to trial, is sure of some set-off against the shame,—sure of a party in his favour,—of a clamour raised on his behalf by the vulgar of all ranks, who are shocked at the ignominy of punishment now, though they never bestowed a thought upon it when common thieves were concerned,—wretches whose business it is to be tried and punished. Miss Carpenter pleads for equal justice when such accidents happen as gentle and simple being on a level of offence before the law. Having shown the effect of early 'branding' in dooming children to be convicts, provided they are poor, she continues:—

'If a child in the higher walks of life were thus branded for life, universal attention would be excited, and public opinion would loudly exclaim against the cruelty of the proceeding. The notorious young girl, whose precocious wickedness in blasting the character of a Prison Chaplain, was afterwards proved by her conviction for perjury, was not sentenced to penal servitude, though she had shown a moral obliquity that could not be easily exceeded, and which was rendered more inexcusable by her position in society; she was sentenced only to two years in a Reformatory; and, being refused admission into one, for fear of contamination to the other inmates, she was placed under more private care.

'During the last year, in the City of Bristol, "a boy of genteel "appearance," eleven years of age, the son of a clergyman of the Church of England, was brought before the magistrates for entering a shop, and, finding no one there, stretching over the counter, opening the till, and abstracting money. The proceeding had been seen by a passenger, and the money was found on the boy. The act was certainly one indicating entire regardlessness of the rights of others, and some experience in the appropriation of the property of others.

Though the father urged to the court that "his son was a good boy, "that he had never been away from his mother, and that it might "have been the act of an infant," a magistrate justly remarked, "he "is old enough to know right from wrong. If a poor ragged boy "were brought up here, he would have been punished, and we can- "not make distinctions." The case having been fully proved, the magistrates committed the culprit to prison for fourteen days' hard labour, observing "that they could not pass over such an offence." *As the law now stands*, it was impossible justly to treat such an offence more leniently. To send a boy, having a home where care and moral training might be reasonably expected, to a Reformatory or Industrial School, would have evidently been unnecessary, and even injurious. Nothing else could have been done. Yet the case excited considerable animadversion in the public press, and letters appeared commenting on the severity of the sentence.' (*Our Convicts*, vol. i. p. 55.)

This leads us on to the third class,—the ordinary criminal population, of which most of us know so little, while we wonder at it, and shrink from it so much. It is needless to say that this body outnumbers the classes we have spoken of hundreds of times over. The late Ordinary of Newgate, the Rev. J. Davis, who died within the present year, strongly insisted on this great body being divided, for practical purposes, into two; the one comprehending the habitually corrupt and degraded; and the other, such offenders as have broken the law under some sudden impulse or some single overwhelming temptation. To Prison Chaplains and convict reformers this distinction is all-important; and it should be so to all observers of the case; but there is such a levelling influence in a penal sentence that, in common eyes, all who have undergone such a judgment are thenceforth separated by an impassable interval, and for ever, from the rest of society. It is not true, in fact, that members of either class are thus irrevocably doomed. A way is now opened for both to respectability, peace, and comfort; but in the one case it is a return to a good position, while, in the other, the position and the desire for it have to be actually created out of nothing, and amidst difficulties and contrarieties which must be well studied to be at all appreciated. This study is our business here, and we will go to it at once, leaving the case of offence under sudden temptation,—the isolated offence of a generally well-conducted person,—to the imagination and judgment of the reader. The danger in this last case is, as will be at once seen, that attention will not be drawn to it till the 'brand' has wrought its work of discouragement. There is little doubt of the man being recoverable if befriended in time. His chance

is, in these days, so good that we may leave him to the aid of those who best know how to win him back to the life which he knows how to value; and we can more profitably look into the case of the vast majority of convicts—those who are members of a sort of criminal race,—an order as clearly marked to the eye of the police and the prison-inspector as the gypsies are to us all.

People of this order and the police recognise each other, by a sort of instinct, under any circumstances. A policeman from a distance knows in the streets of any town which of the people he meets have been, ought to be, or will be convicts; and it is said that where the judicial photograph is absent on occasion of an offence in a new place, where the ticket-of-leave is destroyed, and where the evidence of former convictions cannot be obtained in a hurry, the police have no hesitation in detaining suspected persons on the strength of the stamp they carry about, the aspect and demeanour peculiar to the race of social Ishmaelites. 'The common observer,' says Miss Carpenter (vol. i. p. 11), 'will often shrink with a sort of mys-'terious dread from a group of men whose dress and physical 'condition do not indicate want, but yet who show no traces 'of honourable toil on their hands or clothes. They seem to 'have no sympathy with the interests of the world around, but 'to have a close understanding with each other, and a peculiar 'low expression, unlike that of the labouring portion of society. 'These are probably Convicts at large.' If not so far advanced —if only members of the order which lives by lawless violence, theft, and conspiracy—the casual passenger may still feel repulsion as he passes them in the street, and the police will be on the track, day and night. What is this class-label, as distinct as if it was pinned on the coat? and how was it incurred?

The physical conditions are bad, to begin with; and, to estimate these properly, we should consider the hereditary chances of guilt. The parents have of course been vicious, or their children would not be in the class. Intemperance of some sort has spoiled their health: they have few children; of those few, most die in infancy, and those who survive have small chance of the commonest bodily ease. The infants who are not half-starved are stuffed with unwholesome food, and unnerved by poisonous drinks. They are out begging or thieving, in all weathers, in the day; if beggars, they are barefoot and nearly naked, and if thieves, they may advantageously wear the beggar's rags. They come home at night either to be chased away from the fire, and knocked into a corner of the crowded room, to lie on straw, or they are made much of for their

doings, praised for trickery or audacity, and rewarded with gin and a gross supper. Jane Cameron's biographer gives us one phase of the child-life of the predestined convict. The mother was the daughter of a poor weaver, and had no intercourse with any relations that her child ever heard of. The father was a drunken vagabond, of no known occupation or settled abode. The mother took lodgers, but was in prison on Sundays for being drunk and abusive in the streets on Saturday nights. As for the child—

'At five years of age she was as precocious as most girls of her class. Her knowledge was self-acquired, but it was an awful knowledge of the world's wickedness, at which there was nothing to shudder—it was all in the natural course of things—what happened in the New Vennel every day! Her mother, she has assured me, never exhibited one instance of affection for her in her childhood, treated her as an incumbrance not to be conveniently got rid of; a something to be always hanging about, half-dressed, half-starved, and wholly untaught—a thing to be struck at for being in the way, for not growing up faster, and becoming of use to her mother, for coming home too early from the streets, into which she was driven, and *coming home hungry.*

'"You should beg of the well-dressed," was the one injunction ever impressed upon Jane Cameron; "at your age—a great girl sic "as ye—ye should be able to keep yersel."

'This injunction at five years of age, and then turned out bare-legged and scantily clad, in all weathers, and at all hours of the day and night, to shift for herself! Now and then it happened that she was borrowed for the day by those impostors who haunt every large city, and made to form one of a train, to parade the streets as a member of an honest family turned out of doors to beg for bread; but more often she begged for herself, and brought her earnings to her mother, who was always suspecting her of keeping back some money—"thieving it away from her."' (Vol. i. p. 19.)

'Jane Cameron's mother kept a lodging-house, be it understood then; and Jane Cameron was a child very much in the way. She was hungry at unseasonable times; she had to wear some kind of clothing—a frock at least—and she took up space at night, unless she was turned out on the common stair to make room for people with money in their pockets. The common stair, was to be preferred in the summer time: many wanderers brought their shavings, their rags, their mattresses—the possessors of these last desiderata were the well-to-do folk in the New Vennel—on the landing-place, to escape the suffocating room, and the *insects* that encrusted the walls and floors, and were eating away the very place!

'Being turned out on the common stair in the winter time, for late arrivals to tread upon or kick aside with an oath, for the police, always on the alert, and in search of some one, to stumble over and remonstrate with, and insist upon the mother taking her indoors

again—to be turned out again when the officials' backs were turned —was nearly salvation to Jane Cameron, although the fact never suggested itself to her till long afterwards.' (Vol. i. p. 23.)

This salvation was being spoken kindly to by a couple who had a fire, and invited her to warm herself by it; a benefit which may have saved her life, and which certainly impressed her mind.

Infant education in the workhouse is too often as bad as any training in the worst town haunts. The life within the walls is to children 'loveless, joyless, unendeared;' stripped of all associations with home, of all caresses from mother or sister, of all domestic play, of all natural intercourse between persons absolutely familiar and yet of varying ages. For workhouse children there is no pleasure in duty—none of the pride and satisfaction and amusement in daily tasks that we see in the rural labourer's boy when he goes at five or six years old to scare the crows, or to lead the horses to water, feeling himself a little man already; or that may be seen even in the poor handloom weaver's little daughter, when she begins to 'wind' and 'piece'; weary enough every day, no doubt—but a worker, a useful person, and one who earns money. In the workhouse the employment is mere penalty, for the most part; and when once out of it, boys prefer gaol to a return within the walls. Those of them who work badly, as pauper children are apt to do, are presently adrift; and the great majority of them are predestined convicts. If they return, they are naturally regarded as bad subjects, and are dismissed again and again, on any chance of their obtaining employment. Hating work, they refuse it, within and without the house. In the one case the magistrate is appealed to, and imprisonment ensues; and in the other, some theft of a loaf or a bit of meat, or some act of vagabondism, brings about the same result. From that hour the gaol is preferred to the workhouse, and all is over. Miss Carpenter asks,

'What is to be their future . . . branded with the gaol mark, and probably taught that even such an abode is preferable to that provided for the destitute of their country? It is possible indeed that the gaol has nothing deterrent for these unhappy lads, and that they have intentionally made their way there to escape from the workhouse; for the Chaplain of a gaol has told us of a lad who, when advised to go to a workhouse after his imprisonment here, replied that "they should not keep him there. He would run away, *as he "preferred the prison, where he was better fed;*" and when on the point of leaving the gaol, when the same lad was asked what course he intended to take, he said, "*I will beg to get work in the brickcraft*

"*during the summer, and come here in the winter.*" (*Our Convicts*, vol. i. p. 65.)

There is something worse, however, than the training in the disgust of honest work; and that is, the liking for dishonest work. There are many, no doubt, who loathe each day as it passes, burdened as it is with its own task of mendicancy or theft—with the penalties of both on either hand. If they succeed in bringing home booty, they are left uncompensated for their fears and risks, for the whole is taken from them; and if they fail, they are punished. But there are others who treat the matter very differently, and who contrive to introduce into their occupation something of the complacency of the bird-boy and the silk-winder. There are young pickpockets who jingle their money proudly, and show it as an evidence of their skill; and some indulge their feelings by giving away largely, and even by making a handsome allowance to parents, and by setting forward brothers and sisters in life. Such sensibilities are real enough. The misfortune is, that there is something in the holding of property too abstract, and the suffering from the loss of it is too much out of sight, to allow morality and law any chance against sympathy and bad habits. It sometimes happens that a young thief has a chance of seeing the misery of a poor person on being robbed of the week's wages, or of some indispensable batch of savings; and then the thief cries, and longs to restore the booty, or gets drunk to drown thought. But these cases of remorse are rare in comparison with those of pride and satisfaction in the successful discharge of a difficult business. The mother of a girl at a Reformatory gave to one of the superintending ladies a sketch of her mode of life and living. She said:—

'That she had trained at least fifty girls to pick pockets: that she lived at inns with these wretched girls, dressed as young ladies, and travelled with them in first-class carriages. This woman complained to another lady who had obtained admission for her two daughters into an asylum, that she should be deprived of their services, which was unjust, as she had gone to great expense in having them trained by a first-rate London pickpocket. The younger of these daughters, after resuming her former course with her mother, was five years in a Reformatory, the mother by her visits keeping up her powerful and baneful influence over her mind. On her discharge, she again plunged her daughter into crime, and the wretched girl is now in a convict prison. The elder daughter was more experienced, and, after a two years' imprisonment, she was sufficiently skilful to live a career of crime, as she is now probably doing, without detection. How successful she is in obtaining from the public her ill-gotten wealth, is proved by her having boasted to one of the ladies who

had tried to save her that she had six times set up her mother in a decent way of living by the proceeds of her profession. As often had the woman shown an unwillingness to live any but a life of reckless wickedness. Such a case might have been supposed to be a solitary one, but we learn from Mr. Davis, the Ordinary of Newgate, that it is not so.' (*Our Convicts*, vol. i. p. 65.)

Far enough from being a solitary case! It would be as reasonable to imagine the case of any girl seduced from her father's homestead to London streets to be a solitary one. In the neighbourhood of great men's rural properties, where gamekeepers' daughters help to feed the birds, and where gentry come down to shoot, or to keep Easter or Christmas, there are sometimes notions of duty and family affection which would startle moralists not a little, if they could overhear the domestic consultations, or the talk with visitors. An eldest girl here and there is looked to, to turn the admiration of visitors to account, and to procure means of schooling, or a successive introduction into life for younger sisters, if not for brothers; and she is proud of her importance accordingly. While such things are, we need not wonder that the profession of theft affords its gratifications also. It is necessary to be aware of such facts, and to understand the compatibility of moral satisfaction with bad principles and practice, if we are ever to attain greater success in convict management than we have yet achieved. Here is an illustration of the professional view:—

'Mr. Clay gives us the following statements,' says Miss Carpenter, 'respecting the training of young pickpockets, from one of the gang already mentioned as under sentence of transportation:—

'"These girls are natives of Dublin. . . . When they came to Manchester, they were quite plain in their dress, and no person on earth would suspect them. I believe there is nowhere their equal in being expert at ladies' dress pockets. When they first came to Manchester, they got immense of money in shops and omnibuses. . . . When an omnibus leaves, they get into it, and being dressed like any gentlemen's girls, with one of these French baskets in their hands, they get close beside a lady, and contrive to place their shawl or mantle over the lady's dress pocket, which shades their hands. . . . When these two girls *and their mothers and myself* was getting a glass of liquor, they told me they was often sending 20*l.* to their fathers and brothers in Dublin."' (*Our Convicts*, vol. i. p. 67.)

We must add some instances which came under Miss Carpenter's own observation, a few years since. These are given in her second volume, in illustration of the cost to society of the training of children to crime; but they cast a strong light on the point under our immediate notice—the influences which create convicts; and we therefore quote them here:—

'Mrs. L. was left a widow with three sons and three daughters. We saw the latter in gaol together, some ten years ago. The eldest brother was then under a ten years' sentence in Parkhurst Juvenile Prison; the second boy was in prison; the youngest was in the workhouse; the mother was living as she chose. This was the eighth conviction of her three girls, the youngest of whom was only fifteen! They had lived together in London by picking pockets, at which they were adepts. Once it was attempted to get them into a Refuge; but the mother soon removed them. The eldest daughter was then under sentence of penal servitude. She completed her time at Brixton, but was soon in gaol under another name, and is now again in Brixton Convict Prison. A conditional pardon was obtained for the two others in different voluntary institutions. After many disappointments, and much perseverance with them, they emigrated —one to Canada, one to the United States, as female servants, and reports were heard from each as doing well. The youngest boy was maintained for some years in a workhouse Industrial School, then ran away, and was lost sight of; the second, after five or six imprisonments, was placed as a voluntary in a Reformatory, from which he emigrated with a fair character to Australia, and has been heard of as doing well. The eldest was discharged with a ticket-of-leave from Parkhurst, his conduct having been good there. His fare was paid to emigrate with the gratuity he received on his discharge; but he left the ship, returned to the scene of his former life, and after living at large on the fruits of crime for some weeks, he was taken up for burglary, convicted, and sentenced to fourteen years' penal servitude. How much has that one woman cost to the Government and to society through her children!' (*Our Convicts*, vol. ii. p. 205.)

There are other influences still, besides the express training and the personal vices of the parents. The ideas are almost all vile where children are brought up, or scramble their way up, in crowded dwellings where no notions of decency exist. The very literature is that of animal passion and defiant lawlessness. Not only 'The Newgate Calendar,' of which we have all heard so much, but books never associated in the authors' minds with such readers, are the recreation of boys and girls in cellars and garrets. Lives of bad people, everything about banditti anywhere, love stories from any language, scenes of theatrical life, trials of celebrated malefactors, love, crime, madness, suicide, wherever to be got in print, are powerful in preparing the young for convict life. They operate in their degree as the spectacle of the execution of a great criminal does in exciting the imagination, and giving a glow of romance to a hard and sordid mode of life. Then, there is the drink.

Most of us have had some miserable opportunity of observing

a case of intemperance: and everything that can be said of the effects of the vice on the health, the mind and manners, and fortunes of the victim, is so familiar as to be wearisome; but, with all this, we fail to understand one all-important point, unless we are familiar with criminal society, in reality or in trustworthy books. No temptation exceeds the engrossing interest of drink to the criminal class; and especially to the young. In bad times, when they know what it is to be hungry, the drink is most potent; and they can think of nothing else till they have the dram at their lips. Then there is a reprieve from all miseries for an interval. Rational people can form no idea of the passion which fills the whole nature under such alternations. Then, again, personal and social interests are involved in it, so as to make drink the supreme influence of the life. A young thief is 'sent to Coventry' by his own class, if he so loses himself in drink as to be indiscreet; and yet he must be genial and generous. He must neither be afraid of the police, nor be suspected of conversation with them. He must be able to do his part in a drinking bout, without being disagreeable or dangerous; and if he fights, bullies, or betrays when drunk, it costs him a world of trouble to make his way up again in the opinion of his set. He must stand treat, and neither too seldom nor too often. However sorely he may need the booty he has just got, he must first discharge his debt of honour, and make his comrades drunk; and if he fails to get booty, his hunger is a small pain in comparison with the dread of reproach and exclusion through his poverty. But, on the other hand, he must not too often order 'glasses 'round.' It excites jealousy, makes him despised, and establishes a habit and expectation which he may not be able to keep up. He balances these things as happier people resolve affairs of principle and prudence from their point of view. Then, again, there is the bodily pain and pleasure—the morning sensations after the night's debauch—the black eyes, and aches, and bruises from the fight—the loathing of all things, from food to friendship, till the hour of relief arrives. All these things, and the repetition of them in the life of everybody he knows and cares about, form a large province in the interests and experiences of the criminal class. When we consider this, and that every child reared in such society grows up with the belief that drink is the most important thing in the world, and so regards it to the end, we cannot but see that this vice may go far to create a separate class of society, living under conditions of special fatality. To those who know anything of this lower sort of life, there is something exceedingly affecting in

the plaint of hundreds of convicts about the beer-shops, and in the petition sent by them to the House of Lords, through the Preston Gaol Chaplain. Two hundred and seventeen male prisoners signed that petition, speaking from their own 'direct 'and bitter knowledge.' This movement, however, related only to beershops, and was conducted by men only. The 'Memoirs of Jane Cameron' show how desperate is the state of things, quite apart from the beerhouses. There are the gin-shops, and the sales of whisky and gin on the sly, and the treating out of black bottles in cellars and garrets, and the revels at the dancing-schools, and the tête-à-tête or solitary indulgence in the private lodging—all out of the line of beer-shops; and there is the whole female population of criminals unrepresented in the Prisoners' Petition to the Lords.

We cannot attempt to describe any of the features of the outcast life in connexion with the master passion. With every condition operating to stimulate the passion, while all the ordinary restraints are absent, the state of society in the criminal ranks is such as the most active imagination cannot overtake. All that is best and all that is worst in this wilderness of human nature goes to intensify the passion of love. To those who have nerve to contemplate it steadily the spectacle is profoundly moving, as well as curiously interesting; but anything beyond a mere reference to it in its place, is out of the question here. We know something of the loves and jealousies of children in happier regions of life and character, and we have our little jokes about the courtings and the coquetries of little folks; but we could hardly laugh in our own homes if we knew the tragic character which the passion manifests in its earliest beginnings in the criminal classes. The account of the 'Dancing Skeel,' in the 'Memoirs of Jane Cameron,' is a scene strangely characteristic of the coarse temptations and enjoyments of the lowest class of the Scottish population. The beginning once made, the course of events is not greatly varied. There is the preferred candidate—the little girl, thenceforth at the mercy of the brutal lad, who, to her, has the giant's strength, and uses it as a giant; there are her days of abject obedience, and of fearful risks incurred for him, and of endurance of ridicule and malice on account of her belief in him; and there are her nights of terror for his fate, of doubt, and jealousy, and mad hate alternating with her love. Then there is the charge of the baby, when she is still a mere child herself; his desertion of her, because the infant is a hindrance and an expense; and the ill-will of all the world against the mother and child, because they are more plague than profit; and the jests at her maternal

feelings, and the urgings about dropping the burden over the bridge, or putting it underground. Such conflicts being carried on into the latest years of the short career of the criminal class, what can be expected of either sex? The man who is early courted and spoiled; the woman who is maddened in her first youth by rank illusions, giving place to hard betrayal and desertion, and leaving her at last alone and an outcast from even the low order into which she was born;—what can be expected from creatures who occupy a different plane of human existence from those who study their case, and would fain redeem their character and condition?

They do not even share our experience of pleasure and pain. Though they are willing to be what they are, and sometimes proud and vain of their duty and destiny, they evidently have no conception of the ordinary sense of life being a blessing, and the human lot a good thing in itself. Such a view is probably too abstract for them,—the mere instinct scarcely surviving to guide them to it. They vehemently desire, and greedily devour, such good things as lie within their range; but their pleasures are usually spoiled by some restless passion; by fear, if by nothing worse. The fear of the law and the magistracy, the police and the prison, seems to be everywhere the plague of their lives. Through an occasional disguise of hypocrisy, and across the broadest and biggest lie, there appears the deep and constant dread of capture, conviction, and being shut up. Nobody who has obtained any insight into the life of criminals will for a moment believe that good diet, good air, and warmth in prison have ever caused a single garotting, or burglary, or forgery; or ever will cause a trained criminal to commit an offence. It is not very probable that an innocent person will pick a pocket or steal a loaf to arrive at prison dinners; but it seems actually impossible that a professional thief should purposely incur the evil which is the terror of all his waking and sleeping hours. Whatever is said in a slighting way about punishment is obviously meant for the novices in the profession, to give them nerve till they have mastered the first degrees of their art.

'"Ye're afraid of the prison," said Mary (to Jane Cameron). "Pooh! prison's naethin'. They gie ye a clean hoose, and somethin' to eat; and the oakum pickin''s easy after a weel."' (Vol. i. p. 107.)

'"Prison's naethin'," we read again. "They take care of ye, and give ye eno' to eat—more than ye get at hame. There's naethin' to frighten ye a bit."' (Vol. i. p. 37.)

This Mary herself, however, abhorred prison with a hatred which darkened her bold life with dread. As for her pupil

Jane; she found a better room than she had ever lived in, more light, air, and cleanliness, a bed to herself, warm and comfortable clothing, and the luxury and gentility of shoes and stockings. She had a companion of her own order too, to talk their sort of talk with when matron and chaplain were out of hearing. Yet, when she was free, she was determined never to get into prison again. It was so dull and lifeless; and she grew what her companion called 'old and ugly.' No comforts within doors could make up for the loss of the freedom of the streets: and, from that time forth, the dread of the police and prison haunted her night and day. She saw no comfort, indeed, in any direction; and the causes of her misery are common to all her class; so that we may safely consider them the most pitiable wretches in the whole range of society. They have their principles of justice and honour; they have their friendships and attachments; they have their sphere of bounty, and pleasures of generosity; they have lovers and children; they have celebrity in and beyond their own class; they have their special pride, and keen sense of rights; they believe they have (out of prison) more liberty than other people; they are familiar with luxury, as well as poverty, and some of them are, and many of them might be, substantially wealthy: yet every one of these things is spoiled to them by the misery within, and especially by the gnawing and unrelenting fear of the police and the prison. Somebody is always violating their sense of justice, and doing them wrong; and their sense of honour is a mere torment when their own passions have driven them into some act of treachery, as when Jane Cameron, mad with jealousy and drink, betrayed her faithless lover's hiding-place. Knowing nothing of repentance, amendment, and forgiveness, remorse for such an act is incurable. Their loves and friendships are harassed by suspicions; and the only way to avoid jars is to be a perfect slave. Their highest pleasure probably is in the indulgence of generosity; but the noblest bounty soon comes to be most absolutely reckoned on as a right, and ingratitude brings the pleasure to an end. They all, men and women, know what it is to be heartbroken by a lover, once at least in the series of connexions; and their children are sickly, troublesome, and spitefully treated by comrades, because they are troublesome. The celebrity of the eminent thieves is a keen pleasure to them: but it is an inconvenience, both as setting the police upon their track, and as making them a prey to the less fortunate of their own class. Nobody suffers more from beggars than the great burglar or swindler, or pickpocket, when receiving the homage of the community in which he lives. The cruellest

blow to the pride of any one of these heroes is when 'some 'd—d thief has been and picked his pocket,' as happened to Jane Cameron's distinguished friend Barney, when out pleasuring, hundreds of miles away from the proper scene of business; and when the pride of the class is the most confident and superb, it is mingled with worry, with resentment or fear. They gloat over the whole scene of the administration of justice, which they regard as a testimony to their importance in society. It is on their account that there are judges in the land, and a great host of lawyers and police. When in prison they now and then, under great provocation, bid the governor or matron, the turnkeys, and even the chaplain and the doctor, remember that they owe the very means of subsistence to them—the thieves. 'What would become of you but for *us?*' they ask, in a tone of patronage or remonstrance. They know the thrilling emotion of patronage, waited on, as they suppose, by subservience; and, to enjoy it in its utmost fulness, they prodigiously exaggerate the gains of the offices they consider themselves as conferring. This, again, justifies to themselves their tone of injury. 'Is it not hard,' they ask, 'that *we* 'should ever be in want while this chaplain, this governor, 'these warders are paid vast incomes through our way of 'life?' The keenest gratification of pride, however, is during their trial for grave offences. They glance round upon the judges, the lawyers, the officers of the court, the public, and the show and routine of the business; and their hearts swell with pride and glory that all this is a scene of which they are the heroes. In their ignorance and narrowness, they cannot conceive of there being any interest in law to bring spectators to the trial,—anything worth attending to in the administration of justice,—any object in the arrest and punishment of guilt, apart from the spectacle of themselves, and the particulars of their behaviour at the bar. Amidst this pride and its antagonisms, there is a tendency, really touching to observe, to assume the ground of rights under the law, common to all. Brought up in a sense of alienation from society and law, hating and fearing the law, and pretending to be above the people who live under it, they seize every possible occasion, within the prison, of complaining of violation of their rights. Every ordinary prisoner has his wrongs: and chaplains and the governors and matrons everywhere are weary of hearing the old story of how the complainant has been spited and persecuted, while others have been favoured; and what representations he or she intends to make to the magistrates to get redress, and cause the prison officers to know their place. Of

course, everything connected with the complainant's getting into prison at all is wrong. He ought not to be there, in fact; or, if the law and the magistrates are so hard upon him, they ought to be much harder on A., B., or C., who do not seem to be properly looked after at all. Jane Cameron may stand for ninety-nine convicted prisoners in a hundred, as an exponent of the case of the sentenced offender:—

'She had not been sentenced fairly, but had been treated with an extra degree of harshness. Every body had "been down upon her." If it had been anybody else, she would not have had half such a sentence; but the bailie, the sheriff, the police—none of them treated her fairly, she considered at that time. It is always the misfortune of a prisoner never to be sentenced by the particular magistrate or judge for whom she has a preference; or, if tried by her favourites, sentence is to be passed upon her at the very period when those favourites are out of temper and in unmerciful moods.

'These wolves of society have all their complaints to make against the law; they are never content with the justice that has been meted out to them. A catalogue of their grievances would form an interesting volume. The world would be amazed at the number of wrongs they who have warred with it for life are ready to charge against it, and what a stern belief they have in the truth of their statements. In their own ideas they are an injured and ill-used class, and hardly dealt with. Society is much too severe upon them, and treats them very unfairly, on the whole!' (Vol. i. p. 236.)

The life of the criminal class is thus, as we see, strongly analogous to the life of other people,—moved by ordinary passions, proceeding on common ideas, and involving some of the strongest and deepest joys as well as sorrows of which human nature is capable. The points of difference are easy to perceive and point out; and we need notice only two,—the agitation of the mind and life of the outcast from society and law, and the terrible, unremitting misery of fear. It is the habit of the class to quiz and scoff at honest people; but perhaps the keenest envy felt by these wretched beings is of the freedom and repose of the honest. A man, however poor and hardworking, who is as free as air to go where he pleases when the day's toil is over, and who is never inquired for by enemies; a woman who fears no face that she may meet, and has no need to watch over the fidelity of 'pal' or 'chap;' a child who runs merrily along the pavement, who does not know a policeman from any other man; who is sure of a welcome at home without any question of plunder impending there to decide between reward and punishment;—these ordinary people, with their unconscious bliss of innocence and safety, are wistfully regarded by every thief they meet as happy

beyond all estimate. 'Fear hath torment.' Every thief in the country believes and trembles, so far as that scripture goes.

And what is this fear? Since the restriction of capital punishment to a small number of the gravest crimes, what has the professional offender to dread which can account for, or at all justify, this submission to constant torment?

The dread is simply of prison, as prisons and prison life are now. And the poor wretches may well dread it, carrying in with them clamorous passions, a restlessness inconceivable to anybody but themselves and the prison officers; a sort of pledge not to listen to the chaplain, but, on the contrary, to think of something else while he is talking; a secret contempt of officials whom they believe to be supported by their way of life; a loathing of order, cleanliness, monotony, work,—everything that makes up prison life. What the suffering is we may partly conceive from the results,—the frequent failure of the system, the mutinies among the men, the 'breakings-out' of the women, the instances so often occurring of officers being afraid of the desperation of the convicts, and the risks the convicts run for the sake of the smallest chance of congenial correspondence, inside or outside of the gaol.

Such is the class we have to deal with. What are we to do? After a review like this of the character and life of our criminals, it is very natural that inquirers and reformers should think first, and almost exclusively, of taking the great band of outlaws themselves in hand, and seeing what can be done to regenerate them. But this is not the first business to be attended to; nor is it the business of the State at all, except in as far as the safety of society is concerned in it. Society would fare badly indeed if we were to expect the restraint on theft and other offences from the reformation of such a set of people as these criminals are. The first duty unquestionably is to protect society as speedily and thoroughly as possible; and this may, of course, be done by shutting up adult thieves, and rescuing the juvenile outcasts who have hitherto kept up and increased the numbers of the criminal class. The greatest step ever taken towards securing us from thieves was the establishment of Reformatories and Ragged Schools. If these institutions were to become adequate to our needs, we should be relieved of lawlessness as a hereditary institution, and should have to contend only with the evil element,—the scum everywhere thrown up by the action of society,—the offensiveness of the individually vicious, the personally ill-disposed, the born enemies of industry and order, of whom every generation produces a certain proportion. If no more hereditary thieves and

vagabonds were ever allowed to grow up among us, the other element—the natural and necessary criminals of each generation—would give us enough to do in choosing and carrying out a policy with 'our convicts.'

The Ragged School Union is our first agency. It picks up and gives some sort of civilisation to wild and neglected children who would formerly have been under the certain doom of a convict life; it affords them some instruction, begins their industrial training, and creates some sense of their having friends among good people. During the twenty-one years of the existence of the Ragged School Union, a quarter of a million of children have been more or less under its charge, besides the present occupants of the schools, who are reckoned as exceeding fifty thousand. New buildings for this class are rising in and about London, as well as elsewhere; and in the course of last year, seventy new 'operations' or institutions, were created, viz., Evening and Sunday Schools, Ragged Churches, Penny Banks, and Lending Libraries. The Union comprehends upwards of six hundred schools, most of them in connexion with clothing clubs, industrial and sewing classes, temperance societies, working-men's clubs, and flower-shows. Besides the familiar Shoe-black Brigade, there is a Rag-collecting Brigade. Where the funds allow such an addition, food is dispensed, at least once a day. The offer of employment in various directions to these deserted children transfers them from the criminal to the industrious class in such numbers that we may place Ragged Schools at the head of institutions provided for the public safety; and the great majority of the pupils, who go into service of one kind or another, may be considered safe in the guardianship of their employers. In all our colonies, and in most districts of the kingdom, there are now respectable young men and women subscribing to the funds out of their own earnings, or otherwise eager to acknowledge their obligations to the institution which redeemed them from an outcast condition.

These schools are, however, not for young criminals; and, in regard to our convict system, they are only precautionary. The first provision for actual offenders is the Reformatory School. It is a prodigious advance on the old practice of committing juvenile thieves to prison. Children, from nine years old and upwards, were sentenced to terms of imprisonment, and let loose without any attempt to reform them; and they were nearly sure to return, again and again, learning more iniquity each time by association with older convicts, and having no choice but to fulfil their miserable destiny. The Industrial

Schools Act and the Juvenile Delinquent Act now substitute a school for the prison, or make a short imprisonment an introduction to a legal detention in a reformatory school. If these new provisions were properly used, the supply of convicts from the rising generation might be almost entirely stopped; but the magistracy do not seem to understand the purpose of the new Acts; and no small part of the body seem never to have heard of the provision at all. Two years ago, when the Governor of Holloway Prison gave his evidence before the Royal Commission, there were fifty-one convicts under the age of seventeen in his gaol; and the number of juvenile prisoners was increasing at the rate of from ten to fifteen per cent. for the City of London. The Governor seemed to know nothing about Reformatories, saying that two of the whole fifty-one culprits were intended for a Reformatory, which turned out to be Parkhurst Prison. No longer ago than January of last year, a girl of thirteen, in service in Kent, was tried at the Quarter Sessions for robbing her mistress of some clothes, and actually sentenced to four years' penal servitude! The case was so flagrant that the Home Secretary obtained a conditional pardon, which enabled the poor child to be sent to a reformatory instead of a convict cell. Cases almost as cruel are occurring every day, under the jurisdiction of ignorant and careless magistrates. As Miss Carpenter tells us, in noticing the Acts of 1854 and 1857,

'Though the former of these has been very extensively in operation throughout the kingdom, and the latter is highly valued wherever it is carried out; though H.M. Inspector of those schools, the Rev. Sydney Turner, has given repeated reports of their success, wherever the principles on which they were originally founded are carried out; and though the Royal Commission on Education spoke most strongly in favour of the system; though it is now unnecessary for any young person under fourteen to be subjected to imprisonment, except as a preliminary to his being sent to a Reformatory, since he can be handed over to parental correction, or "cautioned and discharged," if his case does not appear a serious one;—notwithstanding all this, we find the young delinquents still sent to prison; we still find that when they have completed the "curriculum of crime" they have thus commenced, they help to fill our convict prisons. Most truly did a Bristol magistrate once declare (*vide Bristol Post*, October 16, 1862), when a "diminutive "street urchin," who had been committing "Arab devastation at "Clifton," was brought before him for stealing walnuts from a garden, "the prisoner deserved to go to gaol, *only he thought that such* "*a step might ruin him.*" He therefore handed the boy over to parental chastisement. But his example is not generally followed in our country.' (Vol. i. p. 59.)

While we write we receive the Report of Mr. Sydney Turner on Reformatory Schools in 1864. It tells of the increase of juvenile crime in Middlesex, and of its being largely due to the inadequate use of Reformatory Schools by the metropolitan magistrates, and the refusal of the Middlesex magistrates to pay the small subscription needed by the Redhill establishment, the 'Cornwall,' &c., except in cases from the Quarter Sessions or the Central Court. But there is another obstacle for which the magistrates are not answerable. The Industrial Schools Act is almost inoperative in London, because the Managers of Schools and Refuges avoid placing their schools under the Act, preferring to receive voluntary inmates, or those sent by subscribers, rather than the young vagrants who can be reached only through the magistrates. The Schools and the Act have thus no bearing on the case of the idle and disorderly children who pass from begging and pilfering in the streets and about the railway stations to the gaol and the convict life.

How important it is that these evils should be remedied appears from the description of our criminal class contained in the volume of 'Judicial Statistics' for 1864, recently issued. The numbers can never be relied on as certain, because the estimate is differently made by the police in different districts: but the Home Office gives the following as the nearest approximation it can effect. Of 145,256 offenders of all descriptions (including tramps and vagrants), there were last year in local prisons 17,346; in convict prisons, 7,975; and in reformatories, 3,186. Of the adults in convict gaols, a large proportion were criminals in their youth; and of the whole number, in all prisons, above six per cent. were under sixteen years of age. While the Report exhibits a decrease of offenders of every class, we may be especially consoled to find that the number of juvenile delinquents steadily decreases under the efforts made to arrest their career and reform their characters, their proportion to the whole descending from twelve per cent. in 1856 to eight per cent. in 1860, and six per cent. in 1863–4. There are occasional complaints from newspaper correspondents, and from strict persons in social intercourse, of the luxurious life led in Reformatory Schools, where a band of music exists, and there are singing and dancing, and holly and roast beef and plum-pudding at Christmas; but, while the number of delinquents steadily diminishes, and the chief anxiety of the managers is to ameliorate these wild young spirits by the restraint and the toil of discipline, we need have no fear that children in the streets will give up their license and their laziness for a Christmas festival which stands out from a

whole year of the labour and the supervision, the order and monotony, which the inmates abhor above everything. The benevolence of these institutions consists, not in indulgence to the coarse and lawless inmates, but in rescuing them from the convict life and fate. In achieving this, the patriotic aim is so far fulfilled, of saving society from the curse of a rising generation of criminals. Those of the whole number (if there be any) who do not mend at all are henceforth under *surveillance*, and must be aware that they are, and they may be removed to some place of more favourable conditions than their old haunts; the unregenerate but decently conducted are put in the way of a harmless career of self-support; while a large proportion of the probationers give evidence, under judicious and kindly management, of genuine amendment of mind and life. Thus, the reformatory system, if properly carried out to its full extent, would do more for the security of society in the first place, and the salvation of criminals in the next, than all our other penal methods together.

One reason why this is not better understood and considered than it is by society generally, and the magistracy in particular, is, no doubt, that the term 'reformatory system' includes a mischievous confusion of ideas. We have heard so much of reformatory schemes in our convict prisons, and we have seen so much of their failure, that we have lost faith in all attempts to reform, at any age, and under any circumstances. This carries us at once into the interior of the convict prison.

If our readers desire to know what the system really is there, and what notions in the heads of the administrators have hitherto guided the procedure, they must read Miss Carpenter's fourth chapter (vol. i.). We cannot extract the whole, nor a tenth part of it, nor therefore convey any adequate sense of the heinousness of the mistakes which have been committed before our eyes, and, as we are told, for our security. Have our readers been aware, or have they ever imagined, that a sentence of penal servitude—the next punishment to death—is less terrible to the criminal than imprisonment in a county gaol? Is it credible that a short sentence of imprisonment is more dreaded than a longer one of penal servitude? If the fact has been known, has the reason ever been dreamed of? The reason lies in the peculiar signification, in gaols and among gaol-birds, of the word 'reformatory.' In the regions of criminal life, 'reformatory' means lightness of punishment, laxity of discipline, deference to the will of the convict, and the prospect of liberty under great advantages. Such a conception could

have arisen only out of the gravest error on the part of the administrators. They, in fact, consider, or have been in the habit of treating reformation as meaning fitness for restoration to liberty; and they have assumed that fitness to consist in a sufficiency of industrial ability, with correctness of behaviour as far as can be seen in a prison.

'Whatever difference of opinion may be entertained respecting the true nature of reformatory treatment, we have a right to expect that a sentence of the law intended as the highest secondary punishment shall be more severe than one pronounced on ordinary offenders; that the convict prisons shall be far more to be dreaded than county gaols. We know that in most of these a strict discipline is administered, as it should be; and we expect to find the treatment in the prisons for hardened offenders far more severe. What is our astonishment at learning from the evidence given to the Commission (824) that criminals prefer a sentence of three or four years' penal servitude to eighteen months' or two years' imprisonment; and to find that the Chairman of the Directors of Convict Prisons attributes this circumstance "to the fact that it is much "milder discipline than exists in the county prisons." (825.) We are even more astonished to hear the following admission made respecting the treatment of those whom the public supposes to be undergoing the most severe secondary punishment the law awards in convict prisons—persons who have committed serious offences against society, or have persevered in a course of evil doing:—"Convicts "and the criminal population are aware that they are considerately "treated, and they must be. There are only two ways of dealing with "men—either to drive them or to lead them. If you drive them, the "public suffer from the effects of the demoralisation; and if you lead "them, they gain by a large proportion being reformed." (828.) This statement, being made by the Chief Director, must be regarded as an authoritative declaration of the principles on which the convicts are treated. It is made in reference to the dietary, but it underlies the whole system. A similar statement is made respecting labour:—"If you put a man to penal labour, it would interfere with the moral "effect, and with the objects you had in view in training him for "ultimate release." (834.) "It (a deterring stage) would interfere in a "great measure with the industrial and moral training of the larger "proportion of the men." (833.) We find (828) that "The object for "which penal servitude, as it now exists, and as it has existed since "it was introduced in 1848, was to train men for their release, either "at home or abroad. Looking to the length of the sentences and the "circumstances, the penal features were diminished, and the greater "effort was thrown into the industrial training and the endeavour to "reform." It is then here and elsewhere assumed that a man who has committed heinous crimes will best be reformed by gratifying his wishes, instead of making him feel the consequences of his conduct; that he will be prepared for release into society, where he must expect difficulties and hardships, by shielding him from them in the place of his punishment!' (*Our Convicts*, vol. i. p. 113.)

After such a disclosure as this, we can hardly wonder much at the mutinies in our prisons, of which so many have occurred of late years; nor at the manifest fear of their charge in which the gaolers stand; nor at the virtual bribes offered to the most desperate criminals to abstain from giving trouble; nor at the notion abroad among thieves—exaggerated, as their ignorant notions usually are—of the power their comrades hold in the prison, and of the real character of the officials; nor that the first object of punishment, the security of society, is sacrificed without the others being attained—either the reformation of the offender, or his seclusion from the means of mischief. We cannot wonder much that the administrators of law and justice and punishment are regarded and treated as dependent on the criminal class for their livelihood and their position; nor that their salaries are reported to be of a fabulous amount; nor that they are reported, among convicts and their friends, to be the worst people in the prison or in the world—traitors, money-grubbers, hypocrites, cheats, and only not cruel because they are too cowardly to be so. How it is possible for real reformation to begin or proceed under the secret prevalence of such ideas we need not inquire.

Such is the state of affairs when the alternative is assumed to be — as is innocently avowed by the Chairman of the Directors of Convict Prisons—'there are only two ways—to 'drive them or to lead them.' In Reformatory Schools, and a good many other places, it is found that there is another method —to control without 'driving,' and to open a way of return or of regeneration without tempting, or indulging, or humouring, or doing anything like what perplexed and alarmed gaolers call 'leading' their formidable charge. Control need not irritate, if it be wise, impartial, systematic, and perfectly organised; and kindness need not stimulate desires, nor invite encroachments, if it be of the steady, sustained, and dignified character that judicial benevolence always supposes.

It is quite true, as Miss Carpenter points out, that the first step in genuine reform is to engage the will of the offender in favour of industry and order. The mistake has been in supposing that this was to be done by assigning to those who are hopeful subjects interesting work, or what they like best, while the hardest and most distasteful labour is given to 'in-'corrigibles.' The consequence has naturally been that those who most need reforming are consigned to despair, while their more favoured comrades are occupied in choosing what they will do, and humoured for the sake of peace and quiet, and

of profit to the establishment, in getting the largest amount of work done. Hence the more agreeable occupations are called 'reformatory sort of work,' though the prisoners are encouraged to have a will and to assert it, till they learn to intimidate instead of obeying their gaolers, and one or another catastrophe ensues;—the gaolers are tyrannised over by their prisoners, or those mutinies and riots arise and increase of which the public hears much less than the truth. At Dartmoor nine cases of desperate assault had to be examined in one visit of a Director; and in most or all of the prisons there are 'ruffians' (indulged with 'reformatory sort of work') whom the officers dare not approach without the most elaborate precautions. All this is saved where there is no consultation with the culprits, and no consideration of their likings in the labour appointed; where they are brought under a system to which they have only to submit, and which is instituted and carried on for the benefit of the whole class, and in no respect referred to the pleasure of those who live under it. External means, as Miss Carpenter observes, can produce no change in natures so perverted and hardened. They may be bribed or terrified into some degree of quiet and apparent submission; but, as soon as they can get free (often by hypocritical shows of amendment) they return to their old courses with fresh relish and energy. It is an instructive fact that among some of the very worst of the mutineers at Chatham, murderous ruffians who came in under long sentences, 'were some whose licences '(tickets-of-leave) were already issued, and actually in the 'hands of the Governor; and others recommended for dis-'charge, *many of them with large gratuities.*' (*Our Convicts*, vol. i. p. 128.)

Perhaps there is nothing on record more strange in the conduct of men than the details given in evidence by prison officers of the power and love of annoyance among these wretches — the wild and savage caprices with which they alarm and grieve their keepers, and misuse their religious opportunities, and try to get the upper hand of the medical officers. And these are the fellows who obtain a discharge before their time, with money in their pockets, for having done less than half the amount of work per day of the honest labourers outside. Yet their penal servitude is ordained as the severest punishment next to hanging! It is no wonder if this kind of sentence is preferred by minor offenders to ordinary imprisonment without such opportunities.

Such are the results of our supposed reformatory system in prisons which cost the country, after deducting the value of

the labour of the inmates, above 200,000*l.* a year, while foreign observers are all amazement at our procedure, and the authorities at home find an increase of crime among us, in proportion to the release of numbers of wretches who have purchased their freedom by lazy work and hollow decency of conduct. After paying enormously for a reformation which is not achieved, we find our cities infested with crime, without any means of checking it, or any control over the perpetrators and evil exemplars whom we have allowed to escape from *surveillance*, and encouraged to baffle all the three aims of convict punishment. Society is not secured; offenders are not reformed; and the lawless class is not deterred from plunging into the depths of crime.

We need hardly say that these results do not tell against a reformatory system, but only against a perversion and mismanagement of it. The systems in England and Ireland both date from the Act of 1853, and refer to that of 1857. The English system has departed from the principles of those Acts, and has failed; the Irish has adhered to them, and has succeeded. It is not our business now to enter afresh on the task of contrasting them, which we did, up to a certain point, above two years ago.* Our present object is rather to inquire what sort of treatment is most likely to avail with an order of human beings such as we have seen our criminal class to be. What should we do with them, in order to approach as nearly as may be to the fulfilment of the great objects of convict punishment?

It is clear that no application of mere external means of inducement or repulsion avails with creatures in such a moral condition. They must be by some means individually addressed and penetrated, and their particular natures disclosed, before any real effect whatever can be produced. Taking the merely politic view, it is only by getting at the actual character of each that even the roughest classification of our convicts can be made. It is only thus that it can be learned which of that fearful number of lawless people must, if escaping capital punishment, be shut up for life, for the security of society; which of them must be subjected to long years of retribution, and afterwards to the restraint of *surveillance;* and which of them may be encouraged to aspire to a deserved respectability after a period of discipline. No part of Miss Carpenter's work is more interesting than the chapters in which she demonstrates by examples the working of the method of individual appeal—

* Ed. Rev., vol. cxvii. pp. 249–56.

not by sentimental talking, nor any throwing away of religious influences, where they cannot be even apprehended; nor by the flattering of any vanity, nor the pampering of any egotism in the most degraded members of society; but by placing them under the provisions of a system, moral and material, suitable to the feeblest moral perception, and comprehensible by the narrowest intelligence. The discipline under which a large amount of success has been obtained is strict and impartial, ordered for the welfare of society outside and for its transgressors within, clear of all concession to their evil wills and debased notions, but opening a way to good things through the correction of the will and the habits, and by that way alone. External orderliness, and work of each degree of diligence win their natural rewards and no more; and it is only by the steady and trustworthy growth and formation of moral character that consideration and repute first, and freedom finally, are attainable, after a course of adequate—that is, very severe probation. There were, and there still are, circumstances in the Irish social condition, and in the constitution of the criminal nature there, which rendered the chances of success under such a change of method much less hopeful than in England; yet the success has been as conspicuous in Ireland as the failure in England. For an indication of these comparative disadvantages, we must refer our readers to pp. 82 and 143 of Miss Carpenter's second volume. It is more to our purpose here to pass on to the topic which takes the most conspicuous place in that volume, and which is perhaps the most important, as it is the most interesting department of her book—the treatment of our female convicts.

Here we find the most tremendous evidence of utter mistake in the control and management of the lawless members of society; and those of our readers who have attended to the narratives of the Prison Matron, in her two works on Female Life in Prison, and on the career of Jane Cameron, will have expected no other result from such a method as has been applied to the most perplexing charge ever consigned to judicial or Christian care. In the report of last year's prisoners we are told that women, when criminal, are worse than the men; for that, while female convicts are little more than a third of the whole number, forty-two per cent. of the women in gaol last year had been convicted before, to thirty-two per cent. of the men; and again, that of convicts who had been in prison above ten times before, there were 2,773 women to 1,173 men. Nobody could be surprised at this who had learned anything of the life led in our female prisons, either by observation or from

reports and books. One of the worst results of such mistakes as are at this moment in full operation among us is that a general impression has been created that women, once bad, are utterly hopeless; and that the only alternative for them is being shut up in prisons like wild beasts in cages, incessantly terrifying their keepers, and being let loose to ravage society, like escaped animals of prey, which are the curse of all who live within the range of their haunts. Much of this impression is due to those very violences and wild acts of criminality which have been provoked by injudicious management in prison; and such evidence must be set aside before any judgment can be formed at all. That evidence excluded, and the facts of the rescue and restoration of a few women in England, and of a very large proportion of the female convicts in Ireland being duly recognised, it must be acknowledged that no fair chance of redemption has yet been generally offered to that miserable portion of our criminal class. Most miserable they are; for the most part, prostitutes, or ruined by betrayal and poverty; with intellectual powers not only low but torpid; with fierce passions, animal and 'affectional;' and with these, in the closest and most perplexing combination, a duplicity and power of intrigue beyond all fathoming. If no men understand such beings as these (unless it be their companions in crime and their selfish lovers), neither can honest and decent women understand them, otherwise than by long and hard experience; and hence the difficulty of their case. Neither judge nor jury, neither chaplain nor matron, neither doctor nor warder, enters at all into the mind and feelings of a being who seems to be made up of the idiot and the intriguer, the infant and the devil, the ferocious animal and the fanatical idolater, the Bedlam empress and the victim under the wheels of the Juggernaut car. What is to be done? Here we see the helpless perplexity of the prison authority, in the testimony of the late Sir Joshua Jebb and Captain O'Brien, and in the counsel of an experienced adviser of their own sex, the Superior of Female Convicts, as to what should be attempted, on the ground of what has been already done:—

'The Chief Director having thus stated the system adopted with regard to the female convicts, says that upon the whole there is more trouble with them than with the males. "I think so," he says, (765), "because they are not so amenable to punishment, and their "offences are of a different character, and depend very much upon "impulse. If they quarrel one with another, they will set to work "and break the windows in their cells, and tear up their clothes, all "without any assignable reason; and then they will sit down and

" burst out crying. They are difficult people to manage." Such a condition as is here described by the Chief Director surely is an unmistakable sign of extraordinary mismanagement. That such violent bursts of wilful violence and passion should be frequent among the inmates of any establishment, indicates a bad tone pervading it, and a want of due control; but that it should occur in a Government gaol, where all needful appliances are accessible, is surprising. Still more so is it to hear the Director conclude his statement by simply remarking, " They are difficult people to manage, *but on the* " *whole we have been successful;* for which we are mainly indebted to " the admirable character of the officers." Such a state of things would usually be considered a glaring failure, rather than a success; nor can we imagine any reformatory influence pervading an establishment where scenes of wild excitement have any frequency.' (*Our Convicts*, vol. ii. p. 213.)

'The punishments inflicted appear to be quite inefficacious in even preserving discipline, and to be defied by the women. Captain O'Brien says (2112), " When the women who are thoroughly bad " misconduct themselves over and over again, it is impossible to punish " them any more, for their health will not bear it, and it does them no " good. I think it sometimes renders them worse than they were " before; and they become so utterly depraved, and so detestable in " every way, that really I can scarcely speak of them with common " magnanimity."' (P. 217.)

'In order,' says Miss Carpenter, 'to have any prospect of success in the reformation of women in this very degraded, and, we may say, abnormal condition, (for their characteristics differ essentially from those of the labouring, middle, and upper classes,) there must exist, in the first place, firm steady control, against which it is evidently hopeless to rebel, combined with a strict and vigilant discipline, administered with the most impartial justice. This is a primary condition of reformatory work in general, but absolutely essential in this. We well remember the violent outbursts of passion, the rebellious spirit, the deception, the suspicion, the constant annoyance with which we had to contend in the early days of our Girls' Reformatories. These have given way to willing obedience, perfect confidence in their superiors, and a general openness, since a thorough steady discipline was established in our schools. Until this was accomplished, little permanent improvement could be anticipated. In the next place, to provide abundance of active useful work is absolutely necessary. The restless excitable nature of these women requires a vent in something; they should have full employment of a kind which will exercise their muscles and fully occupy their minds, so as to calm their spirits, and satisfy them with the feeling of having accomplished something. The importance of this also we have fully proved in our Reformatories for girls; it is even more essential in establishments for women. These two primary conditions having been arranged satisfactorily, considerable attention must at the same time be paid to the culture of the intellectual powers. These, we have already stated, are more deadened, or

perverted to a bad use in women than in men. There is far greater difficulty in stimulating girls who have passed their childhood in neglect, than boys. The effort of learning to read is to such often positively painful, and without the greatest skill, kindness, and firmness combined on the part of the teacher, the young person would succumb to the difficulty. The effort once made and a triumph achieved, an important step in reformation is attained, for stores of interesting information are now open which will fill the mind, instead of the pernicious thoughts which formerly harboured there. Intellectual effort, which would be very easy and pleasant to a child of six years old, is extremely difficult and unpleasant to a girl of sixteen, still more so to a woman of thirty or upwards: a mastery over it once gained, not only an intellectual but a moral power is acquired, both of which facilitate the work of reformation. Another essential part of the work of reforming such women as have been described is the healthy development of their affections. These are peculiarly strong in the female sex, and may be made the means of calling out the highest virtues, the most genuine self-devotion. When perverted, as we saw them in Jane Cameron, they may be and are frequently made an instrument of much evil; but in a woman they can never be utterly lost. It will then be essential to the success of any system which has as its object the reformation of women, that scope should be given to the affectional part of the woman's nature, and that this should be enlisted on the side of virtue.

'That all these conditions should be fulfilled in a Convict Prison does certainly appear very difficult; yet if they are essential to success, no labour, no expense, should be deemed too great to develop a system which should embody them all, and do the work required—reform female convicts. The expense which a bad woman is to the public who comes forth from a lengthened confinement in a Government gaol unreformed is far greater than any possible cost which might have been incurred in reforming her. The evil she has done within the prison to those around her is very great, and extends the poisonous influence to a widely-extending circle, when the women she has corrupted go out into the world. On her own discharge she emerges from her seclusion only to plunge into greater excesses than before, and to perpetuate and intensify the pollution of the moral atmosphere from which she had been temporarily withdrawn.' (Vol. ii. pp. 209–11.)

If it is more difficult to restore women than men, as seems to be undisputed, and if, nevertheless, women have been and constantly are retrieved under the Irish system, we have every encouragement to undertake and carry through the reform of the large proportion of our convicts who are susceptible of improvement. Sister Kirwan, of St. Vincent's Reformatory, Dublin, offers, in a published letter to the Commissioners, three reasons why a special and prolonged supervision should be

given to female convicts—viz., that they are more difficult to reclaim than men, and, needing more *surveillance*, have less when liberated; that the public have less confidence in the women's case, though more is required, because they are not, like men, employed in out-door work, but in domestic business, which places more property of value within their reach; and that their vacuity of mind and corruption of feeling require a longer training of habit, and a stronger effort of self-control, than are usually requisite with men. Yet it is actually the case that less provision is made for the intermediate probation of women than of men. The 'Life of Jane Cameron' closes with the melancholy intimation that the *Discharged Prisoner's Aid Society* is compelled, by want of means, to close its Female Lodging House—that 'Home' the prospect of which has sustained and animated so many poor sinners in their endeavours to become respectable, and to find occupation and independence in their new and better life. It is inconceivable that if the facts were known, the small sum necessary to supplement the earnings of the inmates, and sustain the Home, would be wanting, while rich streams of bounty are for ever flowing towards objects less important and less hopeful: but last year the case was even so, and the Aid was reduced to the ministrations of a female agent, who visits and counsels the discharged convicts in their lodgings, and tries to keep them from falling away, under circumstances in which it is scarcely possible for them to stand fast. How different it is in Ireland! There, ladies have opportunity to see how the released women go through their probation and training in the Refuges; and, as we have shown in a former article*, there is an actual and steady demand for these redeemed women as domestic servants: many of them emigrate, and begin their new life in a fresh scene—all of them knowing that they have friends who will always feel an interest in them, and whose esteem and favourable testimony it is the chief object of these humbled creatures to retain.

To the late Earl of Carlisle the institution of these Refuges was owing; and some of us may remember the strong appeal he made in a public address at Liverpool, seven years ago, for the establishment of such Homes in connexion with all our Female Convict prisons. That appeal is producing its effect now that we can hear his living voice no more; and *the Carlisle Memorial Refuge* is one of its direct consequences. The Government has sanctioned the scheme; some of the best

* Ed. Rev., vol. cxvii. pp. 252, 255.

friends of the outcast classes constitute its Committee; the *Reformatory and Refuge Union* has given 200*l.* towards the expenses, and a few liberal subscriptions are announced. The establishment is to be in or near London; and the proposal is, to 'receive annually one hundred of the most deserving female 'convicts, and to promote their employment by the community.' If this institution is encouraged as it ought to be, other Refuges will doubtless be opened in connexion with all our principal convict prisons, and a better prospect will be disclosed to our most desperate and degraded criminals, and to society which suffers so much from them, than has ever been hoped for yet.

On the whole, we may safely believe that we are growing wiser and more practical, and therefore more successful in the management of those of our criminal class who put themselves under the grasp of the law. Now that the transportation question is settled, we confront more boldly and steadily the case with which we have to deal. We are obtaining a more distinct notion of the conditions, and quality, and specific attributes of the lawless class of our population, and are learning to admit that a specific and determinate method of treatment is requisite for the sake both of themselves and of the society which they afflict. We are arriving at something like an agreement as to the principles on which their prison life must be organised, now that we are all convinced that prison at home, and not the colonies, must be the scene of their penal life. We are agreed that the essential principle of treatment is to enable those who are sentenced for other than short terms to earn some remission of punishment by their own moral improvement, and to render such remission impossible in any other way. The Act of last year was the result of a clear disclosure and more extended adoption of this view; and the operation of that Act has been thus far so favourable as to give us fresh spirit and courage to carry out the genuine reformatory principle to the point of full success. There is a more real supervision of licence-holders: and it answers well. The men report themselves more regularly than most people expected, and they take advice more kindly (when offered with due privacy). It is not found difficult to provide them with places; and former employers are by no means generally reluctant to try them again. There is more concert and more care than ever before, among the authorities, in watching over the less hopeful subjects; and every month increases the difficulty of the reprobates in evading the eye and the hand of the law and the police. While these incorrigibles find their position more and more precarious and irksome, the well-disposed are learning to regard the police as

their friends and protectors. Much remains to be done; and we shall have more Prison Bills discussed in Parliament, perhaps for years to come; but we have established beyond recall the object of reforming men and women under sentence of penal servitude; we have amended some of the mistakes by which that reformation was made a sham, and therefore regarded as a failure; we are making it more and more of a reality in its beginning in the prison; and we are taking some care that it shall not be dropped, like the prison-dress, at the threshold of the gaol, but that it shall be preserved and strengthened in the open air of the world, as the safety of society first, and the redemption of the criminal class—to say nothing of humanity to the individual probationer—absolutely require.

There remains, as we have said, much to be done. We cannot now enter upon the description of how much, nor of the particulars in which change is going forward, or is proposed, or is waiting only for the sanction of Parliament. There are questions of uniformity of system in all our Convict Prisons: of a more suitable and economical dietary (under which head there is already a saving of tens of thousands of pounds, with actual benefit to the prisoners' health): and of obtaining more work from the men, thus achieving something like self-support for these establishments—questions which are sure to be duly discussed, as the philosophy and fact of prison management become better understood both by the authorities and the public. These topics we must not enter upon now. But there is one great and indispensable change in prospect, about which there should be no concealment and no delay.

It is but too well known that there is always a proportion of incorrigibles in every convict gaol. These wretches have no business in prisons where reformation is the principle and the rule; they need a different discipline, and their presence is a curse to which we have no right to expose the more hopeful subjects. Transportation being no longer a resource, there is no escape from the obligation to keep the criminal who is proved desperate and incorrigible out of the way of doing any more mischief. There must be a real and steady infliction of imprisonment for life, under certain well-defined conditions, and in the corresponding clearly-proved cases; and that imprisonment should, for obvious reasons, be carried on in separate establishments. Such convicts need restrictions which are not necessary for others; and they cannot but influence mischievously the succession of term-prisoners, who come and go while they must stay, and find such amusement as they can

in the changes of scene and faces within the gaol: and in prisons with such a mixture of characters and quality, there must always be opportunities of crime—desperate crime—such as ought to be not only kept out of sight of the less desperate class, but prevented from happening at all. In a page of the work before us we have Miss Carpenter's view of the necessity of such an arrangement as an ulterior convict prison, and the remarks of the Commissioners in par. 83 of their Report:—

'Prisoners of such a class were formerly sent to people a new colony. Now they must remain at home; and it becomes very important that they should be placed in a separate and more penal convict prison, where arrangements should be made to provide more penal restriction, where they should be debarred from many of the advantages which they enjoy in the other convict prisons, and yet where the same principles of management which have been advocated in these volumes, should have full force. There should still be the possibility of the amelioration of their condition, and still a stimulus given to self-improvement, even if they should be destined never again to live at large in the world, condemned for their crimes to incarceration for life. Such a separate establishment has been strongly advocated by many persons highly experienced in convict treatment. Such a prison, conducted on the principles here advocated, and containing within its boundaries a sufficient enclosure of land, might be made to contribute very largely to its own expenses, as we saw was the case in the later stages of the Irish prisons. Those persons who are under life-sentences might be safely detained there, and the public no longer witness the anomaly of crimes being actually committed by those whom they believed from their sentence to be for ever prevented from injuring the public. The Commissioners make some very important observations on this object (par. 83):—

'"Sentences for life should, we think, be only passed on men guilty of very aggravated crimes, but when passed, they ought really to imply that those who have incurred them, shall never again be allowed to return to society, either at home, or in a colony, unless the mercy of the Crown should be extended to them on special grounds. After a certain time, if they behave well, the severity of their punishment might properly be relaxed, but they never ought to regain even the qualified freedom of the holder of a ticket-of-leave. *If, however, they are to be kept in perpetual confinement, this punishment may be inflicted more safely and more conveniently at home than in a colony.* Should this rule as to the enforcement of sentences for life be adopted, the courts before which offenders are tried would naturally make a distinction between the most atrocious criminals, and those whose guilt, though aggravated, is one degree less, by passing sentences for life on the former only, and on the latter sentences for a definite, though in some cases, a very long term of years."' (Vol. ii. p. 301.)

We must call these bad subjects 'incorrigible,' because that is their understood description: but Miss Carpenter deprecates the adoption of it as literally and hopelessly true. Without desiring to discountenance her general view of the possible redemption of the worst sinners, we must yet see and admit that there are, in such an order of degraded beings as our criminal class, not a few who are precluded from amendment by physical conditions, original or induced, but irreversible. The existence of such doomed wretches will render life-sentences and lifelong seclusion necessary, for as far forward as we can see; and this fact should quicken our diligence in providing a proper receptacle in which to confine the curse that we cannot remove. We may hope that the number of these human devils will materially diminish; and we may fairly anticipate that some of our difficulties will die out with the criminal generation that we have encouraged by the uncertainty of our purposes and the fickleness of our systems. In many recent circumstances we see the promise of a marked decrease in the criminal class when the present generation shall have passed away; and in works like this of Miss Carpenter, we find such incitement and guidance as we want in doing our part, as society in all its orders should, in keeping watch over the safety and the virtue of the community.

ART. III.—1. *The Rock-cut Temples of India, illustrated by Seventy-four Photographs taken on the spot by* Major GILL. *Described by* JAMES FERGUSSON, F.R.S., M.R.A.S. London: 1864.

2. *Life in Ancient India.* By Mrs. SPEIR. London: 1856.

3. *Journal of the Bombay Branch of the Royal Asiatic Society*, No. XIV. January, 1851. Vol. VI.

ON the northern edge of the great plateau of the Dekhan, whose precipitous sides form the southern boundary of the low-lying provinces of Khandeish and Berar, and at the head of a famous pass or gorge in the mountains, through which streams of traffic and travellers—armies of invaders and invaded—of conquerors and conquered, Hindu, Mahomedan, and British, have poured for centuries—stands the picturesque town of Ajunta, which gives its name to the pass in question. The town itself, now much decayed, is situated in the territory of His Highness the Nizam. From its elevated situation, more than two thousand feet above the sea and a thousand

above the plain below, commanding the rich grain supplies of the fertile plateau to the south, as well as the high roads to and from the pass in question—it has been esteemed, in all times, one of the most important military positions of the Dekhan. Immediately at the foot of the pass, in the plain which stretches out northwards without a break to the river Taptee and city of Boorhanpoor, the boundary of the British province of Khandeish commences; and it will thus be understood, that to the north of the mountain boundary the territory is British; to the south, it belongs to the Nizam.

The portion of the Dekhan table-land on which Ajunta is situated is, in many respects, one of the most interesting in India. At its south-west corner stands the unique and famous rock-cut fortress of Dowlatabad; and near it, that is, eight miles to the east, the comparatively modern city of Aurungabad, founded by the emperor Aurungzeeb. Before the first invasion of the Dekhan by the Mahomedans in A.D. 1294, this fort was called Deogurh, the God's fort, and it was the capital of the ancient Mahratta family of Jadow—then one of the greatest of the Hindu princes of Maharashtra. It is at this place that the wonders of ancient rock-cutting commence. Here, a lofty isolated hill of trap-rock standing in the plain, outlying the main range of the plateau, was cut down, or scarped all round through its side of solid rock, to a height of from eighty to one hundred and thirty feet. A broad ditch was excavated below this, and a passage dug through the centre of the hill, which led to barracks and magazines above. By these means a place of retreat and defence was created, which for centuries was impregnable to all attack from without. It is difficult in words to give an accurate idea of this curious fort. The hill is more than as high again as the castle of Edinburgh, and stands on at least four times as much ground. The precipice towards the castle gardens resembles the artificially scarped face of the Deogurh rock; and yet, if the reader can imagine such a scarp carried round the whole of the castle-hill, it will give him but a faint idea of the stupendous reality of this Indian fort, or of the vast labour bestowed upon it. Strong as it is, the Jadow family found it no place of refuge against the persevering and victorious Mahomedans; and were eventually, and after many vicissitudes, obliged to retreat to possessions in the Western Ghauts, where the descendants of that dynasty still enjoy the remains of their ancient estates. Mahomed Toghluk, emperor of Delhi, on his visit to the Dekhan in 1338, was so charmed with Deogurh and its situation that he resolved to make it the capital of his dominions, and named it

Dowlatabad, the 'abode of wealth,' which name it has since retained. The emperor's attempt to remove the population of Delhi *en masse* to the new capital was abortive; but he rebuilt the fortifications on the Mahomedan system, and mosques, colleges, barracks, magazines, and palaces were commenced, the ruins of which are still everywhere apparent within the enceinte. Subsequently, though always an important military station in the Dekhan, Dowlatabad never rose to the dignity of a capital, and has now dwindled to a small provincial town. As the frontispiece to the work before us, a small but very perfect view of this hill fort is given—one of Major Gill's vignette photographs. In this, the extent of the hill, its height above the plain around it, and the relative proportion of the scarp to the hill itself, are most intelligibly represented; and we have to regret that a few nearer views of the fort, particularly in illustration of the magnitude of the escarpment, and the breadth and depth of the ditch at its foot, were not given to illustrate the mode of work employed. To this day, the strokes of the pick are visible, as sharp and distinct as when struck, from which it may be inferred that the rock was of a comparatively soft character: but the exposed surface is now very hard.

Ascending the pass by Dowlatabad, the table-land to the north abounds with most interesting remains, many of which, hardly known hitherto, would well repay antiquarian research. Here, south of the high road to Roza and Ellora, are traces of a large ancient city, indicated by mounds and even the forms of streets, which are met with among the cultivated fields. No record or legend remains of this city; but there are many considerations which lead to an hypothesis, that it was either Tagara or Plithana, described in the Periplus—the exact situations of which no one has been able to define. All we know is, that one of these cities was situated twenty days' journey south of Barygaza or Baroche, and in this respect the site we speak of is nearly exact. Mr. Elphinstone explains (vol. i. p. 430) that Plithana may, from a mistake of a letter in the Greek, A for Λ, have been Paithana; and hence also Colonel Wilford has assumed that Paithan, the modern Moongy-Paithan, may be the original Paithana or Plithana. This modern town is about forty miles to the south of Dowlatabad, upon the left bank of the Godavery, and is celebrated for its muslin and brocade manufactures: but there are no remains as of a great city near it, and it stands in a wide plain without any defence whatever. This Paithan is by some assumed to have been the capital of Shalivahana, the Potter king, so renowned in Dekhan annals, who reigned in the first century of the Christian era; but considering

the splendour of his monarchy, it would hardly seem possible that no remains of his capital should have survived. Paithan, or Puttun, signifies however 'a city' only, and Plithana, or Paithana, may as easily, nay, more probably, be the ancient and mysterious city near Deogurh, as the modern Pyetun or Puttun on the Godavery. Long anterior to the occupation of Deogurh by the Jadow family, the ancient city near it may have flourished as the capital of a monarchy; the fort and its defences may have been the abode and retreat of royalty, while the mercantile and other classes of the population lived separate from the city, on the table-land two or three miles distant and perfectly accessible from the fort—an arrangement consistent with the habits of Hindu communities at the present day.

A few miles after the ascent of the pass, the picturesque village of Roza, or 'the garden,' is met with, celebrated as the burialplace of the emperor Aurungzeeb, whose last desire was to rest near the mausoleum of a venerated saint interred there. This holy person's mausoleum faces the emperor's, and is a much more pretentious building than that which encloses the monarch's humble grave. In the centre of a court of plain cloisters, under a simple mound of earth, with a trellis over it, on which is trained a jessamine, the mortal remains of the great emperor lie. No doubt the instructions in his curious will, by which he directed that his funeral expenses should not exceed four and a half rupees, or nine shillings, the proceeds of caps he had embroidered and sold, and that the 805 rupees (80*l.* 10*s.*) he had accumulated from the sale of copies of the Koran written by his own hand, should be given to the poor—were literally carried out; but a small establishment is still supported by the endowments of the tomb, to read the Koran, and perform stated ceremonies. The 'Roza,' or cemetery, is without the town walls; and there the fine mausoleum of Zur Zurré, Zur Buksh, the threshold of whose tomb is inlaid with gold and silver coins the offerings of his devotees, and some stately tombs of kings of Ahmednugger, of the Nizam Shahy dynasty, and their dependants, stand among groves of mango trees, on the crest of the hill overlooking the plain. All these comparatively modern objects of interest are situated above those greatest of the remains of this locality, the Cave Temples of Ellora; and a short walk from the ridge of the table-land, down a road which has been cleared in the face of the hill, leads to these wonderful remains of Buddhist and Hindu art.

Here, for about two miles, the side of the plateau, sometimes nearly perpendicular, sometimes sloping into the plain, has been pierced for cave temples, cut in the solid rock, which (an amyg-

daloid trap) is of the same character as that of Dowlatabad. Some of these temples have been Buddhist Viharas or monasteries, others, Buddhist Chaityas or churches; but the majority are Hindu. Some are large halls for worship; others, smaller chapels and oratories; but all are filled with groups of sculpture and images of Hindu Deities, and covered with the richest profusion of ornamental carvings. One temple, Kylas, or the Celestial regions, the crown of which is upwards of a hundred and twenty feet above the ground, was begun at the top in the rough mountain side, hewn downwards, and carved out with all its interior halls and chapels, hosts of quaint figures, bas reliefs of the wars of gods and men, its sharp cornices and beautifully decorated pillars and obelisks, in the centre of an area or court some 300 ft. by 150, the sides of which are the scarped precipices of the mountain left in the excavation—a true gem of Hindu art, the equal of which hardly exists in any temple built from the foundation in any part of India. We shall advert to these temples in detail more particularly hereafter, and mention them here incidentally, with the other objects of general and antiquarian interest with which they are grouped.

Along the faces of the plateau northwards, as well as eastwards to Aurungabad, there are many other cave temples, single or in groups, which are comparatively unknown except by the people of the country. In connexion with the immense excavations at Ellora, they are monuments of the wealth and power of those by whom they were conceived, whether Buddhist or Hindu, and attest the advanced state of art at a period probably anterior to the Christian era. The cities and towns of their constructors have passed away; but these monuments of bygone ages are imperishable, and with a few exceptions by decay from natural causes, and mutilation by the fierce iconoclast invaders of the Dekhan, they are still as perfect as when the workmen left them.

In reference, therefore, to the number and character of the remains in the south-west portion of the plateau, we consider the discovery of the ancient city before alluded to, the ruins of which can be traced from the vicinity of Dowlatabad nearly to the Caves of Ellora, to favour the hypothesis that it may have been that named in the Periplus, or at least the capital of the Princes by whom all or most of the works were executed. For it is by no means impossible that, with the fort of Deogurh at one end, the Cave Temples of Ellora at the other, and the city between, the whole might have formed the magnificent design of a capital, with provision

for the safety of the Monarch at one extremity, and for national worship at the other. The site was elevated, cool, and salubrious; the plateau abounded with sweet and abundant water, and produced every description of grain; and what is still traceable of its ruins, proves that the area of the city must have been sufficient to contain a large population. Without the presence of such a city indeed, it would be difficult to account satisfactorily for the need, or execution, of such works as the fort of Deogurh and the temples; or for the elaborate design of the fort, unless it was to be the impregnable stronghold of a great monarchy. For the Hindus of ancient times, though they selected, in most instances, very strong positions for military posts, such indeed as were by nature quite impregnable, yet seldom seem to have strengthened these by artificial means: and the stupendous fortifications of the Dekhan hill forts are the work of their Mahomedan conquerors.

Dekhan history is however so obscure, that it is impossible to determine what name this city may have borne, or of what dynasty it may have been the capital; or whether indeed any one dynasty in particular executed those great works. That the scarping of the sides of Deogurh, the ditch, the steps inside the hill and chambers of the interior, are the work of cave temple excavators, there can be no reasonable doubt; but at what period, there is no ground to judge very correctly. The powerful Hindu kingdoms of the Pandyas and Cholas, which existed in the time of Ptolemy, belonged to the extreme south of the peninsula; but there is no ground for believing that their authority extended to the Dekhan, or indeed that Hindu architecture had commenced at all in the south before the Christian era. We know of no architectural remains, north of the Nerbudda, of that age; and therefore the systematic excavations of a series of cave temples at Ellora and Ajunta, both on the sides of the same plateau, and the fact that such temples are confined to the central portions of the Indian peninsula, would seem to assist the hypothesis that they were the works of particular, or local and central dynasties only, at different periods. We shall presently revert to this subject in connexion with Mr. Fergusson's opinion of the age of the Buddhist cave temples, and for the present pursue our way across the tableland to Ajunta.

It is a pleasant healthful country, abounding with water and mango groves, undulating, varied, and of great fertility. Here and there the surface breaks into small rich valleys, which descend into ravines, and so stretch out into the plain; or again trap hills with flat tops, higher levels still in Dekhan eleva-

tion, are met with singly or in groups. Villages are frequent: and, considering the character of the local government, the population is numerous and tolerably thriving. There is a good deal of sugar cultivation; and the fields of wheat, barley and other cereals, show a luxuriance which is the result of a fertile soil and skiiful farming. Forty miles east of Ellora is a spot which no traveller will omit to visit—the field of Assaye —memorable for that combat in which the disciplined battalions of De Boigne gave way, and abandoned their splendid artillery under the sharp and decisive charge of English bayonets led by Sir Arthur Wellesley. The field of battle is an open plain, bare and devoid of trees, and covered with well-tilled grain fields; but the villages of Assaye and Bokerdun, with the rivulet from the bank of which the Mahratta guns dealt fierce destruction upon the advancing British line, are enduring marks of the scene of the battle. No survivor of the period, perhaps, exists now; but the fame of the conqueror does not die, and many a local tradition, as well as many a rough Mahratta ballad of the country, still tell of the English victory of 'Wesley Sahib Bahadur.' From Assaye to Ajunta is a stiff ride of twenty miles; but there is nothing to remark by the way, except that it was the route of the flying Mahrattas, till we reach the locality illustrated by the work now before us.

The situation of Ajunta is, in many respects, strikingly picturesque. It is a fortified town, though the walls are of no great strength, and is situated on the edge of the table-land where it begins to break into deep ravines and glens. The town stands upon the brink of one of these ravines, in which a considerable stream descends to the plain below. This rocky glen is full of romantic beauty; and the successive steps in the trap formation of the plateau, provide a number of precipices large and small, over which the river tumbles in many varied falls. Above the loftiest of the upper precipices, and as a provision against failure of water for the garrison of the town, a bridge of ten fine Saracenic arches has been built upon a strong weir which crosses the stream; and below this, another masonry dam of greater height, on the very crest of the natural cascade. The water is thus retained in two large pools for use, and the whole forms a truly great and useful work, which is only surpassed in the Dekhan by the famous masonry dam across the Boree river at Nuldroog. The plate No. 1, in Mr. Fergusson's work, gives a faithful photographic view of this ravine with the upper and lower dams and pools and bridge. We believe the bridge and dam to have been

executed in the sixteenth century by one of the Nizam Shahy kings of Ahmednugger, and we question whether they have ever been repaired or even needed repair since their construction.

Following the course of the river down the rugged glen for about two miles, a second considerable fall occurs in a wild and narrow gorge, in which the scenery is of a very savage character. Thence, after a final leap of about one hundred feet into a deep black pool, the stream rushes into a comparatively open valley, in the precipitous sides of which the Cave Temples have been excavated. It was impossible, in any part of the plateau, to have found a situation more lonely, more secluded, or more remarkable in its savage grandeur than this spot. The natural walls, as they may be termed, are three hundred feet or more in perpendicular height; and there is a charm in the seclusion of this ravine which is wanting in the more open situation of Ellora, and which gives additional zest and interest to a visit to these remarkable temples.

By what process of reasoning the original excavators assumed the possibility of hewing large churches and monasteries out of the solid rock, of which the exposed surface is so extremely hard, it is difficult to imagine. Possibly some Buddhist, or early Hindu anchorite, had scooped out a small cell in the rock, like the hermitage at Warkworth, and lived in the side of the cliff in company with the tigers, bears, and panthers which abounded in the glen; and thus the rock being found pervious for greater designs, they were undertaken from time to time. At first sight, however, anything more hopeless than an attempt to pierce the rock with the means we may suppose at the disposal of the excavators, that is, the ordinary pick and chisel, it is difficult to imagine. Gunpowder, were it even known at that period, could not have been employed, without shaking down the ceilings, or otherwise loosening the superincumbent rock; and the marks of the pick and chisel are everywhere still unmistakably apparent. Reduced to these implements, we may conceive how immense the labour, and how protracted! The dimensions of the temples and monasteries are not of a size to admit of the employment of large masses of men at any one time, and there could have been no room on that narrow ledge for a number of workmen to assemble. Several of the smaller monasteries and chapels are indeed so nearly inaccessible, that we can only conceive the excavators to have worked from stages suspended from the summit upon the face of the cliff. Who then were the authors and excavators of these singular works?

'There are few,' says Mr. Fergusson in his introductory essay to the work before us, 'among the monuments of antiquity, regarding whose history or uses so much uncertainty prevailed till a very recent period, as those known as the rock-cut temples of India. When Europeans first became acquainted with them, they were so struck with their monolithic grandeur, and the apparent eternity of duration that resulted from it, that they jumped at once to the conclusion that they must be among the most ancient monuments of the world, rivalling in this respect, as was then supposed, even those of Egypt. There was also a mystery hanging over their deserted condition, added to the fact that almost all of them were situated in remote and lonely valleys, or cut in the bare mountain side, which, with other circumstances, conspired to render them the most attractive, as they certainly were the grandest relics of the ancient Hindoo races.'

But between 1830 and 1840, as Mr. Fergusson proceeds to explain, Mr. James Prinsep's splendid discovery of the hitherto unknown and incomprehensible character in which the Buddhist inscriptions of Northern India were engraved, the decipherment of those inscriptions, and the subsequent progress of Mr. Turnour in the Buddhist literature of Ceylon, led to the establishment of the birth of Buddha, or Boodh, at 623 B.C., and of his death in 543 B.C.; and to the pious acts of votaries of the Buddhist faith, there is no question that these grand memorials are to be attributed. As that faith had its origin in an individual who abjured Hinduism, or the Brahminism which had corrupted the ancient Hindu or Aryan Theism, and devoted himself to the establishment of a purer creed, it may well be believed that in preaching down the old schools of philosophy and religion, then firmly established, he must have made at first comparatively slow progress in so vast a population as India at that time possessed. Nevertheless, the new creed advanced in a surprisingly rapid manner; and three hundred years after the commencement of Buddhism, it is found to be the state religion of Asôka, perhaps the most powerful, as he certainly was the most enlightened monarch who ever ruled over India; and to have prevailed throughout his large dominions, to the great depression, indeed almost temporary extinction, of the Hinduism of that period.

The history of Asôka is interesting and romantic; and in an article contributed by Sir Erskine Perry to the Bombay branch of the Royal Asiatic Society in 1851, it is traced very intelligibly and authentically, considering the antiquity of the subject, by means of the discoveries made by Professor Christian Lassen, and detailed in his 'Indische Alterthumskünde,' and otherwise. Asôka was a descendant of the powerful Mauryan dynasty of Northern India, his grandfather having been the Chandragupta

or Sandracottas of Greek historians. In the Sanskrit play of Mudra Rakshara, translated by Professor Wilson, the Brahmin hero is the minister of Chandragupta, who is mentioned as a person of low caste; but it by no means follows that he was the less of royal descent. Brahmins rarely or ever attained royalty; and the Hindu kings with whom history has made us best acquainted, were Kshetryas or Sudras, the second and fourth degrees in the Hindu scale. Chandragupta fought against Alexander at the time of his invasion of India; and Sir Erskine Perry quotes Justin, lib. xv. 4, as to his being the leader of the revolutionary movement which expelled the Greeks from the Punjab—a movement which he converted into a despotism for himself:—'Titulum libertatis post victoriam in servitutem 'verterat, siquidem occupato regno populum, quem ab externâ 'dominatione vindicaverat, ipse servitio premebat.' Whether this be true or not, it is certain that Chandragupta extended his kingdom very rapidly. The powerful monarch of the Prasii or Nunda dynasty, Xandrames, or Chundramas, was expelled from his capital Pataliputra, or, as corrupted by the Greeks, Palibothra; and though aided by Seleucus, prince of Persia, was unable to recover what he had lost. Chandragupta died in the year 291 B.C., and was succeeded by his son Vinduswara, with whom the Greeks had relations of a friendly character; and he in turn was succeeded by his son Asôka, who seems to have possessed the talent and ability to consolidate what his grandfather had conquered. Of the extent of his kingdom, the monuments erected by him and the inscriptions graven upon them, furnish the most authentic evidence; and the discovery by Mr. Prinsep of the character and purport of these vernacular inscriptions, has let in a flood of light upon the history of the country. These inscriptions are engraved upon pillars and rocks, situated so as to mark, in some instances, the frontier of Asôka's kingdom. The 'Firoze-ka-lath,' or club of Firoze, is one of these, named after Firoz Shére, emperor of Delhi, who raised it and placed it near his palace at Delhi; and there are others at Allahabad, at Bukhra on the road from Patna to Kajepoor, at Mettiah in the district of the Rajah of Bettia, and Radhia near the Nipal frontier. All these are of red sandstone of the same character and style of ornament, surmounted by an abacus and a lion couchant, the emblem of Buddhism. The oldest inscription is dated in the twelfth year of Asôka's reign, the latest in the twenty-sixth.

The second division of inscriptions is upon rocks; and of these, the first discovered was in the curious ancient hill fort of Girnar, in the province of Kattiawar, near Joonaghur. Here

are fourteen edicts, graven on the granite rock, still perfectly sharp and legible after two thousand years of existence. Into the particulars of these inscriptions it would be foreign to our subject to enter; but they illustrate, in a most remarkable degree, not only the great benevolence of Asôka, but his practical administrative ability and justice.

Crossing India to Bhuvanéshwárá, the ancient capital of Orissa, we find fourteen edicts, corresponding in date and purport, inscribed upon rocks at a village near the ruins of the capital, once perhaps part of the capital itself; and a third series of edicts of the same description appear at Kapoor ki Giri, a day's journey to the north of the Kabul river in Afghanistan. These then are the monuments to which we have referred as evidence of the extent of Asôka's power to the east, west, and north. There are no monuments that we know of to the south. But there can be little doubt that part, at least, of the fertile and well inhabited Dekkan did not escape him. Asôka, like his predecessors, appears originally to have been a Hindu of the Brahminical faith. He was crowned, as Sir E. Perry informs us, at Pataliputra, in the fourth year of his reign, which corresponds with 259 B.C., the date of his inscriptions. In this year he appears to have become a convert to the new doctrines of Buddhism, and it is to be gathered from his own words in the edicts, that he considered them superior to Hinduism because of their benevolent tendency in promoting the happiness of the human race.

After Asôka had renounced Hinduism, he applied the zeal and energy of a new convert, backed by his power as a Monarch, to the spread of the Buddhist doctrines; and throughout all grades of society, in all countries of his dominion, his endeavours to this end were alike earnest and sincere. In the seventeenth year of his reign a great synod was convened, and missionaries were despatched to foreign countries. One of these was sent to 'Maharashtra,' or the Dekhan, the part of India in which the Cave Temples of this sect most abound, and where they form undoubted evidence of the adoption of Buddhism, for a time at least, by the local rulers who then existed. In this province of Asôka's kingdom alone, 170,000 converts were made by the first missionary, and 10,000 priests ordained to spread the new doctrines.

Other missions to the countries north of Himalaya, to Cashmere, to the monarchies west of Kabul, to Ceylon, Burmah, and China, appear to have been equally successful; and thus Asôka claims in his edicts, a success in proselytism which was never before equalled. He even encourages a belief that western

nations had received his missionaries and adopted their doctrines; and it is not doubtful that his contemporaries, Magus, king of Cyrene, 248 B.C.; Antiochus II., of Syria, 247; Ptolemy, king of Egypt, 246; Antigonas Gonatas, 239, were in communication with this great Indian Monarch and philosopher, and may have listened to the preaching of a new faith which, in purity and benevolence of doctrine, surpassed their own.

It is by no means part of our present subject to follow Sir Erskine Perry in his learned and interesting explanation of the acts of Asôka's reign, or of the reforms completed in every branch of his civil administration. All these are very curious and of wonderfully advanced design for that period; but we know from other concurrent sources, that this was an age of great general intellectual development, and practical advance in civilisation. Nor does it concern us to discuss the historical difficulties and discrepancies which antiquarian research has had to encounter. We take the recognition of Buddhism as a state religion by this Prince as an established historical fact, and its spread by well-devised and successful missions as a consequence. Asôka died 226 B.C. in the thirty-seventh year of his reign. After his death, his empire was broken up into separate portions under his sons, and in less than fifty years afterwards, that is, 178 B.C., the Mauryan dynasty disappeared. So long as it was protected by the state, the Buddhist faith reigned paramount; but the Brahmins were not idle, nor indifferent, and the Buddhists soon began to feel the results of their active and passionate enmity. Between the date above mentioned, and the accession of Vicram-Aditya to the throne of the central Indian kingdom, at Oojeyn in Malwah, in 56 B.C., or in about a century and a quarter, the great religious revolution which re-established the ascendency of Brahminism, under the new and popular form of the Puranic doctrines and mythology, and their licentious idolatry, was accomplished. The Buddhist temporal powers were defeated and overthrown: their temples and monasteries desecrated or converted into Hindu places of worship: and the leaders of the sect retreated with their relics to Ceylon, or dispersed to those countries where their religion still flourished. The Jain creed, or modification of Buddhism, under Hindu features, took the place of true Buddhism to some extent; and at one period, to judge from its beautiful architectural remains at Aboo in Guzerat, Mysore, and other localities, had attained considerable power. It still exists; but its professors are comparatively very few, and very obscure.

It is to the period, then, in which Buddhism flourished, that

the remarkable monuments of its ascetic piety, the first Cave Temples of the Dekhan, and of India generally, must be attributed. Dassarata, the grandson of Asôka, excavated the Milkmaid's cave in Behar, as Mr. Fergusson informs us, 200 years before Christ; and the Indra Subha, the most chastely ornamented cave temple at Ellora, was, he states, the work of Indradyumna in the twelfth century of our own era. At the latter period, Buddhism could only have existed as a sect, a wealthy member of which perhaps, if the assumed date be correct, in an interval of tolerance by the Brahmins, left this beautiful monument of his piety and good works. For fourteen centuries, therefore, a period difficult to comprehend in its abstract reality, it is assumed by Mr. Fergusson that these Cave Temples had been in progress from time to time, and in different localities of the once consolidated Buddhist empire. The oldest group, Mr. Fergusson considers, is at Raja Griha, in Behar, and is of 200 B.C.; and the Cuttack series, began in Buddhism about the same date, was continued by the Jains, and end at a comparatively modern period. The Karli Chaitya or church, the finest cave temple perhaps existing, is met with near the top of the Bhore Ghaut between Bombay and Poona, where the railway whistle is now heard in the valley below it, which erst resounded with the shawms and trumpets of Buddhist worship. But the most complete and interesting series of these caves is in the glen of Ajunta, which we have already described. Their periods of excavation are assigned by Mr. Fergusson, from the first century before Christ, to the tenth or eleventh of the Christian era; and it is certain that they present every known variation in Buddhist architecture and ornamentation which *may* have occurred within the period of a thousand years. We shall presently, however, express our doubts of their extending over so long a period, and the reasons upon which these doubts are founded.

Besides Ajunta, Ellora, and Karli, there are several other groups of Cave Temples in Western India of great interest. These are at Kennerè and Elephanta, islands in the harbour of Bombay; in the island of Salsette; at Joonair above the Ghauts; at Baug in Malwah, and at Dhumnar. To these we will add another, which, to the best of our belief, has not as yet been described, consisting of five large Viharas and one small Chaitya or church in the hills near the town of Daraseo, on the western frontier of the Nizam's dominions. These Viharas are equal in size to any at Ajunta; and are, no doubt, of the very earliest period assumed by Mr. Fergusson. They are not, however, in so perfect a state of preservation,

owing to the coarser character of the trap rock, and the fissures in it which have admitted water. For this group, as for all other Buddhist monasteries, a very picturesque site was selected by the original founders, on the mountain side near a small waterfall, overlooking the fertile plains which stretch westwards to the river Seena without a break.

In one particular, which has not escaped Mr. Fergusson's great antiquarian and architectural knowledge, the Buddhist rock-cut temples of India have an interest which belongs to no other class of ancient religious architectural remains in India. They were the first places devoted to public worship, or to the seclusion of ascetic monasticism. The Aryan Brahminical faith, true as yet to its ancient simplicity as the pure theistic religion of a nomadic race, had, so far as can be ascertained in the north at least, no permanent edifices for worship up to the period of the institution of Buddhism. No temples were erected; nor under any existing form that has been discovered, was the Vedantic worship of the Deity himself, or of deified elements and their attendant spirits, provided with shelter, so to speak, or appointed places of ceremonial observance. Whatever existed was temporary and of wood; and in the earliest of the Buddhist temples, indeed in all, as also in many of the Hindu, we find the simple wooden forms of structure, imitated in stone, and those primitive rules and forms have undergone very little alteration up to the present time:—

'The fact is,' as Mr. Fergusson explains, 'that the earliest caves are mere petrifactions of wooden buildings. The mortices, the tenons, and every form of wooden construction, is repeated in the rock in the earliest caves, and frequently even the woodwork still remains as if placed there to support the mountain, instead of being merely intended to recall the structure of the metal-covered or boarded roof from which it was copied.'

All purely Buddhist caves were of two classes only—one Viharas or monasteries, the other Chaityas or churches. The former vary from one cell within, and its open verandah in front, to the large halls with flat roofs supported by pillars, and surrounded by chambers, with a deep verandah or open corridor in front. On the other hand, Chaityas had semicircular roofs fitted with wooden ribs as at Karli, like the inverted interior of a ship; or with stone ribs in imitation of wood, as at Ajunta. There was a Dagopa or stone altar, with an image of Buddha at the furthest end, a gallery in front like a music loft, and a projecting triforium supported by a row of pillars, a space or aisle being left all round

them for processions. At Ajunta, as in most other groups, the first description of caves predominates; and it is probable that while the ordinary occupations of the Buddhist monks and priests was general secular education and the preparation of youths for offices of the priesthood, that these studies were carried on in the Viharas, while the Chaityas were reserved for those constant ceremonial observances which form so remarkable a feature of this creed. In this respect, perhaps, the Viharas of Ajunta, of Daraseo, of Ellora, of Kenneri and the like, were in fact Universities where missionaries were prepared for foreign duties; for as this religion enjoined in especial manner the active practice of good works, it can hardly be considered that establishments like these were devoted to the practice of ascetic seclusion only.

There are twenty-seven accessible cave temples at Ajunta, all closely adjoining each other, which Mr. Fergusson classes into three groups, according to supposed age. The oldest are Numbers 9, 10, and 11, which 'may be of the first century 'before Christ, or *earlier;* Numbers 13 to 19 next; then Num-'bers 1 to 7 and 20 to 27, of all ages; Numbers 1 and 26, 'being the most recent, probably not long before the Maho-'medan conquest.'

But Mr. Fergusson does not, as would have been most interesting, and as indeed appears necessary, give any process by reasoning, description, date of inscription, or otherwise, of his ground for classifying these caves into separate periods, or of assuming any date in particular. We think, we remember, one inscription, if not more, in one of the Viharas; but Mr. Fergusson does not mention it, or its purport, if indeed it have been deciphered. What has struck us as unaccountable, and militating against the assumption of any comparatively recent date of construction is, the indisputable historical fact of the decay and speedy extinction of Buddhism in India after that of its great supporter, the Mauryan dynasty; and more particularly, as we may believe in the Dekhan, after the accession of Vicram-Aditya, B.C. 56, and that of Shalivahana, A.D. 77. Both these were the most powerful Hindu monarchs that the Dekhan or Central India ever possessed. Historical legends ascribe to them, no doubt with some truth, the proudest titles, as champions of Hinduism. Ajunta and Ellora, Daraseo and Karli were, there can be little doubt, within the territories of Shalivahana, whether his capital were Paithana or Moongy Pyetun on the Godavery, or the ruined city near Dowlatabad; and we can hardly suppose it probable, that a sect so detested as the Buddhist, one which for a time had displaced Brahminism

—of which the violent desecration of its monuments, and the wholesale massacre and destruction of its votaries was but of recent occurrence—would have been permitted to undertake and complete in triumph the majority of the groups of temples we have noticed; or, undisturbed, to carry on, side by side at Ellora with rampant Hinduism—its detested tenets and ceremonies.

For it is as equally a matter of history that Buddhism triumphed over Brahminism for several centuries, as it is that there was a reaction by the 'Agni-Kools' in favour of Brahminism, which took the form of an exterminatory war, in the second century before Christ; not only successful, but ending in the establishment of the Prumara dynasty, one of the four Agni-Kools, which ruled over the whole of Central India. The entire subversion of the Buddhists by the Hindus was perhaps not immediate; but in the period which elapsed between the extinction of the Mauryan dynasty and the re-establishment of two great Hindu monarchies, there was ample time for the completion of the revolution by the Agni-Kool princes; and we cannot suppose that the Buddhists of the Dekhan, under the intolerant domination of a newly-revived Brahminical priesthood, enjoyed sufficient power, influence or force, to conciliate or defy them while new Buddhist excavations and new monastic and educational establishments were in progress. If these rock-cut temples were the works of successive Buddhist generations for fourteen hundred years, it argues the coexistence of Hinduism and Buddhism in exactly the same localities of the Dekhan for that period; and considering the obvious fact, pointed out by Mr. Fergusson himself, that every Buddhist excavation at Ellora has, in one way or other, been altered into a Hindu temple, we cannot reconcile this coexistence with history, or, as we have said, with the laws by which the Brahminical priesthood is governed. We cannot either accept an hypothesis that any of these excavations were completed by Buddhists so recently as 'close upon the Maho-'medan invasion.' There were assuredly no professing Buddhists in the country when the Mahomedans invaded India or the Dekhan. Had they existed, they would, in every probability, have been apparent now; for the Mahomedans were not so intolerant of native creeds as to destroy any one in particular, or to allow others to destroy them; and to them, Buddhists or Brahmins would have been 'unbelievers' alike. What Hinduism and the general religions of India were at their invasion, is hardly changed.

If, however, Hinduism triumphed and was re-established in

the Dekhan in the first century of the Christian era, it is known from the Chinese traveller, Fa-Hean, a Buddhist, that at the end of the third and beginning of the fourth century after Christ, Buddhism existed, nay flourished, in the kingdom of Magada, which is also known to have remained up to A.D. 450. But this kingdom was subverted, or merged into other local dynasties about this period; and it is hardly conceivable that its kings could, in defiance of the local Hindu sovereigns, have carried on royal works in the Dekhan, a territory so far removed from their own local and circumscribed authority in Bengal and Behar. The Buddhist topes in Behar and elsewhere, described by Major Cunningham, and other religious monuments, are doubtless the works of the dynasties of Magada and other Buddhist principalities dependent upon the superior state.

For these reasons, and in the absence of any authentic facts as to dates, we think, notwithstanding the difference of architectural design and ornament in the Ajunta series of Cave Temples, that they were the works, for the most part, of the dynasty of Asôka, though the oldest may have been in existence before that period; and that the latest are not much more recent than the extinction of the dynasty, and are anterior to the re-establishment of Hinduism during the reigns of Vikram Aditya and Shalivahana. One of the paintings upon the walls of a Vihara at Ajunta, of which an admirable outline is given by Mrs. Speir, would seem to favour the hypothesis we assume. One of the Buddhist missionaries, Mahendra, about 246 B.C., visits Ceylon, and converts the king and the ladies of his court to Buddhism, as the scene is depicted. This, as a legend, might, it is true, have been selected for ornamental decoration at a later period; but it is more probable, we think, that it was depicted as one of the existing triumphs of the Buddhist faith, at a period not long after its real occurrence. In short, our presumption is, that the limits of Buddhism as the national faith of India, that is, about five centuries, are the limits also of the dates of these monuments of that interesting faith.

Major Gill, to whose patient labour for many years, and to whose skill in photography the public is indebted for the exquisite illustrations of the volume before us, and for the great series of copies from the frescoes of Ajunta, is a retired officer of the Madras Army. An excellent draftsman and a skilful artist, he was selected by the Government of the Honourable East India Company to prepare illustrations of the Cave Temples, and in particular to copy the paintings there, before they should

be utterly decayed. As the results of his many years' labour, we have the present photographic views of the caves, and a series of pictures in oil, now in the Indian court of the Crystal Palace; and besides these, there remain in Major Gill's possession hundreds of views, sketches, and other illustrations of the localities we have noticed in the beginning of this article, which will probably never become public. This collection by Mr. Fergusson will, however, amply repay the student of Indian antiquities and architecture, and is of very high general interest. For upwards of twenty years, we believe, Major Gill has lived what would have been to others, perhaps, a solitary life at Ajunta; but his interest in his work and in the people of the town and country around, and one of the finest fields in the Dekhan for sport, of which in all forms, from the lordly tiger to feathered game of all kinds, he is an enthusiastic follower—have made his life a pleasant one. He fitted up the old Mahomedan palace on the brink of the ravine over the waterfall, as a very commodious and beautiful residence; and here, with his books, his art, his sporting pursuits, and the English society of the nearest military station, Jalnah, to resort to, time has passed lightly. Many an Indian traveller, many a tourist, and many an old sporting friend, has good cause to remember his unbounded hospitality and kindness, and how often the old Mogul roof has rung with the hearty merriment of his happy guests. Throughout his long residence at Ajunta, he has been beloved by the people of the country. His life to them has been a never-failing stream of benevolence; and many a courteous and charitable act will be missed when he goes from among them.

The oldest 'Chaitya' cave at Ajunta is the first in order, and one of the most curious of the series. The architecture is of the first Buddhist period, emerging from wood, and is, perhaps, one of the very first churches for the worship of God ever designed or executed in India. The semicircular roof was originally supported by wooden ribs, and a piece of one of the upright posts at the right side still remains protected by the deep archway of the window; but time, or the spoiler, has destroyed the rest. Inside, the dimensions of the church are 45 by 23 feet, and it is lighted by the great front window, which gives a solemn effect to the interior. There are sculptured figures to the right and left of the façade, but all are in a mutilated condition; the arch, however, is perfect, and the broad lights and mellow shadows of the scene, in all its varied and interesting detail, are happily given in the photographs. Considering that all these temples

are excavations from the solid rock, with the mountain above and behind them, precluding the admission of light to the interior from either direction, it is necessary to explain how the arrangements for lighting were made. In the Chaityas or churches, this was admirably contrived, as Mr. Fergusson points out, by a great semicircular window or opening above what may have been the rood-loft, the diameter of which was nearly, if not quite, equal to the breadth of the excavated temple within. There was also an open doorway underneath this window, and windows on each side of it, by which light was admitted to the side corridors. On this principle all the Chaityas in the Dekhan were lighted, and with peculiar but excellent effect.

It was different however with the Viharas, or monasteries, which, being comparatively low, did not admit of the great semicircular window above the door; and in these, almost without exception at Ajunta, a deficiency of light exists. What there is, is admitted by the doorway, and by windows varying in size, which were pierced in the rock screen left by the excavators, as well to support the roof, as to divide the interior area from the outside corridor or verandah. In many cases, particularly of the oldest excavations, the light inside is altogether insufficient, and lamps must always have been necessary. In others, enough light is admitted to render the use of lamps unnecessary after the eye has recovered from the glare without; and when the sides of these temples and their ceilings and pillars were covered with fine white stucco, painted in bright colours, the effect within must have been mellow and refreshing to the eye, while it did not interfere with the solemnity which the sacred character of the place demanded. At Ellora however, in the Dus Awatara, and the Teen Tal temples, no solid screen was left in front, but a row of pillars only to support the outer edge of the roof. Other cave temples are altogether open to the light, and, generally speaking, the science of lighting these excavations seems to have been better understood there than at Ajunta, whether in the earlier or more modern series.

In the following plates, we have a specimen of the earliest Vihara or monastery, a square hall 36 feet 7 inches each way. Round it are ten cells for monks, with arched canopies over them. It has a flat roof, without support, and is lighted by a door with two windows at each side in front, pierced in the rock screen. The effect is at once simple and solemn, and no better place for monastic seclusion and study could be devised. The plate No. 15, which exhibits the

verandah of the cave No. 14, also a Vihara, is remarkable for a change in the style of the pillars; showing, as it were, an advance in form, and probably the first attempt at the introduction of capitals. The pillars are square, divided by flat bands, the departments of which, as Mr. Fergusson observes, are fluted 'exactly as is seen in the old Louvre or Tuileries, 'and other examples of renaissance.' Above this they slope inwards, ending in a circular crown or cushion, which afterwards became the most favourite form of pillar ornament at Ellora and elsewhere. The dimensions of this verandah, or centre corridor, are not given; but it is evidently of considerable extent, and must have formed a cheerful promenade or place of assembly for students and teachers with their visitors, with the wild head of the ravine before them, and the stream roaring far below.

Another plate shows the interior of this cave monastery, the walls of which are decorated with a portion of the paintings which Major Gill has copied. These, as we have stated already, are now in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, and are consequently within reach of those of our readers who may wish to make acquaintance with the state of pictorial art and colour, and the costumes in India certainly 2,000 years ago. Vihara No. 16 is of great extent, a hall upwards of 67 feet square, with a sanctuary at the end, and eighteen cells for monks at the sides. The roof is supported by twenty octagonal pillars covered with stucco, and painted with a scroll much in the Roman style of art. The walls also are covered with stucco finished with a surface of fine lime plaster as thin as paper, on which the paintings were made in oil or distemper: they have, however, exactly the appearance of oil. But it is in Vihara No. 17, a hall 64 by 63 feet, supported also by twenty pillars, that the greatest number and the most perfect of the paintings exist. The sides of this great hall are literally covered with them, and the ceiling also; and in its original state of completion this must have been truly a superb place. It is impossible here to attempt to describe the variety of scenes depicted: the copies, to which we have drawn notice, will speak for themselves. We question whether they are understood by the thousands of visitors who daily see them, among whom comparatively very few perhaps have ever heard of the locality in which the originals exist, or the period of antiquity to which they refer. On a small scale, Mrs. Speir gives several illustrations in outline, two of which are of the large groups of the coronation of a legendary Buddhist king, Sinhala, which is full of interesting figures; but a more remarkable scene, perhaps,

is the coronation of the daughters or females of the King of Ceylon. Here many of the figures are full of grace and spirit, and exhibit a style of art superior to what may be conceived existing at that remote period. Some of the legendary figures of saints have golden halos round their heads, such as were shown in the early Byzantine and Italian styles, and the faces of many are full of expression. Mr. Fergusson attributes these painted viharas to the seventh or eighth century after Christ, or between the eras of Justinian and Charlemagne; but he does not give his grounds for this assumption, which would have been welcome; and for reasons already stated, we should be inclined to attribute them to that earlier period beyond the Christian era to which we have before referred. We see an improvement certainly in the style of architecture, and a great advance in decorative ability; but we can well imagine that the architectural genius first displayed could have improved very largely in the experience of even two centuries; nor is there anything to militate against the supposition that the Buddhist monks, as in the case of the church architecture of the middle ages, were themselves the authors of the improvement.

This improvement is still more manifest in the very beautiful porch of the Chaitya No. 19, the most perfect, as it is unquestionably the most richly-decorated of the whole series of excavations. In the general effect of the exterior porch or entrance and façade, there is much to call to mind the cave temples of Petra, but the details of ornament here are necessarily very different. In the bold and rich design of the cornice and architrave resting on the massive pillars of the doorway—admirably represented in the photographs—there is conclusive evidence that the skill and taste of the Buddhist architects had reached their culminating point. This church is not very large, measuring only 46 feet 4 inches long by 23 feet 7 inches in breadth. Of its interior there is a beautiful view, where the peculiar effect of the lighting is admirably given. Mr. Fergusson explains this by saying:—

'The whole light being introduced through one great opening in the centre of the façade, throws a brilliant light upon the altar, the principal object, and also on the triforium belt, and the capitals of the pillars, being exactly where it is wanted for artistic effect. The spectator finds himself standing in the shade. The light on the floor is subdued, and the roof and aisles fade into comparative gloom. It is, perhaps, the most artistic mode of lighting a building of this class that has ever been invented, certainly superior to anything that was done by the Romans, or during the middle ages. It might require the brilliant climate of India to admit of its application to any large hall: but for a small chapel or room, the one great light

behind and above the worshippers, is the most perfect arrangement which has yet been attempted.'

The photograph, small as it is, gives a more wonderfully exact representation of the actual delicate gradations of the light of this interior than any we ever remember to have seen. The plate will bear to be magnified very considerably, and if a strong lens be used, the effect is a truly marvellous illusion, displaying every ornament and detail, even the grain of the rock, in a perfect manner.

We now leave Ajunta, and proceed to notice a few of the Cave Temples of Ellora. To this great series of excavations twelve plates only are allotted; a small number, when the magnitude and interesting character of those splendid works are considered. Their history, however unknown as to detail of the originators and excavators, is obvious enough as to design. The purely Buddhist Viharas speak for themselves. They are only repetitions of Ajunta, with some variations in style and ornament. They were followed, we think, by the Hindu. The Buddhist Cave Temples of Ajunta, Karli, Daraseo, and others were known to exist, and were probably visited by thousands then reconverted to Hinduism. The erection of Hindu temples had not commenced in the Dekhan, and ten of the present Buddhist series existed in situ. Vikram-Aditya, Shalivahana, and their successors, were, as we know, powerful Monarchs of the country; and by the Brahminical as well as the Buddhist faith, the endowment of holy places, and the support of the priesthood, were inculcated as the most perfect of good works. What marvel, then, that Hindu architects, or Buddhist excavators become Hindus, carried on another and greater series of works to surpass the preceding! If, as we have hazarded a surmise, the capital of Shalivahana was actually the ruined city between Dowlatabad and Ellora, some of the new works would have had the direct encouragement of the ruling Monarch; and it is quite possible that nobles, rich bankers or merchants, or other powerful subjects, may have followed the spirit of the time, and completed many of the works we see, while others remain altogether or partly unfinished, both as to excavation and decoration. As also is the case at Benares, Muttra, Toljapoor, and other holy places sacred to Hindus, where temples, and chapels, and the like, have been and are still erected by individuals residing at a distance, in pursuance of vows—so, there having been no change in faith, in good works, or in the customs of Hindus since the days of the Buddhists—the same system may have prevailed at Ellora, in the preparation of the twenty great temples which belong exclusively to the

Hindu faith. Be this as it may, the Hindu works at Ellora have certainly no parallel in India; nor are there any groups of pure Hindu cave temples known to exist except that of Ellora, and one which, we believe, has never been described, at the village of Kharôsa, twelve miles east of the town of Owsa, in the circar or province of Nuldroog, in the Dekhan. We consider that the latter, evidently of comparatively modern date, and owing to the character of the rock, a cellular laterite, roughly finished, are probably the work of the Hindu kings of Kulian, the modern Kullianee, of the Chalukia tribe of Rajpoots, whose dynasty is traceable by many inscriptions, collected and translated by Mr. Walter Elliot, from the tenth to the twelfth century after Christ. What authentic dates are assignable to the Ellora caves we should have been glad to have known from Mr. Fergusson. As it is, we can only assume that they gradually followed the victorious re-establishment of Hinduism, and may date from any period between the first and tenth centuries of the Christian era.

One of the Buddhist series of Ellora is the Chaitya at the southern end of the series, and is called after the local legend the Viswakurma, or architect's cave, where the figure of the celestial architect sits holding his finger, which, as the Brahmin guide gravely informs the tourist, was hurt, and the execution of more caves stopped thereby. But the cave is, no doubt, the Chaitya or church attached to the nine Viharas existent there. It is to be regretted that Major Gill does not give a photograph of its interior, which is very graceful and very perfect. It is 83 feet long by 43 broad. In other respects the architectural arrangement agrees with that of Ajunta, and the façade and entrance are given in Plates 63 and 64. Mr. Fergusson suspects the great age of this Chaitya; but if the simple wooden form of pillar be, as he concludes at Ajunta, a proof of the earliest architectural types, the unmistakable T pillars of this Chaitya would assign to it an equally ancient date with the oldest excavations at Ajunta.

Plate No. 70 is a ground-plan of the famous Kylas temple at Ellora, that which, as we have before stated, was excavated from the top in the mountain side, and left standing. The dimensions of the court are about 280 by 150 feet, and there is a breadth of about 50 feet between the temple side and the precipice all round. Mr. Fergusson does not give the height, but are we wrong in 120 feet or even more? The comparatively narrow space between the temple and the precipice does not admit of any enlarged view being taken; but one from the right side of the entrance shows the whole of the right side and

the precipice beyond at its highest part, with the fine monolith left in the centre of the court. The scale, however, is too small to give an adequate idea of magnitude, though, after a short inspection with a lens, the details can be made out. The plan, however, best shows the general design of this wonderful place, and its beautiful proportions. There is an octagonal entrance hall, a great central hall, and sanctuary under the Vimana, in which is the 'Lingam;' and the five separate chapels which surround the Vimana are upon a terrace, on the same level with the great hall, thirty feet perhaps or more above the level of the court.

After all, let the imagination stretch as it will, it is not able to comprehend or realise the vast labour and perseverance which has completed minutely, and frequently, as is seen on the pillars of the great hall, with exquisite finish more resembling work in metal than in stone—the profuse ornamentation of this unique temple. Mr. Fergusson is perfectly correct in saying that the architecture is of the southern type, and yet it has a style and character of its own. Whether it preceded any attempt at building, or followed a style of architecture coeval with Buddhist excavation, known in the Pandava kingdom of the south, it is hard to decide. Under the civilised rule of the Pandyan dynasty, which is traceable through its connexion with the Greeks to the fifth century before Christ, architectural construction may have made more progress than in the north, and may even have attained much perfection; and specimens of very ancient temples in Mysore, and at Madura and other places, favour the supposition. However this may be, the style of Kylas, as to ornament and plan, resembles that of the beautiful temple at Houndah near Hingolée and that at Dhamnar. At the same time many of the older forms, found in the Buddhist Viharas, and earlier Hindu excavations, are repeated in Kylas, which thus combines the most notable peculiarities of cave and temple architecture in a very interesting manner.

When we consider how easily accessible these interesting monuments of antiquity are, and how well they would repay a visit, we are surprised that a portion of the annual English exodus does not take the direction of the Dekhan. Leaving England in September, or October at the latest, the whole winter could be spent delightfully in the pleasant Dekhan climate. Bombay is reached under a month, and thence to the scenes we have slightly sketched in the beginning of this article—Aurungabad, Dowlatabad, and Ellora—is a pleasant journey, partly by rail and partly by post transit through an

interesting country. If after that the progress be slower, it is always interesting; and there is plenty of hunting and shooting to help to pass the time. The plateau above Aurungabad used to be good ground for hog and all kinds of feathered game; and the sides and edges of the table-land, where there is jungle, for tigers and bears. We have little doubt of its being as good as ever in these respects. Should it be desirable to extend the tour, Beeder, Hyderabad, Bijanuggur, and Bijapoor are within the limits of the Indian 'cold weather,' beyond which the Dekhan would not be pleasant. We desire to see such tours more frequently attempted by our intelligent countrymen and women, because we wish them to see and judge of average specimens of the Indian population for themselves; and that what has been effected by a British Government already, what is in progress, and what remains to be done in the way of improvement, education, and other civilising influences—may be understood. They would see an intelligent, industrious, and, in spite of incomprehensible idolatry and superstition, an amiable people. They would see good husbandry and a fertile country, and they would return with a conviction that the Mahrattas and Mahomedans who live there are a reasonably civilised people; not painting their faces, carrying tomahawks, marching on war trails, and dancing war or peace dances, according to the customs of North American Indians; but that they are the descendants of men who even before the ages of European antiquity had executed works of masterly skill, and who professed a religion which has exercised a prodigious influence over vast numbers of mankind.

ART. IV.—1. *Carl Maria von Weber: ein Lebensbild.* Von MAX MARIA VON WEBER. Leipzig: 1865.

2. *Carl Maria von Weber: the Life of an Artist.* From the German of his Son, Baron Max Maria von Weber. By J. PALGRAVE SIMPSON, M.A. London: 1865.

ABOUT forty years have elapsed since the great German composer Carl Maria von Weber was prematurely arrested by the hand of death in the midst of a brilliant career. During this period his fame has not diminished. His 'Der 'Freischütz' and his 'Oberon' still maintain their position on the lyrical stage in England; his 'Euryanthe' and 'Preciosa' still boast an equal preeminence in his native country; and his instrumental compositions are still familiar to the whole musical world. But, beyond his works, little of the man is known. A sort of traditionary feeling survived in this country that the celebrated composer was a quiet, affectionate, domestic being, who was early carried off by consumption—but no more. His son, Baron Max Maria von Weber, has, after these long years, presented to the world a biography of his father, which, spite of the tendency to heaviness, diffuseness and incomprehensible psychological disquisitions, so characteristic of almost all German biographies—faults which have been greatly diminished in the English version—is replete with unusual interest.

Generally speaking, the lives of composers and musical artists are singularly devoid of stirring incidents, or, at all events, appear to be so from the scanty records of them which have been laid before the world. With Carl Maria von Weber it was far otherwise. Apart from his great and unquestionable genius, the composer may have been a very ordinary mortal, displaying only all the passions, loves, prejudices, susceptibilities, and sorrows of any less gifted man of a highly nervous and sensitive organisation. But Weber's lot was cast in such wise, that his path in life was perpetually crossed by remarkable events, and tinged with a peculiar colouring of romance. The story of his early years reads like a series of chapters from the adventures of a German Gil Blas; and the romance of his life lies in regions of society almost entirely distinct from the interesting sphere of art with which his name is connected.

M. de Weber, with materials in his hands which could not fail to bestow upon the biography of his father something of the air of an entertaining work of fiction, seems to have feared

incurring the reproach from his fellow-countrymen of having produced too light and agreeable a book to earn for him the title of a serious writer, and of being, as he has himself expressed it, 'zu nouvellistisch.' It is certainly hard upon the poor author, that, after having employed his best efforts to give the requisite weight of ballast to his book, he should have so utterly missed his aim, as not to have escaped the deprecated censure of his German readers, and to have produced a biography of his father which is entertaining as well as instructive. As may be naturally supposed, M. de Weber has been enabled to command the most minute as well as authentic information relative to his father's life; and he has sufficiently mastered the state of parties in political as well as artistic circles, and the general condition of society at the period of which he writes, to explain the bearing of the political and social circumstances of the times upon the general cultivation of the earlier part of the present century—musical cultivation having of course a prominent place—and their direct or indirect influence on the mind and genius of one of the greatest and most popular composers of the age. A sufficient period has elapsed between the death of the father and the researches of the son to allow the acrimony of party feelings, the artistic enmities and rivalries, and the strange mixture of political influences which distracted the troubled career of the composer, to have subsided. Every facility appears in the present day to have been afforded to the author. Correspondences with celebrities of the time were liberally communicated; for Carl Maria von Weber had always been a ready letter-writer and prolific in newspaper criticism; although, strange to say, an autobiography written by himself, and a diary which the industrious artist never failed to compile for a long series of years, almost to the last hour of his life, afforded comparatively little assistance to the biographer. The former was found scanty in detail, and not without certain suspicious reticences; the latter, although profuse in small domestic records, was singularly deficient in remarks upon the more important incidents of the musician's career.

With all these facilities afforded to the son in the compilation of a biography of his father, one important requisite for such a task might naturally have been wanting,—that of thorough impartiality. But M. de Weber soon convinces his readers of the groundlessness of any such suspicion: he has dealt with his father, and indeed with all his connexions, with a degree of impartiality which borders on the marvellous, and, reveals a rare and, it may be said, almost unscrupulous

conscientiousness. This impartiality is not only conspicuous in the author's judgment of his father's artistic powers, but is carried, in other matters, to an extent which savours of exaggeration. It is difficult to get rid of the feeling, that the youthful follies and errors of the father might have been treated by the son with a more delicate handling, or, at all events, with something less of a frankness which almost amounts to crudity. When, however, failings of temper and the weaknesses of excessive susceptibility in the celebrated composer are justly ascribed to the impulsiveness of a genial character and a kindly heart, a general impression of truth is conveyed; and a conviction of the author's impartiality is thoroughly maintained. In one respect only, a tendency to exaggeration is visible. Carl Maria von Weber, doubtless, suffered much from his perpetual struggles against the evil influences of his youth, poverty and privations, the world's trials, enmities, jealousies, and, above all, the hostile intrigues of the masters and patrons of that Italian art which held the supremacy of fashion and favouritism at the time when these intrigues were employed to oppose the advancement of the German school of music, to the ends and aims of which his own life was devoted. But, much as his struggles for the good cause may have shattered a sensitive mind, and undermined a constitution always delicate, it is very evident that his biographer forms an undue estimate of these tribulations and annoyances, when he bestows on the gladiator in the arena of art the crown of a martyr.

That the life of the great composer was a troubled, and in many respects a painful one, is clear. Born into a family in which a joint passion for music and the stage had been hereditary for many generations, Carl Maria von Weber was, from the first, nursed in all the dramatic fancies which were eventually to lead the precocious boy to a high pinnacle of fame. He may be said to have been cradled on the stage. At the time of his birth, his father, who was possessed to a very extraordinary degree by the hereditary mania, had thrown up position, prospects of fortune, and all the ordinary decencies of life, to drag his numerous family by a former wife on the stage. This singular individual figures, in the earlier portions of the biography, more like the Turveydrop, Micawber, or Harold Skimpole of the novel-writer, than a reality. Vainglorious, bombastic, reckless, tormented by an inordinate vanity and an unsatisfied greed of name and fame, this father sought to make of his last born an infant prodigy. It is marvellous, on looking back to the period of Weber's childhood, to find that the brain of the young genius was not utterly ruined by its early forcing; just

as marvellous to observe how little the boy's innate disposition, derived, it must be supposed, from his quiet, religiously disposed, and patiently suffering mother, was distorted by the defective education, the perverted ideas, the false rules of life, and the mountebank aspirations, which were the sum total of the inheritance that fell to Carl Maria's lot from the singular parent who guided his first steps. His childhood reminds us of the first chapters of 'Wilhelm Meister.' His earliest glimpses of life were caught, no doubt, from the intrigues, the backbitings, the manœuvres, and the loose conduct of the strolling company with whose children he played as a child; but to the knowledge of stage effect and practical stage requirements, which he began to imbibe at the early period when the rosin, the thunder-box, the silvered wooden swords, and the pasteboard armour were the child's playthings, and painted mountain slopes or canvas palace galleries were the arena of his games, may be attributed that peculiar insight into theatrical matters which gave the dramatic composer so great an advantage over his compeers on the stage. Amidst all the drawbacks of Weber's early education, there were thus some compensations which exercised a beneficial influence on his career.

The period of history when Carl Maria first began to have an interest in life was full of stormy events. The wars with the republican armies of France were continually driving the boy, in his wanderings with his clever, reckless, bombastic father, still the manager of a strolling company of comedians, from one part of Germany to another, in order to avoid the disasters of the times and seek better fortunes upon a more congenial soil. But the current was ever sweeping after the wanderers; and the better fortunes never came. When failure overtook Franz Anton's theatrical speculations, some praise is due to the father for the practical spirit in which he at last directed his boy's musical studies. At Salzburg he placed his son under Michel Haydn, the brother of the great Haydn, a severe and dry old musician of science; at Munich under the best masters, whom his ingratiating ways won over in default of pecuniary means. But the unscrupulous and vainglorious nature of Franz Anton was ever an obstacle in the way of the boy's steady progress. The ill-will occasioned by his endeavours to turn the secrets of Sennefelder, the inventor of lithography, to his own advantage, compelled him to sever the connexion with Munich; at Freiberg in Saxony, where he took refuge, his attempt at imposture, on the production of the first opera of the boy Carl Maria, then fourteen years of age—the

'Dumb Girl of the Forest'—by advertising his child as younger than he really was, and pretending that he was a pupil of the great Haydn, brought on both father and son a degree of obloquy which obliged them to leave the place. After a series of wanderings, in the midst of many sorrows and privations, Franz Anton at length contrived to place the youth under the care of the celebrated Abbé Vogler at Vienna. In this extraordinary individual, at once a man of science and a charlatan, a demigod of art in the eyes of some, an egregious impostor in those of others, a mixture of vanity, bombast, utter selfishness, and abstruse knowledge, the mountebank father of the lad seems to have intuitively discovered a congenial spirit to forward his own interests; and, for good or for evil, this Abbé Vogler was destined to be Carl Maria's principal instructor in the art of operatic composition. That anything so intrinsically genuine and sound, as the artistic mind of Weber, should have been cultivated on such a soil, amounts almost to a marvel. But the affection cherished for this strange instructor by the boy remained firm to the end of his life; and that the master was sharp-witted enough to discover the budding genius of the lad, was proved by his recommending his pupil to the post of musical director of the opera at Breslau, at the early age of seventeen. The recommendation, however kindly meant, was in some respects an egregious mistake. For although Weber, no doubt, earned in this new position a fund of experience, of great use to him in his future career, his presumption, fostered by his injudicious and arrogant father, his youthful indiscretions, his levity and folly, soon plunged him into such an abyss of difficulties, that, no longer able to contend against the ill-will of the theatre committee, he was glad to resign his engagement. Overwhelmed with debt, hampered by his father, Carl Maria was almost sinking under his misfortunes, when a good genius arose, in the person of a Duke of Wurtemberg, who held a miniature court of his own on his estates of Carlsruhe in Silesia. In this little courtly nest, 'where powdered and pigtailed courtiers, with cocked-hat 'and sword, wandered hand in hand with lofty-wigged and 'high-heeled beauties through the wondering green forests,' and where music was worshipped by the Duke and Duchess as a religion, the youth for a time found rest. But the current of political events, which throughout exercised so notable an influence upon Weber's destiny, soon swept him away from this peaceful retreat. Germany had become more and more the great battlefield of the most important interests of the world; and the invasion of Silesia dispersed the fairy-like

little Ducal Court, and would have left the youth Carl Maria again a beggar and a wanderer, had not his kind patron recommended him as secretary to his brother, another Prince of Wurtemberg, residing at the Court of Stuttgart.

In Stuttgart commenced one of the most romantic, and, at the same time, most baneful episodes in Weber's life. Employed by his master, the Prince Ludwig, in questionable money transactions, hated by the tyrannical, passionate, and filthy King, whose enmity the youth met by the most foolish tricks of boyish levity, leading a wild and reckless life, against which innate noble aspirations were perpetually struggling, and hampered by his father's debts as well as his own, young Weber, after already undergoing a term of imprisonment for a supposed insult to the King, all at once found himself involved in an accusation of a far deeper dye. The greater the disasters which fell upon the country during the Napoleonic wars, the more wild was the obstinacy of the King, who favoured the cause of the French Emperor, in pursuing his tyrannical measures of military conscription. There can be no doubt that Prince Ludwig was guilty of selling places at Court to persons desirous of evading the rigours of these measures as placeholders; but it was against his young secretary that the charge was brought. Carl Maria was arrested, imprisoned, examined, and finally exiled, with his father, from the kingdom of Wurtemberg.

Almost penniless, but with his opera of 'Sylvana'—a sort of elaborate *rechauffé* of his boyish 'Dumb Girl of the 'Forest'—in his portfolio, Weber now began a series of wanderings in search of fortune, which led him to Mannheim, Heidelberg, Darmstadt, where he again sought instruction from the Abbé Vogler, and formed his great friendship with the boy Meyerbeer; Frankfort, where his opera of 'Sylvana' was at last performed, with sufficient applause to encourage the rising composer, but where, on a subsequent occasion, the severity with which the edict of the Continental blockade was enforced drove him, almost penniless, to the verge of despair; Munich, where better fortunes smiled upon him; Prague, Gotha, Weimar, Dresden, and Berlin. In all these wanderings adventure pursued the erratic artist: his residence at the Court of the Duke of Saxe-Gotha, whose eccentricities amounted almost to insanity, but who, madman as he was, had a real appreciation of true genius, which led him to foster talent wherever he found it, and treat its possessors not only with favour and regard, but even friendship and affection, was peculiarly fertile in strange events.

But it was in Berlin that the young composer's name and fame began to rise with that steady progress which in a few years was to lead him to his zenith. His struggles to obtain the representation of his 'Sylvana' against the potent opposition of the staunch old-world musicians, who reigned paramount in the Prussian capital, were still harassing and severe: but influential friends flocked around him; and his opera was eventually produced with a considerable degree of success. It was the political circumstances of the time, however, which now insured Weber's popularity throughout Germany. The triumphant feelings newly awakened in Prussia by the victories over Napoleon, on the conclusion of the War of Liberation, aroused the spirit of Weber to compose those famous Songs of Liberty, contained in his 'Leier und Schwert,' which first shed a general halo around him. In his own nature he was no politician; patriotic enthusiasm was a feeling almost unknown to him. But Weber was easily led away by the influences around him; and thus were those songs composed, which caused him to be erroneously ranked among the liberal spirits of the age in popular opinion, and equally erroneously were subsequently reckoned as crimes against him by the conservative Court of Saxony.

Weber's fame was now spreading far and wide; and offers were made to him to assume the position of Capellmeister to the theatre of Prague. Here again his life was saddened by his own ill-directed passions. But here also came the turning-point in it. Through the mist with which an illicit and frantic love had clouded his youth, shone at last one 'bright particular 'star.' It was at Prague that he was thrown into more immediate intercourse with the woman to whom his heart was destined to cling with constancy to the last moments of his life—that Caroline Brandt who, after a series of those romantic struggles always supposed to prevent the course of true love from running smooth, eventually became his wife. From this period the interest in Carl Maria von Weber's story changes; and the erratic young German musical Gil Blas becomes the steady combatant in the cause of Art.

It was at Dresden that the true position of Weber, as musician, composer, and musical director, was finally to be established; but there also commenced that incessant struggle in favour of German art which wore out, in great degree, the composer's life. Although Weber obtained, through a combination of circumstances, his appointment as Capellmeister to the German opera, newly organised in the Saxon capital, his position was throughout the rest of his days one of perpetual

distress of mind. At every turn in his directorship he was met by the increasing coldness of the King, and by the more active hatred of Count Einsiedel, the Prime Minister. He never could be forgiven, whatever his merits and his services, as the author of the songs of the War of Liberation, which celebrated victories gained by those who, in the position of affairs at the time, were the enemies of Saxony; and though Weber was throughout his career an open enemy to all servility, he was too thorough a German not to entertain an excessive sensitiveness to Court favour, and he was little able to contend against the endless mortifications and annoyances which his exceptional position as a Court servant, at once esteemed and slighted, was perpetually entailing on him.

Other circumstances combined to add to the distresses of Weber's position as Saxon Capellmeister. He arrived at a time of transition, in which national aspirations for independence were mixed up with longings for the advancement of national art. Italian music had long held the sceptre of supremacy. It had been everywhere introduced and fostered by the various reigning heads in Germany, and had thus come to be regarded as a Court institution, the maintenance of which ought to be dear to courtiers and officials—to all who looked upon aristocratic tendencies as emanations of true political faith—to all who accepted the worship of the great ones of the earth as an exclusive religion. The promoters and fosterers of national German art consequently, by a strange confusion of ideas, but still as a natural sequence, came to be connected in men's minds with the political innovators, the clamourers for freedom, the enemies of kings and courts, and the revolutionists of the times. National aspirations in the cause of music were looked upon with almost as much suspicion as national aspiration in the cause of independence. Thus, when German art ventured to lift its head, muster its forces, and enter the lists against its rival in power, to do battle in good earnest, the feud which arose between the dominant Italian party and the growing and ambitious national party was carried on with an acrimony and a virulence almost incomprehensible at the present day. The rival factions fought with an intensity of hatred, which sundered families like a civil war. The struggle between the reigning school and its aspiring rival was carried on too near our own doors, during the famous battle of the Gluckites and Piccini-ites in France, not to have left a distinct impression of the virulence and intolerance with which such battles may be fought. But in Paris, fierce as the contest was, it was one of taste, and taste alone. In Germany the

hostilities were intensified by the political sentiments attributed to the contending parties. There it was not only one school of art against another; it was the defenders of king and court who fought against arrogant revolutionists—the promoters of liberal and thoroughly national feelings against exclusive narrowmindedness and the invasion of the foreigner. By this absurd infusion of political principles into matters of art and taste, the virulence of the two factions was naturally strengthened. The battle of the two parties raged incessantly in all the great German cities, towards the end of the last century and the earlier part of the present. As might be expected, it was the German party which more generally succumbed. The Italian party, with but few exceptions, had all the wealth, influence, and aristocratic weight of the country on its side, and looked upon the German as an intrusive, impudent, ignorant, upstart usurper, endeavouring to subvert the lawful pretensions of the rightful sovereign of Art. In Berlin alone, from causes arising as early as the reign of Frederick the Great, the victory had been won for German music. Fortunately for its cause, the various rulers of the many States of Germany, however strong their predilections in almost every instance for Italian art, were accustomed by long prescriptive fashion to mix with the celebrated musicians of the day on such familiar terms, rather as friends of the artists than as patrons of art, that they were in a great degree raised above the prejudices of faction; and their bias, however decided in reality, was never or seldom strongly pronounced. Still, even in the ruling houses of Germany might be found traces of that political colouring which tinted, throughout the mass of the country, the state of musical cultivation. It was the custom, perhaps the creed and policy of the times, as indeed of all times, for crown princes, hereditary grand dukes, and heirs to thrones in general, to affect liberal and progressive ideas; and with these ideas were sure to be combined a marked preference for national art, and decided efforts for the furtherance of its cause. But with the nobility, the great Court officials, and the 'high and mighty' of the land in general, it was far otherwise. Except in Austria and Bohemia, where the nobles were generally wealthy, and used the independence which the possession of wealth bestowed in the interest of Art, but more especially of musical art, the German nobles, especially in the central States, were poor and needy; and lacked not only the means but the spirit and the desire to raise themselves into any distinguished position as cultivators and promoters of Art. From the artistic world they held themselves arrogantly aloof, as though they feared

contamination from creatures who had never been properly born, and who in but few instances had acquired the disputed right to be *hof-fähig*, or admissible to Court receptions. Even Weber, who had an indisputable right to the title of Freiherr or Baron, and who never laid aside the distinctive 'von,' which should have been a patent of nobility admitting him at all events into the outer temple, was regarded as having forfeited the privileges of his birth by descending into an artistic sphere; the exercise of his genius in a professional form had obviously un-'von'ned him; had he remained a needy Court on-hanger, endowed with pleasant musical talents, he might have been regarded as a worthy member of society. But much as the German nobles, generally speaking (and always excepting the Esterhazys, the Pallfys, the Lichtensteins, and other Austrian families of high station and wealth), held themselves apart from any communion with the artist world which was seething and stirring beneath them, they were no less animated with all the frenzy of party spirit in battling on the side of Italian art against German. Was not Italian opera the exclusive delectation of aristocratic fashion, a Court institution, and, even in the eyes of the dazzled *bürger*, the proper attribute of 'genteel' taste? So the German nobles undertook a war to the knife against German art. In their exclusive favouritism they descended even to the basest intrigues and the blackest calumnies to crush the upstart rival; all the petty warfare of faction was stretched to its most unwarrantable limits. As much backstairs influence at the Court was employed to injure a German composer or to debase German art, as might have been used to subvert an obnoxious minister or crush a political party. Now Weber was thoroughly German in all his musical aspirations, and (artistically speaking) although, as has been before observed, he had no strong political feelings, he was completely national. The struggle he had to undergo in a life's contest to support the cause, for which he seemed almost exclusively to live and breathe, was no doubt a hard one.

When Weber commenced his artistic career as a boy-composer, German opera had made but little advance towards that supremacy which it was destined to attain, and which he contrived, in a great measure, to secure to it. Mozart, it is true, had long since been the pride and glory of his country. In the eyes of the lad Carl Maria, he was the one great sun, in the rays of which he basked, but the splendours of which he never dared hope to rival. But Mozart was of no especial nationality. He was a genius apart. He was Mozart. 'Men were asto-'nished,' says M. de Weber in his biography, when on the

subject of the state of musical parties of Vienna, 'to hear 'music which was neither German nor Italian, but only music.' He could not be ranged under the standard of either of the contending schools. Haydn—'Father Haydn,' as Carl Maria von Weber always called the great composer with filial reverence—was not a luminary of the operatic stage. The Abbé Vogler was cosmopolitan, if he was anything at all, in his style and tendencies, and of no real influence whatever in the cause of German art exclusively. At all events, he can never be regarded as a successful champion in the arena of German opera. Even the mighty genius of Beethoven had not won any victory in the cause. Great as was his influence, undisputed as was his overwhelming supremacy in the concert-room, he marked no step on the operatic stage. His 'Fidelio' fell flat upon the ears of the Viennese; and when it was remodelled, and once more remodelled, never made any advance at the period of the struggle of German opera. Thus, when Carl Maria entered the lists as a composer for the German stage, the whole fight was still to be fought out.

As the champion for the cause of German art against its Italian rival, Weber was consistent throughout his whole career from the first aspirations of boyhood to his last breath. Unlike Meyerbeer, who, for a considerable period of time, was perpetually feeling his ground, and trying his wings in flights to foreign climes, Weber clung from the first to an uncompromising nationality. He may in trifles have endeavoured to please the patron of the hour, whose tastes were thoroughly Italian, and, in moments of leisure, amused himself with the composition of Italian canzonets; yet even in these fugitive pieces there was always an unmistakable German colouring. But in the invariable tendency of his musical aspirations he was national to the heart's core. In his musical creed he never wavered, and he fought the battle of his faith not only with zeal and courage, but with a partisanship not devoid of acrimony. In fact, there was frequently an honest exaggeration in the feelings which he displayed during the whole conflict of his life against the Italian invader. His grief at the temporary apostasy of Meyerbeer to the Italian side—an apostasy which unfortunately he did not live to see renounced—was so violent as more than once to lay him upon a bed of sickness. He had loved young Meyerbeer as a friend, and fellow-pupil of the Abbé Vogler, although some years younger than himself; he was proud of him as a German artist; he had looked upon him, as he himself expressed it, as a great pillar in that temple of German art which it was the main object of his life to see established in glory. Weber's exag-

gerated sensitiveness to the dereliction of his cherished 'brother 'in art' found vent in a violence of despair on the production of any new Italian opera by young Meyerbeer, which might have excited ridicule had it not been so genuine and heartfelt. As it was, it involved him in a series of distresses, arising from the acrimonious attacks of the hostile party, which made sad inroads on his health as well as his peace of mind. Fortunately, Weber was better judged by the parents of Meyerbeer, who knew the honesty of his affectionate but over-zealous heart, and who, up to the last hour of their lives, treated him rather as another beloved son than as a simple friend. Towards the French school Weber evidently never entertained the same hostile feelings. He studied and put upon the stage the compositions of the earlier French composers with complacency; Méhul he always declared to be imbued with a thoroughly German spirit; and he even went so far as to assert that the 'Dame Blanche' of Boieldieu was second only, as a comic opera, to the 'Nozze di Figaro' of his great idol Mozart. But his enmity to the Italian school was uncompromising. Rossini, the musical demigod of his times, was a perpetual thorn in his side. Those who read the great German composer's life with attention, and learn to know the genuine soundness of his honest heart in all the dealings and failings of his life, will acquit him of all charge of envy or jealousy towards his most successful rival. Of prejudice he may perhaps be accused, but certainly not of all the meaner and more petty feelings of a vanquished man. Yet of Rossini's Italian 'crinkum-crankums' Weber always spoke with undisguised contempt; and, when obliged to testify his unbounded admiration of two such artists as Lablache and Fodor in the 'Semiramide,' or the 'Cenerentola' at Vienna, he left his box with rage in his heart that so much talent should be bestowed on music which he considered so weak and worthless; but he never envied his rival's triumph, and afterwards met Rossini in Paris upon pleasant and courteous terms. With other Italian composers too much personal antagonism was mingled to enable a wholly unbiassed mind to judge of the aversion of the German composer to their style with equal confidence in the genuineness of his opinion.

Morlacchi, only known in these days by his best opera, 'Tebaldo ed Isolina,' although a favourite and favoured composer of the time, was Capellmeister of the Italian opera at Dresden when Weber was summoned there. From the underhand intrigues of the rival Capellmeister, a thorough-paced Italian in the arts of secret diplomacy, Weber had to suffer

bitterly during the whole period of his career in Dresden, and up to the last hour of his life. The battle of the rival operas, the struggles of the German composer against the alternations of backstairs Court manœuvres and open hostility against him on the part of Morlacchi, form a great portion of the history of M. de Weber's second volume, and may be read with interest, as giving a new insight not only into the state of musical parties at the time, but also into the social manners of the period at a small and narrow-minded German Court.

But slighted and harassed as Weber may have been in the country of his adoption, a popularity which had never been surpassed by any other German composer was gathering around him in other parts of Germany. In the summer of 1821, it was to reach its culminating point. Since the production of his boyhood's operas, his 'Sylvana' and finally his 'Abu Hassan,' a gem of comic sprightliness, which was one of the emanations of his period of reckless extravagance at Stuttgart, ten years or more had passed; and Weber had not been able to gain possession of any opera text which could satisfy his longings. His dramatic instincts always sought their fittest occupation in romance, even bordering on exaggeration. In more modern times, his tendencies would have been stamped as thoroughly 'sensational.' After this long delay of years, a drama was at last laid before him which was thoroughly congenial to his fanciful nature. Defective as the treatment of 'Der Freischütz' may be in many respects, it fully satisfied all Weber's romantic aspirations. Into 'Der Frei-' schütz' he poured all the essence of his fancy. Of all his operas it contained the truest effusion of his own individuality; and it thus came into more direct sympathy with his public than any other of his subsequent compositions. Strange to say, the idea of the wild legend had seized upon Weber's fancy ten years previously, but had been laid aside and forgotten. When the subject was again suggested to him by Friedrich Kind, it flashed before him like the familiar face of a dear friend; and Weber, with all his misgivings, never from the first moment doubted of the success of his 'Der 'Freischütz.'

From cold and repelling Dresden, Weber was summoned to give his great work at the far more appreciative capital of Prussia. There his great friend and patron Count Brühl had prepared the way for its acceptance. But, advanced as was the cause of national art in Berlin, compared with other German cities, the young German composer had still to contend against difficulties and obstacles in the production of his 'Der

'Freischütz,' which at one time appeared almost insurmountable. Spontini held the sole sceptre of musical supremacy in the Prussian capital, and was about, at the same juncture, to produce his gorgeous opera of 'Olympia.' It was difficult enough to fight the battle of German art against the influence of the Italian, solely on the score of nationality; harder still when the cold, hard, envious Spontini openly declared his hatred and hostility to the young man who sought to enter into the lists with him as a rival, threw every hindrance in his way, and heaped upon his head every possible mark of his contempt. In the excited state of angry partisanship on either side, the representation of 'Der Freischütz' was regarded by the German party as a battle for life or death. The German opera was thrust aside by the Court supporters of the Italian, until 'Olympia' had marched in triumph over the Berlin stage; but, spite of Court influence, lavish expense, and a magnificence of appointment unknown at the period, 'Olympia' proved a failure; and the German party again raised its head with hope.

Perhaps never was an opera given to the world under circumstances of such wild excitement as was 'Der Freischütz.' 'The moment of trial was come,' writes Weber's biographer:—

'Four hours before the opening of the Schauspielhaus, crowds were beleaguering every entrance. To the excellent arrangements of the police, it may be thanked that, when the doors were opened, clothes alone were torn, and only a few smart bruises given in the fearful rush. The pit was immediately filled to suffocation by a compact mass of students, young men of science, artists, officials, and men who, eight years before, had borne arms against the invader—the youthful intelligence, the patriotic fire, the enlightened opposition to the foreigner. Under Caroline's box stood Benedict, the long slim figure of Heinrich Heine, sarcastically punning upon the poetry of Kind ("a child," in German), and a little broad-chested student with mighty lungs and spanking hands. Stalls and boxes were filled by members of the high society of Berlin, and the literary, musical, and scientific authorities of the day. The government officials were few: and scarcely a uniform was visible. Little by little the orchestra filled—the musicians began to tune their instruments—the hoarse murmur of the packed crowd, sweltering in the overheated house, grew louder and louder. All at once came applause from the orchestra. Weber had entered it. And now the whole house, with its thousand upon thousand hands, took up the sound, and thundered forth its echo. Three times was Weber obliged to let fall his baton and to bow, before he could give the signal to begin. In the midst of the storm came suddenly a solemn silence. The magic musical pictures of the overture were now spread forth in all their fulness. The impression was unmistakeable.

When, at last, the triumphant finale had blazed forth in all its glory, such a tempest of applause broke forth, such a universal shout *da capo*, that the entire overture had to be repeated, with still greater enthusiasm if possible. The first scene, admirably grouped, and represented with life and animation, produced a great effect; but Kilian's air and the laughing chorus, although sung with great intelligence, seemed, from a want of appreciation of its musical audacity, to miss fire. Not so the passage in the following trio, "O, "lass Hoffnung dich beleben," which went immediately to the hearts of all, and drew down another storm of applause. The original melodious waltz had gone by. The stage grew dark: and the excitement created by the scena of Max, "Nein, länger trag' ich "nicht die Qualen," was so intense that, in spite of Stümer's artistic yet simple delivery, the beautiful "arioso," "Durch die Wälder, "durch die Auen," went by without its tribute. On the appearance of Zamiel, a shudder ran through the agitated house. After the gleam of light in "Jetzt ist wohl ihr Fenster offen," came again the same impression on the re-appearance of the demon, and the conclusion of the air was crowned with tumultuous applause. Caspar's drinking-song, conceived so differently from all the well-established forms, was evidently not understood. The curtain fell upon an anticlimax: the applause was scanty. And now animated and even tumultuous discussions arose on every side. The Spontini-ites rubbed their hands, and said with scorn, "Is this the music which is "to throw the Vestale, Cortez, and Olympia into the shade? A "mere melodrama! What monotony too! A whole act without a "female voice." A storm of angry murmur filled the house. During the tumult once more appeared the maestro. The curtain rose. A salvo of applause greeted the pleasant forms of the two favourite singers as Agathe and Aennchen. They appeared to the eager youth of the day like forms of brightness and light after the dark scenes which had gone by. The opening duett, so magical in effect, and so new in form and treatment, and still more the air of Aennchen, "Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen," told admirably on the house. But the brightest gem of the first representation was unquestionably the great scena of Frau Seidler, "Wie nahte mir der "Schlummer." At this point the opposition surrendered its arms. Surprised, carried away, wholly overcome, Weber's bitterest adversaries succumbed to the general and irresistible torrent of applause. Stalls, boxes, pit, and gallery, felt the summer air floating around them, prayed "leise, leise," with Agathe, listened to the rustling of the trees, felt the approach of the expected lover, and with the maiden's joy burst forth into one great sympathetic jubilee in honour of the creator of the magic strains. It was long before the shouting could be stilled. From this moment the fate of the opera was decided. The following trio found the liveliest appreciation. The scene of the Wolf's Glen, with its wondrous instrumental effects, never before attempted, and so true to the composer's own peculiar genius, its supernatural accessories, and its romantic scenery, brought the second act triumphantly to a close. "He's a devil of a fellow—

" that little Weber!" cried the lusty student beneath Caroline's box, as he blew upon his burning and blistered hands; " but it is deuced " hard work to do him justice." If the storm of voices growled heavily at the end of the first act, it was perfectly overpowering now. But how different was the nature of the tempest! The Italian party was struck dumb. Expressions of admiration and ravished delight were to be heard on every side. And where was the maestro? Sitting in a dark corner in his wife's box, holding her trembling hands, and kissing away her tears of joy. After the entre-acte, given with life and energy by the orchestra, Agathe's prayer, and Aennchen's air, half tender and half bantering, were admirably received. The Bridesmaids' song, with chorus, so popular in the best sense of the word, so thoroughly German in its spirit, was stormily encored, although sung with trembling voice by its nervous executant. The Huntsman's chorus, although greatly applauded, did not, strange to say, win its way fully with the public until about the eighth or tenth representation. Its melody was among the few in the " Der Freischütz " that were not sung at once at every street-corner. The finale, although its rather too greatly prolonged form produced a comparative tendency to coolness in the audience, brought the opera gloriously to its close. The curtain fell: but no soul left the house. Thunders of applause and thousands of voices summoned the composer before his enraptured audience. At last he appeared, leading Madame Seidler and Fräulein Eunicke by the hand. Amidst the deafening shouting, flowers and verses were flung from all directions. The success of " Der Freischütz " had been immense—unparalleled! Critics, artists, and dilettanti appeared intoxicated; and all with one accord—for that night at least—had no words but of delight, and joy, and praise.' (Vol. ii. pp. 219–23.)

'Der Freischütz' had achieved a success unprecedented in the annals of German art upon the stage; and the 'Der Frei-'schütz mania,' which rapidly spread over all Europe, became one of the historical events of the early part of the present century. Spontini was now Weber's bitter enemy for life; and, in subsequent years, the most active measures were employed by the influential and acrimonious Italian to prevent the performance of 'Euryanthe' in Berlin. The long and angry correspondence between the two composers on this subject, followed, as it was, by the personal interference of the King of Prussia and his Prime Minister, the indiscreet exertions of Count Brühl, Weber's friend, and the great excitement of the public, comprise another interesting and characteristic episode in the troublous life of Carl Maria von Weber, all the more sadly and painfully interesting, since the blows bestowed in this last struggle were fatal blows to the artist's heart, and, in his failing state of health, materially contributed to hasten his death.

Weber, by his 'Freischütz' alone, reached at once the highest pinnacle of popularity. Offers poured in on him from many of the great operatic stages of Europe. The first which he accepted was that to write a new 'grand romantic opera' for Vienna. 'Weber,' says his son, 'in undertaking this fresh 'composition, which was to shame those who doubted of his 'sound musical science, and at the same time not be inferior to '"Der Freischütz" in practical effect, was naturally anxious to 'bring all his dramatic as well as musical forces into the field, 'and win his victory by their combined power. Not only was 'the new opera to be his musical masterpiece, but to give evi-'dence, at the same time, of his poetical spirit, his scenic tact, 'his stage experience, and his pictorial taste.' But unfortunately Weber's 'evil star,' in which, with that tendency to superstition that pervaded, more or less, his whole life, he was a firm believer, and to which his letters, his conversations, and his diaries bear constant and earnest reference, seems to have presided over the production of 'Euryanthe.' An unfortunate combination of circumstances led to its composition. A quarrel with his previous author, Kind, and a fortuitous meeting with Frau von Chezy, decided Weber's choice of his new text. The subject was an impracticable one from the first; and never was a more uncongenial combination than that of the sensitive and imaginative composer with the coarse, vain, insolent, bombastic, half mad old coquette, who called herself a 'poetess.' The character of this absurd individual, as sketched in M. de Weber's book, and illustrated by amusing anecdote, was sufficient in itself to have stamped 'Euryanthe' as a subject which could never fulfil all Weber's poetical and romantic aspirations. But the composer seems to have loved his opera as a mother loves best the ugly, ill-conditioned, wayward child, whose birth has cost her the severest throes, and whose bringing-up has occasioned the greatest sorrow and trouble. Weber himself always considered that the treasures of science which he lavished upon his work ought to have secured for it the greatest of all his triumphs; so much so that, in after years, he conceived a horror of his earlier great opera, which amounted almost to insanity, as the rival of the more cherished 'Euryanthe.' From the first, it is true, he felt, as he himself expressed it, that 'that young rascal "Der Freischütz" 'had shot his poor sister dead;' but he no less hated the murderer of his favourite with a bitter hatred, until the very name of 'Der Freischütz' would throw him into spasms of rage and indignation. But whatever Weber's estimate of his second great opera—an estimate, it must be owned, since shared by

Weber's compatriots, although not awarded at the time—the subject was never so completely in accordance with the spirit and genius of the composer as the national devilry of the Black Huntsman. 'Euryanthe' obtained no more than what is termed by the French a *succès d'estime* from the Viennese. Weber was unwilling to recognise his comparative defeat. But he acknowledged it at last; and the conviction went far to break a heart already worn by perpetual struggles.

Weber was already sinking rapidly into a premature grave, when Charles Kemble, then lessee of Covent Garden Theatre, made the celebrated German composer an offer to compose, expressly for that establishment, another great operatic work. Similar offers arrived, at the same time, from the French Grand Opera. But Weber allowed himself to be swayed by his lifelong partiality for England and the English character, and accepted Mr. Kemble's proposal. After some discussion as to the subject of this new work, the book of 'Oberon' was placed in Weber's hands. The subject of the poem was doubtless more sympathetic in its nature, to a mind which revelled in the marvellous and supernatural, than that of the dry, stilted, and hyper-romantic 'Euryanthe.' But the text, at the same time, was ill calculated to rekindle that vivid inspiration which glows in every scene of 'Der Freischütz.' Despite its rich supply of Oriental fancy, fairy revelries, and supernatural effects, 'Oberon' was as practically undramatic in its nature as any epic poem put into action must necessarily be. Never was that singular faculty of self-absorption, to the exclusion not only of the outward world, but of the feelings of the inner man, more strongly evidenced throughout his life than in the composition of this his last great work. Many of his liveliest strains had been conceived in the midst of wearing distresses and annoyances; some of his most powerful dramatic ideas worked out when he was wearied with petty cares; but the greater portion of his melody-teeming 'Oberon' was written when the weary composer was utterly prostrated by pain and suffering, and when death was gnawing at his heart. Weber arrived in London in the month of February 1826, to reap some of the greatest triumphs and endure some of the most bitter mortifications of his life, and then to die. Most of the English readers of his biography will probably find their interest most excited by the latter portion of Weber's stirring and troubled career, by the descriptions of the musical and social condition of London when he visited the capital, and, more than all, by the feeling, always present, of the coming catastrophe, and the touching account of the artist's death.

The accidental swallowing of some aqua fortis, from the effects of which Weber nearly died when a youth at Breslau, may have been the original cause of that disease of the throat from which he suffered through life; early excesses, it is to be feared, did much to undermine a constitution naturally delicate; but to the excessive and wearing susceptibility, which was the bane of the great composer's latter years, must be greatly attributed his premature decay. In his weak state of body and mind, cause and effect were constantly acting and reacting on each other. The perpetual gnawing and fretting of an over-sensitive disposition were ever inducing those attacks of sickness and utter prostration, which, at every recurrence, left the mind less capable of struggling boldly against the evil influences which preyed upon it. No doubt Weber had cause sufficient for this constant irritation. As the servant of the Saxon Court, and eagerly desirous of pleasing his superiors by his zeal and the exercise of his talent, he naturally felt most bitterly the repelling coldness of the King his master, the want of acknowledgment of his services in the cause which he was engaged to support, and the frequent mortifications and slights heaped upon him by a Minister who hated his independence of spirit. The perpetual struggle against the hostile intrigues and undisguised enmity of Morlacchi and Spontini, themselves irritated, it must be said, by the constant and openly expressed hostility of the German composer to the school of art they practised, preyed heavily upon his sensitive disposition. No less wearing to his mind was the failure of all his efforts to propitiate the good esteem of men whom he reverenced deeply in his heart of hearts. From Goethe, whom he worshipped as a poet, he could never elicit any expression but that of contempt; Spohr, he was aware, treated him only as a somewhat clever amateur, and ascribed his popularity to his faculty for writing so as to please the masses, or, in other words, to his vulgarity of style; from Zelter, Bernhard Anselm Weber, and almost all of the elder musicians, he received only marks of aversion and superciliousness. Yet there was much thrown into the other scale, which might have been an ample compensation for all these mortifications to a man of a less morbid nature. Weber was surrounded by a host of friends, who respected, reverenced, adored him. By the public of the greater portion of Germany, and more especially in the Prussian capital, he was worshipped. Demonstrations of an idolatry, such as no other musician had received so triumphantly, met him at every turn. Nor did the favour of the great ones of the earth fail him, although he experienced only

hatred and tyranny from the King of Wurtemberg, and marked coldness and indifference from the Sovereign of the country which he had adopted as his own. One of his most devoted admirers and friends was that strange, genial, highly gifted, but eccentric man, the Duke of Saxe-Gotha already mentioned. From the first moment of his acquaintance with Weber he was profuse in his tokens of esteem and love. Louis of Bavaria, then Crown Prince, another eccentric but well-intentioned man, was likewise the staunch friend, admirer, and patron of the German composer; the Crown Prince of Prussia was lavish in his demonstrations of respect. For the disparagement, the contempt, the envies and jealousies of other musicians, German as well as Italian, Weber had again an ample compensation in the good opinion of the composer he so greatly reverenced himself, Ludwig von Beethoven. This great genius, usually so morose and chary of his praise, although he avowed himself incapable of understanding all Weber's tendencies, loudly expressed his admiration of 'Der Freischütz,' and wrote of Weber as his 'dear friend.' A meeting took place between the two great men after many years of mutual regard; and this remarkable interview forms one of the most interesting passages in M. de Weber's second volume:—

'Weber knew then that he had earned Beethoven's respect before his visit. But he felt strangely moved when he entered the great man's poor desolate-looking room. All lay in the wildest disorder—music, money, clothing, on the floor—linen from the wash upon the dirty bed—broken coffee-cups upon the table. The open pianoforte was covered thickly with dust. Beethoven entered to greet his visitors. Benedict has thus described him:—"Just so "must have looked Lear, or one of Ossian's bards. His thick grey "hair was flung upwards, and disclosed the sanctuary of his lofty 'vaulted forehead. His nose was square, like that of a lion; his "chin broad, with those remarkable folds which all his portraits "show; his jaws formed as if purposely to crack the hardest nuts; "his mouth noble and soft. Over the broad face, seamed with scars "from the small-pox, was spread a dark redness. From under the "thick, closely compressed eyebrows gleamed a pair of small flashing "eyes. The square broad form of a Cyclops was wrapped in a "shabby dressing-gown much torn about the sleeves." Beethoven recognised Weber without a word, embraced him energetically, shouting out, "There you are, my boy; you are a devil of a fellow! "God bless you!" handed him at once his famous tablets, then pushed a heap of music from the old sofa, threw himself upon it, and, during a flow of conversation, commenced dressing himself to go out. Beethoven began with a string of complaints about his own position; about the theatres, the public, the Italians, the taste of the day, and, more especially, about his own ungrateful nephew. Weber,

who was nervous and agitated, counselled him to tear himself from Vienna, undertake a journey through Germany, to convince himself of the world's judgment of him, and more especially go to England, where his works were more reverenced than in any other country. "Too late! too late!" cried Beethoven, making the pantomime of playing on the piano, and shaking his head sadly. Then he seized on Weber's arm, and dragged him away to the Sauerhof, where he was wont to dine. "Here," wrote Weber afterwards, "we dined to-"gether in the happiest mood. The rough repulsive man paid me "as much attention as if I were a lady to whom he was making "court, and served me at table with the most delicate care. How "proud I felt to receive all this kindness and affectionate regard "from the great master-spirit! The day will remain for ever im-"pressed on my mind, as well as on that of all who were present." At table Beethoven turned the conversation to the subject of "Euryanthe," which Weber strove to avoid. "How is the book?" he asked. Weber hastened to reply, "Full of good situations." But Beethoven had caught sight of Haslinger's shake of the head, and burst out laughing: "Ah! the old story!" he shouted; "these "German authors never know how to concoct a good opera-book." "But how about 'Fidelio?'" rejoined Weber. "Oh! that was de-"rived from the French," said Beethoven; "and was translated "into German out of the Italian." And so the two great composers communed together. And the others sat by, and saw these two heads so closely bent together—from the one of which had sprung the "Eroïca," the "C minor Symphony," and the "Fidelio"—from the other the "Freischütz," "Leier und Schwert," and "Preciosa" —and thought how many treasures of the beautiful might still be there, and compared Weber's long, narrow, scantily-covered head, and refined, spiritual, tender face, with the mighty lion-like facial mass of Beethoven, over which rose a very forest of hair, and reflected how the widely-contrasting genius of the two was so wondrously mirrored in each man, although both glowed with the same artistic fire, and both had the halo of immortality upon their brows. But the time came for departure. Again and again Beethoven embraced Weber, as though he could not part with him. It was long before he would relinquish Weber's long thin delicate hand from the grasp of his bulky fist. "Success to your new opera! If I can I "will come on your first night," he cried; and so they parted. Weber returned to Vienna deeply moved.' (Vol. ii. pp. 323–6.)

Unfortunately, envious mischief-makers and tattlers succeeded in sundering Beethoven and Weber; but no evil tongues could destroy the admiration each felt for the genius of the other. With Meyerbeer, although the cold and undemonstrative nature of the Northern German contrasted strongly with the warm-hearted fervour of his brother composer, Weber maintained a steady friendship, unimpaired by the severance of long years. With Mendelssohn, then only a lively boy, Weber had

but little intercourse; but he knew and loved the lad, who in return seems to have looked up to one of the greatest composers of the time with respect and admiration. An interesting anecdote of the gifted youth is given in M. de Weber's work. Weber was at Berlin; and the first representation of 'Der Freischütz' was drawing nigh:—

'One day, after rehearsal, Weber was strolling with Benedict "Unter den Linden," when a bright charming boy, of about twelve years of age, sprang to greet them, with sparkling eyes and fluttering locks. "Felix Mendelssohn!" exclaimed Weber, pressing his hand warmly. The boy strolled on with them; and, when they parted, carried off Benedict to his home, and presented him to his mother, with the words: "Mother, here is Benedict, Weber's pupil; "he can play us something out of the new opera." And so Benedict had to sit down to the piano and sketch out all his memory would permit him of "Der Freischütz." A few days afterwards the boy played him, in return, all he had heard, and explained all the instrumental effects, with almost unfailing correctness, as if he had invented them himself.' (Vol. ii. pp. 218, 219.)

Weber's highly sensitive nature, painful as it became in many of his social relations, exercised a powerful influence on his genius. Although, on the one hand, he preeminently possessed the faculty of shutting out the impressions of the world without when engaged in operatic composition, and creating for himself an inner world of his own—an imaginary stage, in fact, animated by imaginary characters, who moved in obedience to his fancy, imaginary scenery, an imaginary orchestra, every strain of which he heard, and an imaginary public, to whose judgment he endeavoured impartially to listen—yet, on the other, there was perhaps never a composer so impressionable to the events passing around him, to the social conditions of his times, and even to animate or inanimate external objects, or who so completely absorbed their influence into his artistic nature. Thus, the political events of the day exercised a reactionary influence on his art by inspiring him with a horror for the invaders of his country, and by animating his genius, during all the triumphant stir of the festivities at Berlin consequent on the War of Liberation, to those songs of freedom, as they were called, which stirred all German hearts, and reflected back the spirit of patriotism that for the time became the very essence of the composer's genius, although it never influenced the ordinary actions of his life. Thus, too, the ideas of progress which had been stirred up by the French Revolution, the rejection of old worn-out forms by renovated minds, the desire of emancipation from pedantic oppression, all

the fermentation of a new world reacted powerfully upon the cultivation of the artist's genius; and the attempts at social change around him were constantly conveying impressions which, when embodied in musical forms, in turn exercised their own influence on the state of society at the time. Then, again, his inspirations were constantly derived, after a singular, and to laymen a wholly incomprehensible fashion, from the outward objects around him. Of this latter strange source of musical inspiration, M. de Weber the son gives an interesting account:—

'He may be said to have been always composing. The world appeared to him a world of tones. Colour, form, space, time were transformed, by a mysterious process of his inward man, into sounds. Out of the strangest and most unharmonious noises his ear sucked in the most original and striking effects. Strange to say, lines and forms seem to have called forth melodies within him, as sounds gave rise to harmonies. His musical ideas, he was wont to say, came thickest upon him when the sight of outward objects was accompanied by the rolling of carriage-wheels. Landscapes were symphonies to his ears; and melodies sprang up from every rise or fall of the road, from every trembling brook, from every waving field of corn; whilst the sound of the wheels supplied the richest harmonies. Thus certain drives or walks were involuntarily mixed up in his mind with such or such musical ideas. Whenever any spot recurred to his memory, it was combined with the recollection of the melody it had inspired. But, happy as might be the ideas thus elicited by outward objects, Weber was slow to write them down. Experience had taught him that such musical inspirations might, like poetical improvisations, strike upon the ear with brilliant and startling effect, yet fall upon the paper dead and cold, like shooting-stars. Weber, however, was no lavish spendthrift of his ideas. Portions of these fleeting musical apparitions, to which he assigned no greater value, and which he considered unworthy of being stored up, he would reproduce in his inimitable improvisations on the piano; and, as he played, he would unroll before his mind's eye the landscape panorama whence the musical thoughts had sprung.

'But it must not be supposed, at the same time, that the nature of the outward objects always elicited analogous feelings. Sublime mountain scenery, by some strange chain of thought, or perhaps contrasting feeling, might give birth to a droll capriccio,—a joyous sunrise to a melancholy adagio,—a grotesque object to a grave motivo. After this fashion, the "Laughing Chorus" of the first act of "Der Freischütz" owed its origin to the impression made upon the composer by the intolerably false intoning of the responses of a litany by some old women, during a sleepy afternoon-service in the Pillnitz chapel. The music of the Wolf's Glen was conceived one morning as he drove to Pillnitz in a heavy fog, the changeful masses

of which swept in multitudinous forms around his carriage. The magnificent march in "Oberon," it may here be related, also owed its existence to a still more singular apparition. Weber was accustomed, when performances took place at the "Linkesches Bad," to walk out after dinner and take his coffee there in the garden by the Elbe. One day a heavy rain had come on during the walk, to the capellmeister's infinite disgust. He was unusually silent and morose. When he reached the garden, all the guests had been driven away by the rain, and the waiters had heaped the chairs and tables one upon another, with their legs sprawling in the air. The capellmeister stood for a time, with his hands folded behind him, gazing at the grotesque grouping of these distracted-looking objects. All on a sudden he called to young Roth, the clarionette-player, who had been the companion of his walk. "Look there!" he said; "does not "that look exactly like a great triumphal march? Donnerwetter! "What chords there are for the trumpets! I can use that! I can "use that!" He had just then been asked to compose a march for Gehe's tragedy of "Henry the Fourth." Immediately on reaching home, after the theatre, Weber wrote down his singular inspiration, at first only for brass instruments. It was afterwards turned to account, and arranged for the orchestra in "Oberon."' (Vol. ii. pp. 81–4.)

But, in spite of all these contradictory workings of the world without and the world within, in Weber's musical creations, there was a harmony in his productions, a thorough and intimate individuality, which never can be mistaken. He was himself in all he produced; and, in this respect, Weber the boy may be found to have been throughout the father of Weber the man. But there was one of the characteristics of his nature, not derived from without, the influence of which was far more powerful than all: this was his spirit of order, which, conspicuous in the management of his affairs in daily life, was more conspicuous still in the direction of his genius. Its assistance in the exercise of his greatest faculties, its use in maturing his powers, were constantly apparent. It was this innate quality, probably, which led, by constant application, to his possession of a singular faculty not known to be enjoyed, to so great a degree at all events, by any other composer. All Weber's composition, in his maturer years, was carried on in his brain. Not only were ideas conceived, and melodies inspired to be treasured up by an almost marvellous power of memory in his mind; but harmonies were wrought out, and all instrumental effects, even to the most delicate shadings of accompaniment, were arranged on imaginary scores of mental music paper, so as to be written down, when fully complete, with a perfection which required no subsequent alteration, and in a neat hand which rivalled the most exquisite copper-plate.

Among the many instances of Weber's wonderful faculty of memory, his son has recorded a remarkable incident which occurred when he was exercising his functions as Capellmeister in the Dresden theatre.

'One night the "Zauberflöte" was to be given. The performance was about to begin, when it was found that, by some mistake, the conductor's score was not upon his desk. The musicians were all in a state of terror. The Court might enter at any moment; and it was well known that, in the eyes of the punctual Friedrich August, it would have been an unpardonable transgression, had not the opera commenced at the very moment. This terror reached the public. Caroline saw the empty desk, and trembled in her seat. Weber entered the orchestra, was made aware of the terrible disaster, but smiled on the band to the surprise of all, and quietly despatched a messenger for the missing score. The Court entered—the desk was still empty—Weber gave a glance at his pale frightened wife to reassure her, raised his baton, and conducted the whole first act of the opera—with his usual fire, and without a fault—out of his head; amusing himself, at the same time, by pretending to turn over the pages of the score in pantomimic action, at the due places. Mozart's opera had grown to be a portion of his own flesh and blood. The fact was known; and from many members of the royal family Weber received the most flattering acknowledgments of this wonderful proof of his heart's memory.' (Vol. ii. pp. 194, 195.)

For his geniality and joyousness of disposition Weber was eminently conspicuous during the greater part of his life; he was even celebrated for the incessant flashes of wit and humour which sparkled in his conversation; and, although sadly changed in temper when his fatal illness was perpetually tormenting his body and rendering his mind, naturally prone to exaggerated susceptibilities, more assailable by the annoyances and mortifications continually heaped upon him, his kind-heartedness, affectionate disposition, and placability, when one kind word was addressed him by an enemy, remained with him to the last. In earlier years, and even at intervals to the hour of his death, he was as childlike in manner and fancy as was Mozart—as even Handel was at times in spite of his irritable and passionate temper—as Beethoven could be when the dark cloud was swept away by some unusual genial current of thought—as Mendelssohn always was. Latterly a love of gain, the utter absence of which had been so remarkable in the youth and the man when struggling against penury and precarious fortune, became a strong feature in his character. For this last weakness the great artist is touchingly excused by his son. This abnormal state of mind, urges M. de Weber, was only superinduced by the strong and

natural desire of the husband and father to provide as bountifully as possible for his family, when he felt that the hand of death was surely on him.

M. de Weber ascribes the indifference and the slights which so frequently fell to the artist's share in the world to his father's mean and insignificant appearance; it is a point which he presses frequently on his reader, more especially when writing of the want of all regard to him on the part of the English aristocracy. No doubt there was nothing imposing in the small, narrow-shouldered, thin, spare frame, with a limping gait occasioned by some early injury. The composer himself was accustomed to turn his own appearance into ridicule when he put on the hideous uniform of Saxon Court etiquette, and to declare that he was fit only for a wax-figure show. But he certainly must have derived some great charm of manner and expression from nature. He was evidently regarded in early life with more than complacency by the softer sex. He had a fine expressive head, although too large and too long to be in proportion with his slight stature, and somewhat encumbered by too marked and powerful a nose; his eyes were full of deep meaning, by turns benevolent, animated, and flashing, even through the disfigurement of his spectacles; his smile had the power of winning all hearts. When he appeared in England, it is true, long and wearing illness had bowed his form and crushed his genial spirit. But it is to his morbid susceptibility, mixed with a certain degree of shyness and reserve, rather than to his frail uncomely form, that his want of success in society must be attributed. A man of greater vigour of character and intellect would have found in the inconceivable popularity which some of his works enjoyed at that time amongst all classes of the people of England, an ample compensation for the imaginary slights which may have afflicted him in May-Fair.

With such elements of romance as those which the life of Carl Maria von Weber affords, it has been impossible for his biographer, in spite of all his efforts not to be 'zu nouvellistisch,' to prevent the interest of his book from being in a great measure that produced by a work of fiction, and we are indebted to Mr. Palgrave Simpson for an English translation and reconstruction of these volumes, which are in more respects than one an improvement on the original.

Art. V.—1. *Frost and Fire. Natural Engines, Tool-marks, and Chips, with Sketches taken at Home and Abroad, by a Traveller.* By J. F. Campbell. Two volumes, 8vo. Edinburgh: 1865.

2. *Ice Caves of France and Switzerland, a Narrative of Subterranean Exploration.* By the Rev. G. F. Browne, M.A., Fellow and Assistant Tutor of St. Catherine's College, Cambridge; Member of the Alpine Club. London: 1865.

It is an ungracious task to criticise a book that has on the whole given us so much pleasure as 'Frost and Fire:' the author's hobby-horses are so handsome in their careless vivacity, as they canter about the easy green fields of science, bound with astonishing leaps over moderate difficulties, and shy with a lissom swerve at familiar sign-posts, it seems unreasonable to have them led up for examination, to estimate their soundness and real worth, by the rules that apply to common horseflesh. But old experience teaches wariness. Imperfect sight is a very frequent cause of shying among hobby-horses and horses in general; high jumps over low hurdles show a miscalculation of difficulties, due to inexperience in the hunting-field; and unsoundness in the legs is a cogent reason for avoiding a steady-going trot on the hard highway. We must be careful lest we unguardedly put our faith in a noble-looking steed, with a flowing mane and tail, and wonderful action, who is capable of a great deal but who, nevertheless, is not sufficiently sound to carry us over the heavy stage for which he is about to be harnessed.

There are two methods of treating topics such as those that form the subject of 'Frost and Fire.' One is the scientific method, the other is the popular. They are almost the antipodes of one another. The author who writes a really scientific treatise confines himself to phraseology that is rigorously exact, and handles his subject with a firm and comprehensive grasp. He avoids uncertainties of expression to the utmost of his power; and he shows an abhorrence of doubtful, dark corners of thought. He states clearly what he knows, and he draws with a firm line the boundary where his knowledge ends and the obscure and the unknown begins. The model scientific writer endeavours to be concise without baldness. He trusts that his readers will be sufficiently intelligent and studious, to succeed in realising to their imaginations the ideas which he has justly, though unrhetorically, set forth.

But the writer of a so-called 'popular' treatise on science works on quite another principle. He is as careless of precision as he is regardless of thoroughness and comprehensiveness. He endeavours at one and the same time to convey new ideas, and to stimulate a torpid curiosity in his reader. He tries to do so by selecting portions of old and familiar modes of thought, expressing them rhetorically and arranging them in new combinations. He therefore deals copiously in metaphors that are partially applicable, and in allegories that have to be strained in order to be understood. His method of treatment is approximative and confused, not clear and rigorous: it is partial, not comprehensive. However ingeniously or poetically the author of a merely popular book, on any branch of science, may acquit himself, the result is necessarily imperfect; for ideas that are really new are not to be extracted, ready made, from old ones.

'Frost and Fire,' notwithstanding its great and substantial merits, on which it will shortly be our pleasure to enlarge, is in its treatment a popular book; and is therefore crammed full of the faults that necessarily attach themselves to this style of writing. It is impossible to read the work without constant fret and vexation, that it should be so inadequate to its pretensions as a whole, and yet so excellent in many of its parts. It is literally a Kosmos in design, treating of primeval forces, from their application to molten planets and the constitution of the sun, down to the latest geological changes on our earth. Beginning and ending with Kosmic theories of questionable value, the middle of it is occupied with the author's careful geological observations in north-western Europe and America. He shows that it is probable an Arctic current from the North-polar seas swept, in ancient days, right over an almost wholly submerged Scandinavia and Britain, carrying fleets of icebergs, that scored the now elevated lands into their present configuration. This part of the work leaves little to be desired except condensation. We have also greatly to commend the author's experiments to illustrate the action of geological forces on a miniature scale, though it will be seen that we limit the professed range of their application, before we can consent to adopt them as substitutes for theory and calculation.

'Frost and Fire' is by no means a book to be skimmed or lightly dealt with. It consists of two thick volumes, with plenty of matter in them. They require steady reading, more than once, before the limits of the author's meaning can be apprehended; and it is hard work to read them, for the style is quaint and the course of argument exceedingly circuitous. The reader has to travel through all the Kosmic matter to

which we take exception; and when, at last, he is fairly settled down into the more valuable part of its contents, he finds himself interrupted, over and over again, by pages and chapters of narrative or digression. These interludes are thoroughly interesting in their way, but they are superfluous; yet they cannot be skipped without risk. Every here and there the reader is liable to stumble on some remark, necessary for the development of the author's views, which seems as much out of its natural place where it lies, as some erratic block of granite perched on a hill of slate.

We will commence by showing cause for these objections, that we may be at liberty to dismiss that unpleasant part of our duty, and afterwards to follow with less interruption some of the many clues of inquiry that Mr. Campbell's volumes suggest.

First of all, we object to the title. The author treats 'Frost and Fire,' both there and throughout his work, as antagonistic entities. Frost does this, and fire does that. 'Hot particles repel, cold ones attract, each other' (vol. i. p. 14). But what is heat and cold? what are frost and fire? Does he mean by frost a temperature at which pure *water* freezes; and by fire a temperature at which *lava* melts? Or what substances does he take as his standards? Melted lava freezes into stone at a hotter temperature than that of burning coal. There are plenty of fires that burn at still lower temperatures. Gun-cotton explodes in the hand without singeing it. The fundamental motive power is *difference of temperature.* Ice and molten lava are specific results of this difference. But the author seems never at home with abstract ideas, and prefers to express himself by concrete ones, even when they are insufficient for his wants.

Again, his fundamental and favourite axiom, 'where light 'shines, there force radiates,' is still unproven. So far as experiment has yet taught us, mere light has not much to do with force. Obscure heat seems just as potent as that which is luminous. The author devotes a large part of his work to heat, and enters minutely into its meteorological influences; yet so imperfectly does he grapple with the subject he attempts to explain, that we have been unable to find the term 'latent' heat anywhere in his pages, and the very idea of it seems pointedly ignored. Phrases like the following show a curious misapprehension of the nature of heat in its meteorological aspect:—'Air in high regions is pressed by less weight. It is 'colder than air near the earth; but like a sponge relieved 'from pressure, it is better able to hold water the lighter it is. 'There is more room in it, so to speak . . .' (Vol. i. p. 82.)

'When damp air has cooled and contracted to a certain point, 'it lays its load of water on any cold substance which takes in 'part of the charge of heat which expanded air. Vapour is 'condensed. It follows the heat out of the warm air to the 'cold substance, and if it cannot get in, it stops on the surface 'and gathers in round drops.' (Vol. i. p. 70.) He asserts here, if we comprehend him aright, that the charge of moisture air can carry depends on its state of condensation, rather than upon its temperature, which is wholly erroneous. We may mention that he nowhere makes any allusion to the specific heat of air at different degrees of condensation.

He is constantly speaking of 'ray-force,' by which he means much more than mere radiation. He says (vol. ii. p. 355), 'The subject (ray-power) is too large for unskilful hands and 'minds to grasp. It is dangerous even to step on such untried 'ground.' When he applies the term 'ray-force' to heat, he uses it in a more recondite sense than that of conduction or convection. These would undoubtedly be results of ray-force in the sense of force radiating in all directions equally, from every particle; but then he considers the *results* of ray-force as usually acting in the direction of rays; which they certainly do not. Thus the trade winds blow at right angles to the surface of the earth, whose equatorial warmth and polar cold set them in motion. The movements of machinery, moved originally by ray-force, are still more various. It is with considerable regret that we have, here and elsewhere, to express inability to understand the author's meaning, owing to his want of precision. The following passage is one out of many that could be quoted, which are to be met with in various parts of his book, alluding to ray-force. They are all of the same tissue. There is not one of them that puts his meaning into an intelligible form. The italics here, and further on, are our own:—

'In hunting ice-marks, and in hunting heat, all tracks followed backwards lead to centres from which force radiates: in the one case to the pole, and to pure centrifugal force; in the other to the earth's centre, where centrifugal force and heat must both act outwards, but not in the same directions. Pure centrifugal force tends to move bodies away from an axis of rotation, in a plane at right angles to the axis. Terrestrial heat *radiates* in all directions; two large volcanoes are active near the South Pole, Spitzbergen is rising in the north, and volcanoes abound in low latitudes. There is a faint glimmer of earth-light in this underground darkness, and some profit may be got out of this mine, even though digging into it may be hard labour. The object aimed at was to show that where *light shines*, there also force radiates, and there also forms

result from movements caused by ray-force. The forms of volcanic mountains, and movements during eruptions, when carried round the whole shell, aim, like the rest of the forms mentioned, back at *a centre of radiant force;* and when it acts with sufficient power, rays shine out like rays from a hidden light.' (*Preface,* p. xx.) [A symbol is appended to this, of a star in the middle of a circle.]

Again, he seems (we still are obliged to doubt) to lean to the view that heat is an antagonistic power to gravitation. Thus, 'The action of solar heat is directly opposed to that of 'weight at the earth's surface' (vol. i. p. 65); and, 'Gravitation 'seems to be a law which applies to all visible material things '[why *visible?* Does not air gravitate?]; if visible light [why 'not obscure heat?] be an *opposing force of like general appli-'cation,* these two may have shaped worlds. . . .' (Vol. ii. p. 355.)

As to the value of his speculations on the action of Gravitation, the following passage speaks for itself:—'The same force 'of gravitation makes rain fall, *stops* a wagging pendulum, '&c.' (Vol. ii. p. 229.)

He is not more successful in his notions of Refraction. He says, 'Warm moist equatorial winds which sweep over the 'plains of India come loaded with transparent vapour. While 'thus expanded, the vapour only serves to intensify the heat 'by refracting the sun's rays *like a lens.* . . .' (Vol. ii. p. 257.) We cannot conceive any way in which the analogy of a lens can apply, even in the most remote degree, to the case he describes.

It is not our object or desire to pick out more inaccuracies in the work, or more laxities of statement, than are sufficient to absolve us from the charge of doing scant justice to the scope of Mr. Campbell's design, if we decline to adopt his quaint phraseology, and to follow him throughout the obscure mazes of his argument. When his generalisations of our forces and first principles are expressed in ordinary language, they will be found, whenever they are accurate, to be chiefly made up of scientific truisms, and therefore to contain little or nothing of value that is not perfectly familiar to most followers of science. His originality consists in surveying the field of Kosmic relations from low points of view, and in showing that a number of very interesting glimpses may be obtained even from them. But we would say to the student, as we would say to a geographer who wanted to make out the lay of a new country, 'Do not waste time in wandering among 'the bases of the hills, but walk at once to the summits of two 'or three of them; it is a little more effort at the time, but it is

'not nearly so tedious, and it is the only satisfactory course of 'proceeding in the end.'

We therefore shall consider 'Frost and Fire' not as a continuous whole, but as a miscellany of observation, experiment, and theory, which from their value, diversity, and number, have a just claim upon a critic's attention.

The leading idea of the work may be expressed as follows:— All the movements of inorganic nature may be compared to those of several series of different sorts of machines. One series of the machines is that of aerial currents; another of oceanic currents; another of rivers; another of glaciers; another of volcanic eruption; and so on. Yet although each series of these machines produces very different effects, they are all worked by the single power of heat. In this they resemble the vast collection of 'machinery in motion' shown at the International Exhibition, where a series of looms and spinning machinery, centrifugal pumps, magnetic lights and freezing apparatuses, were all put into simultaneous action by the revolving shaft of a single engine. Again, every cutting-wheel of every machine leaves characteristic marks on the material it works upon. Both the article that is being manufactured, and the chips that the machine cuts out of it, bear marks of the particular tool with which it has been worked. For instance, the stump of a felled tree, on the one hand, and the chips or sawdust lying by its side on the other, both betray that an axe or a saw, as the case may be, has been employed to cut it down. This quaint imagery, indulged in to a degree that confuses the reader, pervades Mr. Campbell's book. Mountain forms are considered as tool-marks of the terrestrial engines; igneous and sedimentary rocks as their chips; and it is held to be the business of philosophers to identify the particular engine that made them, from inspection of the tool-marks and chips. But how are philosophers to learn the marks of engines that worked with mighty power in ancient days but are torpid now? How are they to familiarise themselves with the conception of processes going on in molten planets; under enormous glaciers; within sedimentary depositions that have required ages to complete themselves; and in oceanic currents, under different geographical conditions to those we now find in existence?

Calculators cannot grapple with complex problems of fluid motion, and it is almost interminable labour to work out the results of any large system of simple mechanical actions, such as coexist in most of the problems with which geologists have to deal. Mr. Campbell shows two ways by which a geologist

may learn these things. The first is to go to Iceland, a sail of a week, and there to study glaciers and volcanoes in full operation, shaping a country as large as Ireland. Secondly, he advocates what we may call parlour geology. He contrives a dozen or more ingenious experiments, with mud and ice, sealing-wax, plaster of Paris, and spirit lamps, which show currents, and deposition of strata, and volcanoes, and geysers, and ice action, all within the compass of a glass tank, such as people keep little fish in. It is clear enough that the constants of the problems he endeavours to solve are not equally reduced in this miniature geology, but the effects of the actions that take place in his models are generally so similar to those that have taken place in nature, that we are *primâ facie* induced to believe the variations in the conditions of the problem of no material importance. To this question we shall recur. Next, in the midst of his elementary teaching, he dashes off on a line of original research. He finds that no effect, except ice, is sufficient to account for the configuration of the countries he knows, namely Iceland, Scandinavia, Western and Southern Europe, and part of North America. He therefore hunts the ice-tracks wherever he lights upon them, following their spoor with the zeal of a sportsman. He discovers, in addition to tracks radiating from high mountains, and therefore clearly made by ordinary glaciers, a set of marks that sweep over even considerable hill-tops, from NE. to SW. in grand curves, varied only by occasional eddies. These particular ice-marks are his 'great game,' the elephants of his chase, which he pursues from Lapland, over Sweden and Norway, Scotland, England, and not forgetting the Isle of Man, to Ireland, and then over the Atlantic to America. Hence arises his theory of a North-polar current, which drifted icebergs in ancient days over what is now the head of the Gulf of Bothnia, and brought Greenland weather to an archipelago of small islands, where the tops of Snowdon, Scawfell, Ben Lomond, and other mountains in the countries we have named, formed the principal peaks. They were then covered with glaciers, and were almost as arctic in appearance as is Spitzbergen at the present time. Lastly, he analyses volcanic phenomena, and offers, by help of his miniature geology, a vivid example of the way in which molten planetary globes may be presumed to harden on cooling, and his views on the state of their interior, when the thorough solidification of the mass is incomplete. This is a general outline of Mr. Campbell's work, in which lengthened and highly interesting narratives of enterprise in the far North are also included.

Before entering into particulars, let us premise in a few words the qualifications that Mr. Campbell appears to possess for executing his task. We have stated his defects, now let us do justice to his merits. Every chapter of his book proves that he is a joyous traveller, a keen and adventurous sportsman, an energetic and truth-seeking observer. He is endowed with the eye and the hand of an artist, and the pen of a painter in words, for he is a powerful, eloquent, and ready writer. He is also gifted with singular mechanical ingenuity, that lends unusual value to the experiments with which he illustrates his theories. Many of them will, no doubt, be hereafter employed in geological lectures. The sketches and other contrivances that form the illustrations to his work, are very numerous. All of them are original, many are quaint, none are ineffective. We will take only two instances of his ready adaptation to circumstances in these matters. He wishes to picture the structure of a stone of lava, that had been projected as a molten drop, and had sufficiently cooled to retain its shape before it fell to the ground. It is one of the illustrations to which we have just referred, of the interior of the earth, such as he considers it to be, chambered and tubular, with, it might be, hot lava still partially filling the chambers and tubes. He cannot make a satisfactory drawing of the section of the lava drop—its minute anatomy is too intricate. So the idea seizes him of compelling the lava to print its own likness. He saws the fragment into a slice, of a thickness that corresponds to the depth of type, and he hands it over to the printer, in the place of an ordinary woodcut. This piece of nature-printing is all that could be desired. So again, he uses certain letters in black type, to stand as symbols of particular geological incidents; O is a crater, Δ is a river delta, and so on. We will quote a passage in which these letters are employed, where it will be remarked that their use gives precision and vividness to the idea he wishes to convey: —

'Distance does not affect the test by outward form. . . . If there were a large delta or river-bed upon the moon's surface, it could be recognised there as easily as upon the earth, for it has a conspicuous shape. It is a tool-mark. No Δ is to be seen in the moon; no forks and meanderings; no V, no Y, no S. There are no clouds there from which rain can fall. There can neither be river nor tree, like earthly trees and rivers, on the moon's surface, because familiar water and air forms are absent. But fixed, solid forms are there. It is known how similar forms are produced in this world. So it is fair to conclude that these lunar shapes, these O craters, also resulted from a combined action of heat, cold, and weight, which

did their work, and have now ceased to work on that surface, though still active here.' (Vol. i. p. 20.)

It is possible that geological writers may imitate Mr. Campbell, and that the letters he employs may become as generally assigned to the same purposes, as the letters used by mathematicians to express the constants of mechanics, optics, and the rest, or as the x, y, and z of simple algebra. He uses them frequently, and always with good effect.

In analysing the work, we shall be obliged to travel over old roads. We must crave the reader's indulgence when we do so. There is no help for it, for though the contents of 'Frost 'and Fire' are thoroughly original in phraseology and tone of thought, yet they describe a good deal of well-known matter, and have obviously been written with imperfect knowledge of the labours of others. Indeed a chief part of its charm is due to its eloquent enunciation of familiar ideas in new language and under new associations. We feel something of the same interest in reading it, that we should feel in the perusal of a work having a similar scope, written by a highly intelligent gentleman of another race and hemisphere: say by a Japanese, who, knowing intimately the volcanic districts of his own remarkable land, and being irregularly acquainted with European science, had thought out a great deal for himself and expressed all he thought, from a Japanese point of view.

It will be convenient if we consider the natural engines that mould or hew the forms of the earth's surface, as being aerial, liquid, and solid. The same material may successively present itself in each of the three conditions. Thus water, for instance, may rise as vapour, descend on the hill-tops as snow, crush downwards as a glacier, stream from it as water, and then recommence the cycle. It is all one great system of circulation, but the phases of it are subjects of separate inquiry. First, as regards the aerial.

The motion of currents of air in a room is an old and favourite topic of the author. It was the subject of a great deal of experiment on his part, the results of which appeared in a parliamentary 'Report on Warming and Ventilation of 'Dwellings,' 1857. He contrived to fix a large number of delicate silk vanes in an ordinary room, an anemometer was placed over the fireplace, and a series of thermometers were attached to a pole that reached from the floor to the ceiling. When all was in steady action, he mapped what had taken place. Lines were drawn with a bold hand to follow the directions indicated by the vanes. All the eddies and draughts were recorded by curves drawn from nature, after they had been made manifest by

the vanes and also by moving fumes. In short, an excellent physical chart of the air currents of that particular room was incorporated in the Parliamentary report, and is reproduced on a smaller scale in the present work. It is a highly ingenious diagram, and shows how architects ought to experimentalise before they can hope to understand the art of judicious ventilation. Air is so sensitive to warmth, that we are informed the heat given off from the body of a man, in a still room, will cause perceptible currents at a distance of thirty feet from him in the space of two minutes. That is the rate at which the smell of a cigar is found to travel. It is the warmth of burrowing animals that ventilates their holes, and enables them to breathe. Mr. Campbell makes very forcible remarks on the different ventilation of different mines. He evidently speaks with a thorough knowledge of the subject, and his observations are worthy of attentive consideration. He describes the excellent currents of air maintained in a Northern coal-pit by the careful establishment of separate currents, of ascending hot and used air, displaced by descending cold and fresh draughts, and he contrasts with this a deep cold metal mine, where a few narrow pits all open about the same level, and stagnation is the rule: —

'The only air engine found working in one big mine was a piston in a rough deal box; a panting, short-armed little boy pulled and pushed at the cross handle. The air was close where he worked, and the squirt and its pipes leaked. A long way off, at the "end," a very faint puff, which gently bent the flame of a candle for a moment, was the sole result of each violent effort. . . . Men at work in bad places pant and seem to breathe painfully; their faces are red or purple; their veins swelled; their brows wet, and begrimed with soot. They seem to labour hard, though their work is not harder than quarrying stones elsewhere. In such places candles flicker and sometimes go out altogether; no puffing or drawing will light a pipe or keep it lighted. There is no laughter, no fun; no busy cheering clatter of active labour at close ends; there is silent toil; the carbonic acid is not laughing gas. . . . The death rates between certain ages were as follows:—

Ages	Cornish people above ground	Northern colliers	Cornish men under ground	
35 to 45	10	10	14	per 1,000.'
45 to 55	15	17	34	
55 to 65	24	24	63	

(Vol. i. pp. 55–57.)

It seems to us that every instance of a frightful rate of mortality like this, is a just subject for legislative interference. Whenever evidence is adduced that the death-rate among

workmen employed in any private undertaking, habitually exceeds a certain maximum, which the legislature would have no real difficulty in fixing, thanks to the minute returns of the Registrar-General, we think it is reasonable to demand that every such undertaking should *ipso facto* be held illegal, after fair notice and opportunity of amendment.

The general nature of currents of air in a room and those in a mine are shared by the winds, and are betrayed by the objects they act on. Foremost among these are clouds, whose shapes can be copied with marvellous fidelity by the following pretty arrangement by the author. A glass aquarium is half filled with water: a piece of ice is dropped in to float upon it, at one end of the tank, and a bit of smouldering tinder is laid on the ice. A plate of glass forms a roof to the whole: —

'Cooled air streams down upon the floating ice, and drives grey smoke rapidly before it, drifting along the water towards the warm end, like a cold sea-fog before a north-easter. At the warm end, the mist lifts, like a sea-fog when it nears a warm shore. The smoke rises to the glass roof, spreads there and returns along the top towards the ice; whirling, streaming out, and taking the forms of fleecy summer clouds, which float high in the air above the Atlantic in fine weather. "Stratus," "cumulus," "cirrus," "cirro-cumulus," "comoid cirrus," and the rest of the learned tribe; "mackerel sky," "mare-tails," "Noah's arks," and vulgar popular clouds of their class; nameless cloud forms which are the joy of an artist, and his despair when he tries to copy them; all appear drifting with streams, which various degrees of weight [? specific gravity] and heat cause to flow in air and water, shut up within a cubic foot of space.' (Vol. i. p. 70.)

This little illustration, ingenious as it is, can only approximate to the truth. A characteristic feature of clouds is that they are never constant in bulk. They are always either evaporating into invisible vapour, or increasing in size by the condensation of invisible vapour. Moreover, clouds have a movement that is due to another cause than the simple drift of aerial currents. When they evaporate, the vapour, which is far lighter than air, is partly entangled in their substance, especially at their edges. It lifts them and causes them to work and to seethe with a proper motion of their own; that is to say with one that is not due to the winds and currents of dry and cloudless air. On the other hand, when a cloud is increasing, it subsides. Again, clouds often form at the plane of junction of two strata of air, of unequal temperature; they dissolve from below and form from above. None of these effects can be illustrated by smoke in a glass tank. Nevertheless, the

experiment shows a great deal, and well deserves repetition in lecture rooms, with suitable explanations.

The winds leave their marks on sandy tracts, as is well known, by their power of raising dunes. We may here remark that some of those in the Sahara, according to Dr. Barth, and of central Arabia, according to Mr. Palgrave, seem very remarkable and deserving of study. They are said not to travel, but to remain stationary for years. Wells are dug near the foot of them; villages spring up, and palm trees grow. If all this be as it is stated, we must look for the cause of it in their occupying the permanent *locus* of some regular aerial eddy.

Another effect of wind is shown in the forms of vegetation. The trees, in exposed places, stream away from the prevalent wind which, in the British Isles, is south-westerly.

'Every exposed Welsh tree bends towards the dawn. Every exposed tree on the west coast of Scotland seems to be driven by a furious wind on the calmest day. . . . At Dalwhinny there is something almost ludicrous in the stormy look of a whole wood of fir trees, which point their fingers down Strathspey, and bend their trunks as if yielding to a furious gale.' (Vol. i. p. 31.)

Mr. Campbell suggests very truly that if we mapped the direction in which the trees, exposed in open windy places, are bent, we might add another Physical Chart to those we already possess, showing the prevalent winds all over the earth. He lays considerable stress on this phenomenon of bent trees, and he gives us two drawings of them. One, at least, is a careful study; for we have ourselves taken the volume to Little Ormes' Head, to compare it with the original tree, which grows in a park near there. He continually speaks of them as trees 'bent by the wind;' and appears to think they have been curved by the simple pressure of the wind, in the way that they might have been forced out of shape by the continued pull of a rope that had been lashed to them and kept on the strain. If this be his view—and he certainly suggests no other—we have not the least hesitation in saying it is almost wholly erroneous. The influence that mainly shapes the tree is of quite another nature, and one that has constantly struck us as being a most beautiful illustration of Darwin's great law of Natural Selection. Mr. Campbell's drawing of the tree near Little Ormes' Head is a vigorous artistic rendering of the original, and a perfectly just one from his mental point of view; but it omits some small details of much significance, which a photograph would have represented; and others which a drawing of the tree down to its foot, five feet below the top of the

wall, which forms the bottom of his sketch, would have included. The trunk is represented in his drawing as having a perfectly smooth stem; one that, if left to itself, would have been the central, upright axis of the tree. A closer examination of the original shows that its present trunk would, under no circumstances, have been so. There are faint marks left to indicate, that while the tree was growing, whenever it pushed out buds, those that were situated to the leeward of the stem were favoured by their position and lived; those that faced the wind were nipped and perished. Their remains bear witness to efforts of growth in a direction that would have maintained the axis of the tree in a vertical position; but these efforts have proved abortive. Low down, under the partial shelter of the wall, the growth to windward is considerable, though stunted, and the stem is upright; but higher up, as the exposure is greater, the windward growth almost wholly disappears, and the tree becomes curved. The whole life and development of the tree has, under these circumstances, been restricted to a leeward branch, and subsequently to successive leeward subdivisions of that branch, until it has acquired the shape that is best calculated to escape the force of the wind. These views are amply corroborated by observation of numerous specimens of these forms of vegetation under various degrees of exposure and in different stages of their growth. The favoured development of those branches of weeping trees that happen to grow towards the rising damp, to the prejudice of the others, is a fact of a similar nature. It is one cause, though we do not go so far as to say it is the only cause, that moulds the shape of weeping trees.

The currents and eddies of water have a considerable resemblance to those of air. The two may be compared with advantage in that very glass tank we have already described. The author sinks a black stone in the water, to catch the heat of the sun, which he allows to shine on the apparatus. He puts it in the opposite corner to the floating ice, and he pours a little milk upon the ice.

'Heavy cold streams pour down from the ice at the cold end, and flow along the bottom towards the stone, driving milk vesicles like drops of water in a grey mist. Light warm fountains flow up from the stone at the warm end, and flow along the surface towards the ice, driving milk-like wreaths of mist rolling up into a summer sky from a mountain side. The water is circulating.' (Vol. i. p. 69.)

Currents in the very bed of a river, or beneath the surface of the sea, may be watched, as Mr. Campbell informs us, by an arrangement that smugglers used in the old days. They sank their contraband cargo when there was an alarm, and

they searched for it again by the help of a so-called marine telescope. It was nothing more than a cask with a plate of strong glass at the bottom. The man plunged the closed end a few inches below the surface, and put his head into the other end, and then he saw clearly into the water. The glare and confused reflections and refractions from and through the rippled surface of the sea, were entirely shut out by this contrivance. Seal-hunters still use it. With this simple apparatus the stirring life of the sea bottom can be watched at leisure and with great distinctness.

'So far as this contrivance enables men to see the land under the waves, movements under water closely resemble movements under air. Sea weeds, like plants, bend before the gale; fish, like birds, keep their head to the stream, and hang poised on their fins; mud clouds take the shape of water clouds in air; impede light, cast shadows, and take shapes which point out the directions in which currents flow. It is strange, at first, to hang over a boat's side peering into a new world, and the interest grows. There is excitement in watching big fish swoop like hawks out of their sea-weed forests after a white fly sunk to the tree tops to tempt them, and the fight which follows is better fun when plainly seen.' (Vol. i. p. 67.)

Mr. Campbell suggests plate-glass windows in the bottom of a boat; it would bring men and fish face to face; and the habits of the latter could be leisurely watched. He regrets that a diver cannot see clearly under water; objects seem blurred and indistinct; his eyes were not made for seeing under water. We have heard bathers regret this before; but we think they might remedy the difficulty. This very subject has been the topic of a paper, read last month at the British Association, by Mr. Galton, in which he investigates the cause of this indistinctness, as well as the curvature of the spectacle lenses, that might be used to obviate it. His theory is simple and may be stated as follows. When the seal-hunter looks through the flat glass bottom of his marine telescope he sees things with equal sharpness of outline, whether they are in air or in water. Now, suppose he takes out the flat glass and replaces it by a curved one, like a huge watch-glass, what would be the result? He would still see things distinctly in air, just as distinctly as we may see them through the curved front window of a brougham; but he would see nothing when he plunged his instrument into the water. The convex outer surface of the glass would have indented a corresponding concavity in the water and, consequently, a concavo-plane water-lens would have been interpolated between the seal-hunter's eye and the interior of the

water. This is precisely the action of the cornea of the eye of a diver. Moreover, the radius of the cornea being very small, only 0·31 of an inch, the concave water-lens that it creates is one of very considerable power. What, then, is the power of that double convex lens, say of flint glass, which, when plunged into the water, shall exactly neutralise the concave water-lens? The calculation is perfectly simple. We may conceive the lenses to form part of a detached apparatus, so well compensated in all its parts that the eye can see just as well in air and, through air, into water, whether the apparatus be in front of it or not. The conditions of this apparatus are, 1. that it shall be of water (conceive it, if you will, of ice) hollowed above with a concavity, the radius of whose curvature is 0·31 of an inch. 2. That it shall be flat below. 3. That a double convex lens of flint glass shall be imbedded in it. From these data, it is required to find the radius of curvature of each of the two surfaces of the lens. Calculation shows it must be 0·47 of an inch; its focal distance being consequently only 0·39 of an inch. This is a high power and necessitates a very bulging glass, even though it be made of a much smaller diameter than ordinary spectacle lenses. Opticians do not keep such glasses, they must be ground on purpose. We learn from Mr. Galton's paper that he has used combinations of lenses for seeing under water with complete or almost complete success, and that he is still engaged in perfecting his glasses. Such spectacles would be of real use to divers for pearl and sponges, and for sailors who had to examine the bottom of their ship. They might also afford great amusement to bathers generally and, we dare say, to Mr. Campbell in particular. They give to the diver, as was stated in Mr. Galton's paper, the privilege of intelligent entrance into a new element. Persons in diving-bells or in diving helmets do not require these lenses, for their eyes never come into contact with the water. Their case is similar to that of the seal-hunter with his marine telescope. It follows from this theory, that extremely short-sighted persons, whose imperfection of sight is due, as is commonly the case, to malformation of the crystalline lens, and not to a smaller radius of curvature of the cornea, ought to see much better in water than ordinary persons. On land they use concave spectacles; they take them off when they bathe, and they indent a concave water-lens of the same power as other people. Therefore, everything else being the same, they view things under water *minus* strong concave glasses, which is exactly the same thing as viewing them *plus*, or through strong convex ones.

The 'tool-marks' of water upon geological forms are of course considerably deeper than those of air, yet they are absolutely insignificant compared to the marks either of ice or of heat. Water flowing over a stone wears it very slowly, excepting always limestone, which it dissolves away, by the help of the free carbonic acid that most water contains. The mark left by a stream on a rock is, as the author says, like the polish which a carpenter gives with his hand to what he had cut into shape and nearly finished with rougher tools. Where a stream runs rapidly down a slope, it cuts a gorge, whose section is V, or a U, or it may be Y. Hence ancient mountains that have been warred against by rain for ages are deeply furrowed on every side. A cone is grooved and fluted into steep peaks and ridges. It is weathered. The outline, which may be symbolised by Λ, is a tool-mark of rain, and of the other atmospheric influences which come under the category of weathering. The chief of these is the percolation of water into the crevices of rock, followed by its freezing, and the consequent quarrying of the peak, layer after layer, through the sudden expansion of the water as it turns into ice. Mr. Campbell continually designates this as an 'ice-wedge;' a most inaccurate metaphor. The word wedge calls up four ideas; a certain shape, easy insinuation, a blow to drive it in, and a rending effect of great power. Only two of these, namely the second and the last, are shared by his 'ice-wedge.' Why then confuse a very simple idea by the gratuitous use of inappropriate metaphor? It is bungling to no purpose. An A has two strokes in common with a V, and an E has three strokes in common with an F; but if we were to use these letters indifferently, it would be hard to decipher our spelling. Pray let us call a spade a 'spade,' and a wedge a 'wedge' and nothing else.

The well-known plan of a river, as it runs through a plain, receiving tributaries, making S meanderings, and finally forming a Δ, is reproduced on every occasion. It is to be seen in every gutter, and may be experimentally varied on the smallest scale of parlour geology.

The exceedingly feeble erosive action of water, on rocks, limestone excepted, is ably shown by Mr. Campbell in several striking instances. One is the Oxerá in Iceland, a rivulet the size of a mill-stream. It flows over a plain of lava, in which it has cut a channel of two feet deep and three or four wide. There is ample evidence that the Oxerá has never changed its bed, that its action has been uniform ever since the first; and finally, that it began to run, as soon as the lava of the plain

had cooled, and was cracked in the way we now find it to be. The streamlet plunges into one of these cracks, and there is no water-mark on the opposite side, showing that Mr. Campbell's conclusions must be correct. Now the Icelandic Parliament has held its meetings on this lava plain for 800 years; and there is historical mention of the Oxerá, with minute details, of very ancient date. Hence we know that the *minimum* period during which the Oxerá has been running is 800 years, during which time it has only cut a channel of two feet deep, or at the rate of one foot in 400 years. Little as this is, the air and rain have done far less; for the curl on the surface of the lava is almost as fresh as if the molten plain had cooled only yesterday; not one quarter of an inch of surface has as yet been weathered away. The most that any river can do in a glen, is to nick a mere trench down the middle of it. River action is wholly inefficient to scour out the glens themselves; much less is it able to give the rounded shapes of mountain bases. As the author says, an artist might as well try to sculpture a bust with a hand-saw. The tool-marks of water are different to what we find on the hills, and these betray the action of a far more powerful engine.

Terraces and beaches are another tool-mark of water. The author illustrates their formation by the help of a model. Plaster of Paris is poured from a funnel into a deep vessel, where it takes the shape of a cone, like the sand recently fallen into the bottom half of an hour-glass. Then he adds water till the whole of the plaster of Paris is covered, when the cone will be found to become more obtuse. Next he contrives that the water shall run off slowly, while its surface is kept agitated. After the water has run away, the cone will appear terraced with contour lines. The plaster sets, and the model is permanent. It will be found to have a strong generic resemblance to many islands; for instance, to the Isle of Man, which is similarly terraced. Mr. Campbell writes at some length to explain the way in which these terraces are made, and gives numerous instances, on many scales, in which they can be observed in nature, as by the side of shrinking pools and river beds; but his explanations are none of them directed to meet the real difficulty. How is it that a continuous action (a *steady* sinking of the water level) produces an *intermittent* result? The answer is, that the intermittence is due to the cliffs falling in masses and at intervals. The water continuously undermines their bases, but they do not fall continuously; the undermining proceeds until the amount of unsupported weight on the cliff face, exceeds the cohesive power of the material of

which it is made, and then, and not till then, is there a downfall, to be succeeded by a period of repose. Again, of the three processes in which the water is employed; of undermining, of levelling the fallen earth, and of washing it wholly out of the way into the deep sea; the two first are usually far more quickly effected than the last. Terraces and beaches are therefore created more rapidly than they are washed away, and their form is durable. Mr. Campbell symbolises this 'tool-'mark' of water by ⌊; an upright cliff, and an horizontal, or, at all events, an only slightly inclined foot.

One of the prettiest parlour illustrations of geological action in the work, is the arrangement by which the deposition of silt may be narrowly watched in progress, both from above and in section. The drawing that accompanies the description aids in the explanation; but even without that advantage, Mr. Campbell's account will be fully intelligible. It deserves careful consideration:—

'A glass tank with flat sides was half-filled with Thames water, as supplied in London. A glass funnel was placed in a retort stand so that the end of the funnel touched the water near one end of the tank. Through this channel finely divided materials of various colours and specific gravities were poured in the following order:—1. "Silver "sand;" 2. Coarse granite sand from the Scilly Isles; 3. Fine pipeclay mud, squeezed in with a sponge; 4. coarse yellow sand; 5. silver sand; 6. yellow sand; 7. very fine dark river mud, part of a ball in which a mud-fish was brought home from the river Zambesi in Africa; 8. silver sand; 9. Zambesi mud; 10. silver sand; 11. Zambesi mud; 12. silver sand; 13. pipeclay, to make a white surface. In spreading from the channel through which they fell, these materials formed themselves into a conical mound; but the base of the heap could not spread beyond the glass walls, and the edges of the forming layers were seen through them. Four vertical sections of a stratified mound were seen forming at different distances from the channel by which the materials entered, and they varied in shape, colour, and material. No one of them presented thirteen flat layers arranged in the order in which the materials were poured; instead of thirteen beds, there were nearly thirty. . . . To imitate nature, bits of ice were floated at one end, N., and sunlight was allowed to shine on the other, S. This arrangement of temperature moved the miniature engine, and it worked accordingly. The water about the ice cleared, and a thin layer of clean cold water floated, because that water was about 33°, but columns of cold water (about 37°) sank down from the ice, and the falling streams carried suspended mud rapidly downwards. Wherever an iceberg is melting, the same thing must happen on a larger scale. . . . The curves of temperature were shown within by clouds of mud, as curves of temperature are shown by clouds in the air. As these mud clouds fell, layers began to fall on the uneven surface below, and these followed every curve,

which had resulted from the method of pouring in the heavier and coarser materials. Horizontal layers of falling silt formed in the water, and sank gradually, settling upon each other, but varying in shape as the currents of cold water moved them from N. to S. below, while warmer currents moved them from S. to N. above. Wave-marks and ripple-marks were formed on the surface of the mud, and fresh layers were seen to form against the glass. The heavier particles forced their way through the falling shower, and these beds in forming slowly assumed a very complicated structure. White clay and brown mud separated and mingled, and took strange branching tree-like shapes, like those which occur in mottled sandstones. These are called "dendritic concretions," and have been ascribed to electrical action; in the tank they resulted from mechanical action alone. The bed of silt in gathering weight squeezed out the water, and the water in rising displaced and pushed up the lightest particles of mud. Through a lens the operation was seen; some grains were falling slowly, as snow falls in still air, others were rising in jets and fountains of water squeezed out by the growing weight above; others, again, were drifting before the currents, as snow and clouds drift before the wind. When the water cleared, the surface of the mud was a white surface of deposition with current-marks, the sides of the mound a section of a small geological formation; and the whole operation had been seen from beginning to end. Temperature and gravitation had been set to work a small engine, and it packed silt as the sea does.' (Vol. i. pp. 304–6.)

Mr. Campbell justly remarks, that geological writers often improperly assume that strata are deposited flat. It was not so in the model, where they followed pretty closely the curves of the interior currents. Neither can they lie horizontally when they are deposited on sloping surfaces. Mr. Campbell illustrates this by a drawing of snow, fallen upon the irregularities of a mountain side, but we shall see that the analogy is not appropriate, and had better be dismissed.

There is no doubt that deposits under water tend to obliterate hollows, but their particles follow the law of equilibrium of sand and of talus heaps, not that of fluids; still less that of snow, whose behaviour under the pressure of its own weight, introduces a wholly new element. A blunt-angled cone of sand, in still water, would be as perfectly in equilibrium as a more acute-angled cone of the same material in air. The presence of water enables the grains of sand to move more freely among one another than they did before; but it does not endow them with absolute freedom of that kind of motion. Equilibrium among the particles of the heap is maintained so long as the inclination of its sides does not exceed a certain moderate angle, which is constant for each description of material.

We have thus far spoken of what takes place in still water; but we must recollect that a very moderate current, washing to and fro, materially modifies the result; it gradually wastes the cones. The grains of silt are exceedingly minute objects; consequently the ratio of the surface of any one of them to its weight, is enormously greater than the same ratio in pebbles or boulders. Since the extent of the surface of any solid is as the square of its diameter, and the weight of it as its cube, it follows that the ratio of which we have been speaking is inversely as the simple diameter. Now the effort of a given current of water, to move a solid particle, may be considered proportional to its surface, and the resistance of the particle to the power of the current as its weight; therefore the effective balance of power of the current over the particle is inversely as its diameter. From these considerations it is clear that though a feeble current may be powerless to stir a single grain of a heap of sand, it may perfectly control the movements of silt, the diameter of whose particles (supposed to be of similar shape and specific gravity) is ten or a hundred times smaller. Hence a very slight current washing to and fro is sufficient to level any cones or other inequalities in a deposit of silt.

We now turn to the consideration of more powerful engines than those of water or air, in the great machinery of nature. Water rises insensibly as vapour, but it falls on the cold hill tops, and on the comparatively sunless polar regions, in the form of solid flakes of snow, which speedily are crushed together by their own weight into hard, huge, toppling or sliding masses. Air or vapour may pass in a thin swift current, against moderately hard rock, until in the course of a few days many hundred tons weight have impinged upon it. But as at no time was the disintegrating tendency of the impact greater than the cohesive strength of the mass, the continuance of the effort will not have prejudiced its stability. So again, and for the same reason, the same number of tons of water, heavier in specific gravity and more sluggish in movement, may eddy against the same object, during the same period, with equal absence of result. But let these tons of vapour or of water be converted into a single block of ice that has been accumulating during the days of which we have spoken, and let it then float like an iceberg, with the velocity due to those currents of water that by themselves were so harmless, and strike against the rock, the result will be enormously greater. There has been a concentration of energy upon a single effort which, in the case we have supposed, would certainly exceed

the cohesive power either of ice or rock. When the concussion takes place, both ice and rock would probably suffer, and the former more than the latter, owing to its inferior hardness. But in estimating the effect that may practically take place, we must recollect that glaciers on land, or floating in the forms of bergs at sea, commonly enclose large stones, and the impact is frequently between rock and rock, and not between ice and rock. A watchmaker's steel graving tool is set in a wooden handle, by which the pressure on its point is spread innocuously over a large surface, where the tongue of the tool is in contact with the handle; so are the stones set in the ice. When ice, armed with these implements, grinds against rocks, we need not regard the weakness of the material of the ice handle, any more than we need regard the weakness of the wooden handle in the watchmaker's tool.

Mr. Campbell's many chapters on the nature of glacier action are vigorously written, with his usual play of fancy, but they cannot be said to add materially to our real knowledge of it. Take, however, the following extract, not for its novelty, but as a specimen of his vigorous style. He describes the land glacier as a 'conglomerate of air, sand, mud, stones, and frozen water,' and says:—

> 'So in moving through a rock-groove, this heavy, flexible viscous rasp grates and grinds, breaks and crushes, thrusts, rolls, and drags everything that comes in the way. If water flows round a sunken stone on a warm day, it becomes a vice at night; it clasps the stone, binds it to the moving mass, and grinds it against the rock like an iron in a wooden plane. If the tool is not strong enough to crush a rock, it is flexible, and the weight behind pushes it over; if it is broken, it mends itself. Wherever it goes the ice-tool grinds; it works broken stones into polished boulders, boulders into mud, fractured rocks into roches moutonnées, and mountain-glens into rounded, polished, striated rock grooves. . . .' (Vol. i. p. 203.)

With equal power, and at greater length, he describes berg-ice. How each of the enormous glaciers of the North holds bergs on the 'slips,' like vessels that are being built, in a position to be launched into the sea, when their time comes. He renders us familiar with the miles of ice-floats, enclosing these bergs that drift to and fro with the tide, or sail off altogether with the current, scraping along the deep sea bottom as they go, and necessarily leaving enormous valleys of denudation in the wake of their habitual tracks. A land glacier moves only some four feet in the twenty-four hours; a berg drifting with the tide, up and down the firths of an archipelago, will move five miles an hour, or 158,400 times four feet in the

twenty-four hours. The land glacier can do much, but how enormously greater must be the tool-mark of floating ice!

Mr. Campbell says, by far too broadly, and in obvious ignorance of previous writers,

> 'Of the moving stream of ice-floats, many pictures have been drawn by able hands; but no one seems to have considered the system as one great denuding engine.'

Sir Roderick Murchison has already replied to this, on his own behalf, in his Anniversary Address to the Royal Geographical Society. In truth the idea has long been a familiar one, though not by any means so minutely worked up in all its bearings, or so prominently enforced, as in the present work.

The value of Mr. Campbell's volumes lies chiefly in his chapters on the ice-marks in Northern Europe, and in the conclusion he bases on them. We wish they had been written plainly, and not in a broken, ornate style; and as such had been submitted to discussion before geologists in the usual channel. The argument turns entirely upon matters of detail. Mr. Campbell states that in such and such places there are such and such ice-marks. There may be a conflict of evidence for aught we know about these; certainly Mr. Campbell occasionally finds marks which he reproaches geologists for having overlooked. However, we have strong cause to confide in the accuracy of our author's observation. Few sportsmen could track a deer better than he, and he has evidently given quite as much attention to the spoor of ice as the spoor of game, excellent sportsman though he be. We do not therefore feel we have a right to carp at his facts. We must accept them provisionally; and we describe them, at least in their general bearings, together with the theory he builds upon them. He has hunted his ground thoroughly. When the theory took hold of him, that a vast current had swept over Scandinavia and Britain in curves from the north down to the south and south-west, he set himself steadily to work to track its tool-marks. He takes up the track in Norway, and follows the direction of the ice grooves over hill and dale, without once dropping it. It leads him across the German Ocean, for it points to Scotland, and to Scotland he goes. Then he pursues the same line across Scotland and onwards to Ireland, and finally to America. Having mapped this line, he starts on a new one, a little to the south of it, and proceeds on precisely the same principle, and so again on another and another. All these lines give parallel curves in vast sweeps, coinciding with the course that an unimpeded polar current would necessarily

follow, owing to the earth's rotation at the widening out of the meridian towards the equator. He visits the head of the Gulf of Bothnia and finds it scored with ice-marks, showing that once a sea passage lay right over it, and corroborates Von Buch's remark that a subsidence of 1,400 feet would be required to submerge it. Now other facts and reasonings come in. First, all these marks of sea ice, whose characteristic it is, that they have no reference to the watersheds of the mountains, but pass over or along them, always maintaining a south-westerly course, are at a lower level than 2,000 feet. Therefore the land was submerged up to 2,000 feet during the cold period; under which circumstances the sea passage to the Pole, in the direction of an Arctic current, would have been unobstructed by the head of the Gulf of Bothnia. Secondly, the author finds no terrace of glacial drift lower than 1,400 feet; and therefrom concludes that when the land was submerged only to that amount, the cold period closed. This, it will be observed, is the precise depression at which an Arctic current would first be obstructed. Thirdly, the universal parallelism of raised terraces and sea margins, with the present sea level, shows the emergence of Scandinavia and Britain to have been uniform, and therefore the foregoing arguments have additional weight.

It is quite unnecessary that we should follow the author's lengthy demonstrations, that an Arctic current would be capable of drifting an Arctic climate to these islands. It does so to almost the same parallels on the opposite side of the Atlantic, and there is no reason why Arctic and Equatorial climates should not have been even more strongly differentiated in the same latitudes in former times than they are at present. Mr. Campbell does not attempt to prove that the Greenland climate was mild when ours was glacial; nor why an Arctic current should elect (the phrase may pass) to sweep over Scandinavia and Britain, when these countries were submerged, rather than over any other course. This is a blank in his argument, but one that it is not essential to fill if all the rest can be maintained.

It is equally unnecessary we should follow his arguments about the course that an Arctic current would necessarily follow: we have already said something and shall have yet to say a few more words upon it. The general theory of ocean currents, as a corollary to that of the trade winds, is perfectly understood, though Mr. Campbell fails to grapple with it and master it. His conclusions are approximatively right, that its course would present the shape of a comma (,), and we need not

waste more time here in pointing out inaccuracies in his processes. He refers to a motive power, driving icebergs south, which we do not recollect to have seen mentioned before, though it is hardly likely to have escaped the observation of geologists. He, however, quite fails in analysing its action with correctness. It is the centrifugal force. The ocean is, of course, in a proximate state of fluid equilibrium; therefore unless the centre of a body (f) floating in it, lies in the same position as the centre of gravity of (w) the body of water it displaces, that body will be in a different condition of equilibrium to the water. The centre of gravity of f is necessarily in the same vertical line with that of w; but it may be above it or below it; and, as it is above it or below it, so will it be further from the earth's axis, or nearer to it. Now it would be below it, if f were a hollow shell, ballasted by a sufficiency of material of high specific gravity, to make it float deeply. It would be above it if f were of light homogeneous material, like ice, in part rising above the surface of the water. Now the centrifugal force would urge f towards that parallel of latitude where the centre of gravity of w would be at the same distance from the earth's axis as that of f was, when f began to move. f would tend to move towards the pole, when the distance of its centre of gravity from the earth's axis was less than that of w; and from the pole when it was greater. The latter, as we have seen, is the condition of icebergs.

Mr. Campbell arrives at a similar result, but by an incorrect train of reasoning, in which he seems to forget all about the submerged parts, and to look on the ice-floats as mountains of ice lying on the surface of the water and slipping freely over it. He says:—

'If the curved surface of the whole ocean results from equilibrium in forces which act upon fluids on a revolving globe, so as to drag them towards the centre by weight, and drive them towards the circumference of planes, cut through the axis at every latitude; a solid float, projecting from one foot to three hundred, and free to move, is an unstable excrescence exposed to the same forces which so act on water as to work it into a smooth curve. It is like wax dropped on a spinning top, or ink spilt on a whirling mass. Weight drags it down, and keeps it balanced at a certain distance from the earth's centre, but centrifugal force acts at right angles to gravitation, near the Poles. It drives the float away from the centre of rotation, and it is not directly opposed by the sinking force till the Equator is reached. The force which keeps a stone from falling out of a sling till the string is loosed, must sling ice away from the Poles, unless the mass is of equal dimensions upon all sides of the axis

about which it revolves. There is no cable to moor the float to the Pole; the cable is "up and down," and the anchor is at the earth's centre. There is force to swing the ship along the sea, and it ought to move south because of the centrifugal force.' (Vol. i. p. 486.)

The centrifugal force, though a *vera causa* in the movements of icebergs, is quite insignificant compared to that of oceanic currents, which depend primarily on the convection of heated water to cold latitudes.

Many natural chronometers are suggested by Mr. Campbell, by which to calculate the time at which Britain lay at various altitudes below the present sea level. They are on the following well-known principle. The fall at the Devil's Bridge near Aberystwith could not have existed before the place itself had emerged from the sea. The uniformity of the width of its bed shows uniformity in the size of the cutting wheel, so to call it, of the river since its first commencement. So again the perfect uniformity of the slate bed, through which it has been cutting, shows that the rate of the operation must have been unchanged. It has sawn through a depth of ninety feet. How much does it saw in a year? We wish Mr. Campbell had himself made some experiments on this problem; he suggests methods of attempting them. Of course, many other streams might equally afford estimates.

It will be observed that Mr. Campbell's theory of floating ice being the great denuding agent, is at direct issue with that of Professor Ramsay. The latter, he justly says, assumes

'A period of intense cold, which prevailed throughout all high latitudes, and in all elevated regions of the earth, simultaneously; and which caused an enormous growth of ice during one or more geological periods. But no attempt is made to account for this cold period. The theory which this volume is intended to illustrate is, that the present time is the "glacial period," and that an explanation of ice-marks is to be found in the present condition of other parts of the globe. The marks in Scandinavia suggest glaciers on the scale of glaciers in Greenland; the marks in Great Britain suggest sea-ice on the scale of Labrador ice; the change of climate at one place is accounted for by a change in the course of an ocean current, caused by a change in the level of sea and of land. All are agreed as to the facts; the questions left for argument are the cause of the change, which has surely taken place, the nature of the ice which made the spoor, and the amount of work which this engine has done. Mr. Ramsay attributes many rock-basins and their lakes to glaciation, and few agree with him; these volumes go further, and attribute these and many of the main lines of denudation in Northern Europe and elsewhere to glaciation, *combined with ocean-currents.* Mr. Giekie and other observers attribute marks in Ross-shire to land-ice. Their difficulty is how to get their glaciers over

watersheds, and account for the cold of the exceptional glacial period. Mr. Ramsay appears to have proved that glaciation coincided with the deposition of certain breccias of Permian age in Britain. The stones are glaciated stones, that is certain; their position rests on good authority. If the glacial period began soon after the coal formation, and has endured till now, the acknowledged work of denudation gains the aid of an engine which works faster than streams and waves do. If arctic currents are now to be added to the list, they are bigger and stronger tools than land-glaciers, and may have helped to do the work, which has certainly been done somehow.' (Vol. ii. p. 147.)

Mr. Giekie's recent work on geological action well deserves attention; no writer has illustrated the scenery of the Highlands of Scotland with greater scientific ingenuity, or in a more attractive form. But we must leave him and Mr. Campbell to settle between themselves the controversy between floating Arctic currents and the effects of land-glaciers. We, however, take this opportunity of referring to a recently published volume on a curious form of glacier. It is on 'Ice 'Caves in France and Switzerland,' and elsewhere, by the Rev. G. F. Browne, a member of the Alpine Club. This gentleman having palled, as we presume, in his interest in peaks covered with snow, devotes himself with a marvellous passion to holes filled with ice. His enthusiasm is irrepressible, and the reader is lured on till he shares in it; although few excursions are less attractive at first sight than those in underground holes, on ice-covered floors, beneath dripping roofs, with the possibility of shooting downwards into the bowels of the mountain, never again to emerge. There is a great deal of scattered literature upon these natural ice-caves; but the thoroughness and extent of Mr. Browne's explorations has wholly superseded what others have done in this direction before him. He has visited and carefully measured a dozen caves, and has added a description of several others from the accounts of travellers. They are by no means uncommon in mountains where natural caves exist; and a family likeness runs throughout them. They are mostly from 2,000 to 6,000 feet above the sea level; they usually consist of a deep hollow in a fir wood, and thence a lateral pocket sloping downwards. The ice forms plentifully in summer, and the peasants who quarry the ice, universally maintain that more ice forms in hot dry weather and in summer than at other times. Lastly, the ice is universally made up, more or less, of prisms. It divides readily into hexagonal shapes. Even in one case the individual prisms could be pushed out by the finger like knots in a plank

of wood. A great deal of discussion has taken place on the theory of these ice caves. The cause of their origin that finds favour with the author, is that they are necessarily the receptacles of the coldest air during several past hours. Cold air subsides, owing to its specific gravity, and cannot possibly be dislodged, for the sun is unable to get at it. This explains a great deal, but it does not explain all. The freezing goes on in summer nights, when there is no air in the neighbourhood at the freezing-point. We should have thought that radiation into space was a powerful additional cause, and one that would act on every clear night. It would not even require a still night. The temperature of the cave would be lowered by radiation, even though wind was blowing. It is well known that by the exposure of shallow pools of water in sheltered places in India, to the still night air, ice is habitually produced. Also that the temperature of a thermometer laid on the grass, in a still quiet night, sinks many degrees below that of the air above. The grass radiates into space, the air next to it is chilled, and, there being no wind, the cold air is not displaced. Now all this would invariably take place in an ice cave under a clear summer sky, whether the wind blew or whether it did not. The temperature of the cave, owing to its depth, would be pretty independent of summer and winter changes. Owing to its elevation, the mean annual temperature of its locality would be rarely higher than 40°. Owing to its being the receptacle of the chilled air of the coldest nights, the temperature of the cave would be yet further diminished. And lastly, nocturnal radiation into a clear sky, through the rare dry mountain air, would account triumphantly for the remaining few degrees required to bring the temperature below 32°. We wish Mr. Browne would register the temperature of these caves during a few clear and cloudy summer nights. It would test the theory we have advanced.

Having disposed of the agencies of water, frozen by the cold of space, the author of 'Frost and Fire' examines those of rock-substance, molten, as he considers, by the primæval heat of the earth. His object is primarily to show that when molten bodies of all sizes, from a grain's weight to that of a planet, and of nearly all materials, are left to cool, they do so with mighty throes. At first they splutter, and they throw out burning sparks, and seethe with vapours long after the source of heat has been removed. When they are so far cooled as to be crusted over, the subsequent period is by no means one of repose. The crust cracks, molten matter is forced through the cracks, there are subsidences in one part of the surface of the

crust, and elevations in another. And when the whole mass is cooled down and has been cut upon, it will be found as porous and cellular within as it is rugged without. The obvious corollary is that all volcanic eruptions, elevations, disturbances, or other tool-marks, have their counterpart in what may be observed at the period of cooling of any molten mass, say of sealing-wax. And, also, that the porous structure, invariably observed in these small masses, necessarily exists on an enormous scale in the substance of the earth. Its presence, in fact, accounts for all volcanic phenomena.

'A comparison of forms in hollow spheres of hot water; in sparks thrown off by hot silver, iron, glass, and other substances; in "bombs" projected from terrestrial volcanoes, and in meteorites attracted from space; makes it probable that a flattened spheroid with a frozen crust, through which luminous fluids and hot vapours now escape in all directions, may now have a solid chambered spongy core, packed above bent rays, and about a centre of motion; made of materials which do not easily melt, and which freeze at high temperatures. According to astronomical calculations founded on the earth's movements, the average density of the whole mass is 5·67, water being 1. The specific gravity of iron is 7·7; but hollow iron ships float in water, like pumice stones, and a spongy mass of any material might have any apparent density according to its structure and state of expansion. Chambers may be filled with the hot fluids and gases, which radiate through holes in the frozen crust and shine with terrestrial light when they follow the paths of rays and strive to escape. Jets of vapour and fountains of sparks so escaped from the fire ball of 1864, and they so escape from shining furnace sparks.' (Vol. ii. p. 386.)

We wish Mr. Campbell had worked out more thoroughly the causes and the limits of that porosity, which certainly is found in many bodies freshly solidified from a fluid state. If the circumstances under which they froze admitted of gas of any kind being frothed up with the fluid, we should expect the solid to be porous, but such does not seem at first sight to be the case in the instances he mentions. Thus he describes the preparation of silver from the ordinary lead ores by Pattinson's process. A pool of pure molten silver is finally obtained 2½ feet wide and 4 inches deep. This is set to cool; and, in cooling, it goes through the utmost commotion for the space of an hour, and ends in being 'hollow, chambered and crystal-'lised like slag, or Icelandic lava, or glacier ice.' Mr. Campbell certainly accredits it with having had 'hot oxygen locked 'up in it;' but we cannot conceive how oxygen ever got there, nor, supposing it to have been there, why it did not set itself free long before the expiration of the hour. The

violent commotion did not begin till after the crust had fully formed.

'With cold the resistance comes and the battle rages. When the silver is pure the fire is extinguished, and freezing speedily begins. First a few crystals form on the surface, then a network, then a thin skin. If a bit of gold or silver is tossed in about this stage, it floats like a small iceberg, and gathers a thin raft about it. The silver-ice may be pushed about, for it is a floating body; and if pushed down, it rises again high above the fluid. It stands higher than ice in water; far higher than solid lead in fluid. . . . Molten silver is within; it is compressed by the forming shell, and hot oxygen is squeezed out of the mass (?). The surface at this stage begins to break up and bubble; it is upheaved; silver escapes where resistance is least, generally near the edge, where the heat of the cup keeps the crust thin and soft. . . . To prevent loss from boiling over at the edge, the workmen commonly prick the silver plate in the middle; they break holes in the ice, and the silver pool wells up like water in a pond. Then comes the time of rapid upheaval and disturbance. Bits of broken crust rise and fall like the lid of a box, and hot springs of boiling silver gush out in shining fountains of glittering light. They freeze as they overflow. . . . There is scarce a mountain form or fantastic lava shape in Iceland, a branching shape in a metal vein, or an ice-form off Labrador, that may not thus be copied in freezing silver. Throughout this period, the explosive force within casts showers of spherical drops whirling into the air. . . . And many of them cool as hollow shells about chambered interiors.'

Part of this violent action is intelligible enough. The molten mass is caked in by its crust, and further freezing expands that mass and cracks the crust, just as freezing water bursts water-pipes. But there is a far greater amount of eruption than is due to the difference of bulk between the molten mass and the same in a condensed solid form. There is, in addition to this, the equivalent contents of all the vacant chambers in the cellular mass. Wherever there exists a cell, an amount of silver that would have sufficed to fill that cell must have been ejected through the crust. Was the cell a vacuum when it was first made? Iron behaves in just the same way; but we happen also to know that a moderate pressure puts a check upon its tendency to be porous. A cannon, as formerly made out of a single block of metal, was always cast in a vertical mould, a few feet longer than the intended cannon. These extra feet were porous. They were cut off, and the residue was sound. Therefore the fact that small objects invariably freeze in a chambered form, does not prove that the depths of the earth, lying under pressures of which we can find no equivalent on its surface, are chambered also. Again, there is a

limit to the size of the chambers that may be blown by vapour pressure from within, which is due to the cohesion of the material that forms the wall of the chamber. It is not possible to blow so large a bubble in spirits of wine as in water, nor in water as in soap and water. There is a limit in all these cases, which practically cannot be reached. There is similarly a limit to the size of a bubble under the earth's crust, though what that limit may be Mr. Campbell's remarks give us no assistance in ascertaining. The tenor of his argument is to ignore its existence.

There seem abundant causes for volcanic eruption, in the double fact that steam is commonly blown out of volcanoes, and that volcanoes are almost invariably situated near the sea, whose waters might supply their steam boilers. But Mr. Campbell's arguments go further. They would lead us to expect vapours of other kinds to be in constant and violent action. However, even on the most moderate hypothesis his facts and analogies are of very great interest. He describes all the volcanic effects of cones, craters, tubes and geysers; and shows that every one of them exists on every scale, from Hecla and its larger neighbours, to natural miniature vents of all kinds (mostly cold now), with which Iceland abounds; and on a yet more miniature scale in his own interesting table-geology.

'To understand the formation of tubes by heat, the action must be watched; and there is a very lively, harmless young specimen, whose operations can be watched close to the Geysers. A little mud spring is in a hollow to the north of the Great Geyser; it is almost hidden amongst the ashes, and about as big round as a stewpan; in it the formation of tubes by hot vapour is going on. The spring was betrayed by a ploutering poppling sound, which, to a hungry Scot with the brevet rank of cook, was absurdly suggestive of boiling porridge. A vision of a nursery and a rosy maid, a stewpan and a fire, rose up as if by magic amongst the cinders; but there is no porridge to be had in that benighted land. A deaf French traveller who was supposed to be dumb, was startled into speech and exclaimed, "Chocolate!" The spring was full of half liquid boiling tough clay, through which steam and other hot vapours escaped; and as the vapours burst through the surface and rose, the mud flowed back and filled up the holes as fast as they were made. This small tube-making engine was like Vesuvius, when the lava was soft in the centre and vapours were escaping through it. If the material gets tougher, the soft tubes will be finished and the poppling will cease, as it had ceased in Vesuvius in 1842, when the lava was hard though hot, and vapours were escaping freely through a rough tube. In course of time the mud may be baked into stone, and the tubes will then resemble larger

tubes in the same neighbourhood. They may become vents for hot vapours, or for hot water, or lastly they may be filled up with some other material, and become strings like those which abound in all parts of the earth's crust. The little natural engine is making tubes of the same pattern as those which are made by larger engines moved by the same force. By watching it the whole process may be learned, as the action of a large steam engine is learned from a model.' (Vol. ii. pp. 404, 405.)

The intermittent character of geyser action and volcanic explosion, due primarily to continuous infiltration of cold water into heated chambers, is no more difficult to conceive than the existence of intermittent springs, owing to the continuous infiltration of water from a higher level. It does not at all follow that the same tension that occasionally throws up the volcanic matter far above the sea-level should uniformly resist the percolation of more sea water. A great many natural arrangements may be conceived and made in models, any or all of which may exist in action in nature. A supply of the nature of an intermittent spring might feed Stromboli. The giving way of subterranean reservoirs might be the immediate cause of the far more rare eruptions of Etna and Vesuvius. The mechanism of the geyser is well understood. In all these cases, when the imprisoned gas has once got free access to the bottom of the tube of eruption, and has in any degree overmastered the pressure of the column of molten lava that weighs upon it and seals its egress, the complete ejection of the lava becomes a necessary consequence. By every five feet or so of the column of lava that boils over, an effective increase of power to the extent of one atmospheric pressure is obtained by the imprisoned gas. It has ridden itself of that amount of its fetters. Consequently the eruption goes on with rapidly accelerating violence, and the whole contents of the tube are shot out with force. If only a detached volume of the gas has obtained access to the bottom of the tube, then its loss of tension by its own expansion is a set-off against the diminution of resistance due to the partial emptying of the tube, and the explosion is not so complete. Every imaginable variety in this respect may occur in practice.

We will now refer to Mr. Campbell's numerous experiments and to his argument, to show the course which polar and equitorial currents would follow on the globe. It is an important link in his reasoning, because he dwells on the often mooted remark that the general shape of the sea coasts and valleys of the world are very suggestive of the outline of ocean currents. There is not one of Mr. Campbell's experiments that is correct.

He describes well enough the well-known cause of the divergence of meridians, combined with the earth's rotation; why winds blowing from the North-pole become easterly, and those towards the North-pole become westerly; but then he plunges into rude experiments to confirm this explanation. In doing so he falls into a blunder, and even partly stumbles out of it in ignorance of his mishap. First of all he states (the italics are our own):—

'The result of motion upon a moving surface is easily understood and easily illustrated. . . . If a graving-tool is moved along the rest of a turning lathe so as to mark a revolving disc, straight lines drawn from circumference to circumference and back, become opposite spiral curves. . . . According to the pace at which the disc and point move, so is the pattern drawn; and one very common result is the pattern on the back of a watch. . . . *Opposite radiating spirals* are made by dropping melted wax upon the convex top of a bull's-eye lens while it is moving horizontally; and upon the inner edge of a concave bowl. In one case the falling wax moves from centre to circumference, in the other from circumference to centre, and the movement *in both cases, at first, is direct.* . . .' (Vol. i. pp. 474, 475.)

He makes the experiment in various ways:—

'Many trials gave various curves, but they were all spirals crossing meridians from east to west, when the map [he had fixed a map on an horizontal wheel] was spun from west [? through south] to east. . . . The *opposite curve* drawn from circumference to centre, is copied by dropping fluid into a whirling bowl, so that it *tends to move along a radius*, in converging lines.' (Vol. i. p. 476.)

He evidently wishes us to understand, first, that water dropped on to the centre of an horizontal wheel, turning as he describes, whirls off in a left-handed spiral to the circumference, and in so doing represents the path of a particle of water urged southwards from lying in a state of rest on the North-pole; secondly, that a drop let fall on the circumference of a revolving bowl whirls inwards with a right-handed curve to the centre, and so represents the movement of a particle of water that has been urged from a position of rest on the earth's equator towards the North-pole. He looks upon one experiment as the precise converse of the other, although it is no such thing. A drop spilt from a point at rest, on to the pole of a whirling wheel, is as much at rest in reference to that wheel at the moment of touching it, as if it had previously lain there, because the pole is stationary. But a drop similarly spilt on the circumference of a whirling wheel or bowl is not so. The direction of the line of impact between them is the

same as if the wheel had been at rest and the drop had been dashed violently against it at almost a tangent to its rim.

The author's second experiment, therefore, does not illustrate the effect he had intended, but quite another action. It illustrates the course which *easterly equatorial currents* would follow if an impulse to the northwards were given to them. Evidently put on the wrong track by his experiment, for he nowhere seems to discover that he is in error, he proceeds to account for the direction of the Gulf Stream, which flows to the NE., but which, according to his experiment, ought to flow to the NW. He calls into his aid the following theory, 'When any stream 'runs against a bank or into a bay, it swings off in some new 'direction, like a charge of shot from a slanting wall' (vol. i. p. 478). And again, if the Gulf Stream, 'instead of running 'foul of the bank of Panama,' passed through it, 'it would 'flow on northwestwards, till it could flow no further' (vol. i. p. 479). The state of the case really is, that were it not for the obstruction of the American coast, other influences remaining the same, the Gulf Stream would flow to the north-westwards for a while, but the influence of the earth's rotation, combined with that of the convergence of the meridians, would cause it gradually to curve to the right, through N. and NNW., until it ended by running in approximate parallelism to its present course.

Might not an arrangement be contrived, which would accurately accord with the simple conditions of the problem of ocean currents, and trace lines on a globe corresponding to different variations in the constants of those conditions? They would form a very instructive series of curves to compare with the lines of existing currents. The problem in its simplest form is to trace the course of a particle urged to move from the pole to the equator, and thence, if desired, to the other pole, regard being had to the earth's rotation and to the friction of its surface, which retards the velocity of the particle according to the usual approximative law. It would not be difficult to prick out the course of a curve on this principle. We will, for the simplicity of explanation, suppose the particle to be urged from the North-pole towards the equator by a uniform force that would cause it to move south at the rate of one degree an hour if it were not for frictional retardation. Now let the experiment proceed, pricking off the course of the particle at hourly intervals. To find its position at the end of one hour turn the globe through 15°, and prick opposite to 1° on the brass meridian. Then that distance from the pole, diminished according to the

table of retardation, gives the true position of the particle. Take this as the next starting point, and turn the globe 15° from it; prick off 1° to the south of it; join the line with the previous position; continue the line in a parallel direction to the course run during the first hour, and for a distance equal to that course (the terminal velocity of the course at the end of the first hour ought to have been taken; but as we proceed further and the speed varies slowly from hour to hour, the error becomes unimportant). This gives the uncorrected position at the close of the second hour. Correct it as before for retardation, and start afresh.

Many ingenious devices are scattered through Mr. Campbell's pages; nay, even the cover of the book is utilised to convey one of them. The cloth binding is pressed into creases that exactly correspond with the ancient ice-marks found on a piece of slate in New Brunswick. It is a pretty and very instructive ornamentation. Another is the description of an instrument we are surprised to find has not come into general use for self-recording the sunshiny hours of all the year, as well as the power of the sunshine. It consists of a spherical glass ball (or hollow sphere filled with acidulated water to check the growth of confervæ) propped in the middle of a concentric wooden cup. The radius of the latter is such that the burning point of the spherical lens shall fall on the inside of the wooden cup, and burn it away when the sun shines. As the sun's path on one day only partially overlaps its path on the preceding day, a partially fresh track is burnt daily; and the hotter the sun, the deeper does the burning penetrate. The instrument is so cheap, so simple in its adjustment, and requires so little care, that we wonder meteorologists have not advocated its use. We remember that Mr. Campbell published a description of it, in some scientific journal, a few years ago.

We have said nothing of his chapters of adventure in the far North, and we do not purpose to do so, because they are out of place where they are. They are, however, particularly amusing, and deserve a book to themselves. He goes into lands where miles are measured by a dog's bark. One of them, called 'Peneculam,' being as far as a dog can be heard to bark in still weather. He also sees the migration of the lemens, and he shoots the rapids of the Tornea river, which is no child's play. For all this and for much more, we refer the reader to the book. We now take farewell of it, thanking the author for the many pleasant hours we have spent over 'Frost 'and Fire,' and though we feel strongly its defects, we assure him we are by no means blind to its great and numerous merits.

ART. VI.—*Œuvres Complètes d'Alexis de Tocqueville.* Tomes VII. et VIII. Correspondance, Mélanges, Fragments Historiques et Notes sur l'Ancien Régime la Révolution et l'Empire, Voyages, Pensées, entièrement inédits. Paris: 1865.

THE critics, who, in common with ourselves, had occasion to review four years ago the 'Memoir and the Correspondence of M. de Tocqueville' (which have since been translated into English by an able hand), ventured to remark that, in spite of the zeal and the fidelity with which M. Gustave de Beaumont had portrayed the life and edited the papers of his illustrious friend, his task was still incomplete. Indeed, he himself informed us that much still remained in the shape of unfinished fragments and unpublished letters which might one day form part of a more extended publication. We urged him to give a larger selection of these documents to the world; for although they may not have received that exquisite finish which M. de Tocqueville himself loved to impart to all he published, yet the scattered thoughts of so powerful a mind are sometimes even more forcible and impressive than his mature compositions, and the charm of his tender and meditative letters to his family and his private friends is inexhaustible. M. de Beaumont has given ear to these observations. Encouraged by the prodigious interest which was excited in France and throughout Europe by his former volumes, he has now enlarged the plan of them. A complete edition of the works of Tocqueville has been prepared for the press, which contains, in addition to the writings already well known to all readers, a volume of the speeches and reports prepared for the Chamber of Deputies, a volume of fragments principally relating to the masterly analysis of the French Revolution on which the author was engaged at the time of his death, and an additional volume of Correspondence. These publications are entirely new, and they are of the very highest interest and value. In the selection of the volume of letters previously published, M. de Beaumont was restrained by motives of delicacy from laying before the world the confidential effusions of intimate friendship, and by motives of prudence from calling attention to the political opinions of Tocqueville, especially with reference to the present Government of France. Already time, death, and the progress of events have removed some of the obstacles to publication which existed three years ago. The result is, that the letters now produced have a deeper meaning and a more

decided tone than those which had formerly appeared—indeed, it was for this reason that they were then withheld from the public; and many of them have a direct bearing on political affairs, even at the present time, to an extent which the admirers and adherents of the present Government of France will probably consider indiscreet and inconvenient. We rejoice, on the contrary, that M. de Beaumont has had the courage to produce these most remarkable papers. They contain the thoughts of a man, great as a writer, but greater still by his undaunted independence and by his undying love of freedom; and we are not sure that Tocqueville, in the full enjoyment of life and intellect, ever wrote anything more likely to rouse the slumbering spirit of his country, or to guide her back from servitude to liberty, than these posthumous leaves, penned many years ago in the solitude of his Norman home and in the confidence of private friendship. There is in these volumes the same profound insight which pervades all the works of the author into the causes of the French Revolution, and those vices of democratic society, which, under the first and the second Empire, have twice thrown back the French nation from the ardent enjoyment of freedom into a submissive obedience to absolute power. And if it be true that after a vigil of seventeen years, some streaks of dawning light are again visible on the horizon,—if some indications are again felt that this slumber is not to be perpetual—then it is in this language that Tocqueville, and those who like him have watched through the night in despondency, but not in despair, would address the awakened sleeper. To these passages of his correspondence we shall presently direct a more particular attention.

After long hesitation as to the choice of a subject to employ his mind on a great work, when the collapse of the Republic and the *coup d'état* of 1851 had terminated his political career, Tocqueville resolved to enter upon a philosophical investigation of the phenomena of the great Revolution, which had for sixty years swayed to and fro the destinies of his country. But with characteristic originality, he sought for the earliest indications of these phenomena in the preceding age, and he exhumed the administrative records of the old monarchy from beneath the lava of the great eruption. Probably no living Frenchman had acquired so accurate a knowledge of the state of France before the Revolution, and he said in one of his letters, 'If 'anybody wants to found a professorship of the old adminis-'trative law of the country, I believe I could fill it.' The result of these inquiries was the book on the 'State of France

'before the Revolution,' which is in every one's hands. But this was only the prelude of his task. His intention was to approach the Revolution itself; to pass lightly over the course of events, although he had mastered them with inconceivable labour and precision; and to deduce from them certain general principles which acute reflection and enlarged experience enabled him to trace throughout this protracted convulsion. For it was one of his fixed convictions that, however perplexing, unexpected, and contradictory the course of events may be, they are rigorously governed by laws of human nature as determinate as the laws of the physical world; and that these laws can be traced by a sufficient power of observation and analysis even into the regions of metaphysical abstraction, although the people and even its leaders and teachers may be totally unconscious of the influence by which their movements are directed. Above all, it was his design to arrive, through the Revolution, at the character of Napoleon Bonaparte, and at the institutions established by him in France, not only because these are subjects of extraordinary interest in themselves, but because the name of that remarkable man and the fabric of his power are at this moment the ruling forces of the second Empire, and the key to the last form which the Revolution has assumed. And here we are arrested by a page or two of such eloquence and insight, that although we cannot hope to render the purity of the author's style in another tongue, and we cannot afford to dwell much longer on this portion of the volumes before us, we lay it before our readers. The fragment was written at Sorrento in 1858:—

'What I would seek to portray is not so much the events themselves, however surprising and however great they may be, as the spirit of those events—less the different acts of the life of Napoleon, than Napoleon himself—that singular, incomplete, but marvellous being, whom it is impossible attentively to consider, without contemplating one of the most strange and curious spectacles in the universe. I should desire to show what part in his prodigious enterprise was really derived from his own genius, and what was supplied to him by the state of the country and the spirit of the times—to explain how and why this indocile nation rushed at that moment of its own accord into servitude, and with what incomparable art he discovered in the working of a most democratical revolution all that was apt for despotism, and brought out of it those natural consequences.

'In speaking of his internal government, I shall survey the effort of that almost divine intelligence rudely employed to compress human freedom, by a scientific and ingenious organisation of force such as none but the greatest genius of the most enlightened and the

most civilised age could have conceived; and, beneath the weight of this masterly engine, society stifled to sterility—the movement of the intellect slackened, the human mind enervated, the soul contracted, till men cease to be great; and around the vast and flat horizon, whithersoever you turn, nothing stands erect but the colossal figure of the Emperor.

'Turning to his foreign policy and to his conquests, I should seek to follow the furious rush of his fortune over nations and kingdoms, and to relate by what means the strange greatness of his genius was here also abetted by the strange and irregular greatness of his times. How marvellous a picture, by the hand of one who could trace it, of human power and of human weakness, would be that of this impatient and uncertain being doing and undoing his own works, tearing up and changing the boundaries of empires, and driving nations and sovereigns to despair even less by the evils he inflicted upon them than by the eternal uncertainty in which he left them as to that which they had yet to fear.

'I would, lastly, explain by what a series of excesses and errors he himself drove onwards to his fall; and in spite of these excesses and errors, I would mark the gigantic trace he has left behind him in the world, not only as a recollection but as a living and durable influence: what died with him, what remains.

'And to complete this long survey, I would show the purport of the Empire in the French Revolution—the place to be filled by this singular act in the strange drama, the close of which escapes us yet.

'These are great objects glancing before me. But how to reach them?' (Vol. viii. p. 170.)

These designs were not to be completed. But in every fragment of the materials formed and collected by the author for the edifice he had conceived, the reader will trace with melancholy interest the stamp of originality and genius. It is certain that if M. de Tocqueville had lived to complete his 'Essay on 'the Revolution,' he would have thrown new light on events which have for upwards of half a century engaged the attention of a host of writers of the highest class; for he would have brought us nearer to its true causes, and would have demonstrated more clearly its effects on the latest generations—effects which cut short his own public life and threw a gloom over the closing years of his existence. Of these truths traces will be found in every page of the eighth volume of M. de Beaumont's collection, and we are indebted to him for the skill with which he has re-set, in a connected form, the precious, but imperfect, remains of his friend's labour. The task was one of extreme difficulty, for these fragments were traced upon unconnected scraps of paper, in a handwriting not easily deciphered, and intended only to assist the memory of the author: but the zeal and intelligence of M. de Beaumont have triumphed over these

obstacles and given to the scattered thoughts of his friend as much connexion as they would admit of.

It is not, however, our intention to dwell upon the theme of the French Revolution, and we can only commend these fragments to the attentive consideration of our readers. We propose rather to turn to the additional volume of the Correspondence, and in that correspondence to follow with some detail those letters which belong to the history of M. de Tocqueville's political life. It may be remembered that on a former occasion we expressed regret that the records of his political opinions and actions had been withheld. To a considerable extent this omission is supplied in the volume now before us, although certain significant gaps at moments of great interest remind us that more yet remains to be said, and that this volume is still published under the Second Empire.

Before we proceed, however, we must linger for a moment over another class of letters with which this volume abounds—we mean those addressed to his nearest relations. They present a charming picture of domestic life, and of those family relations which are nowhere more sacred than in France; for it may, perhaps, surprise some of our readers to be told that in no country upon earth are the filial relations so deferential and the fraternal relations so affectionate. In England the conjugal tie is more close and absorbing; it frequently overpowers the bonds of birth and blood. In France it seldom equals, and still more rarely weakens, the primal sanctity of the affection and respect a man pays to his parents. These virtues of the old French houses were a portion of the very nature of Alexis de Tocqueville; and from the moment when he started on his American voyage to the close of his father's life in 1857, they pervade his correspondence. It is curious to remark, too, from the earlier letters in this collection, descriptive of his American journey, how powerfully that expedition contributed to form his character, his judgment, and even his style. His first communications to his mother are playful and affectionate, but still crude and diffuse. They have in them a certain boyishness, which long remained one of the charms of his character. For though Tocqueville came back from the United States a great philosopher, impregnated with one of the wisest works of modern thought, he was still a philosopher of seven and twenty, alive to every touch of nature and sentiment, and as ready to chase butterflies as to plant acorns. To describe a romantic evening ride to Kenilworth in a letter to the woman he loved—to relate to one of his cousins a droll return to Tocqueville, where he arrived, like Ulysses at Ithaca, driving a couple of

Lord Radnor's best breed of pigs, was just as natural to him as to write the subtlest chapter of his 'Democracy;' and, contrary to the usual fate of man, in him the pleasures of sentiment and of imagination outlived the passions of political life, and remained unclouded to the last.

One other class of these letters calls for a passing notice; they are those addressed in later years to his nephew, Baron Hubert de Tocqueville, a young man of promise whom he regarded as his heir, and to whom he addressed, upon his entry into the diplomatic service at the Courts of Vienna and Berlin, a series of kindly admonitions which are models of wisdom and good taste. They are, like that epitome of the wisdom of the world delivered by Polonius to Laertes, of invaluable counsel to any young man of birth and figure about to enter the great world, and their effect will not be confined to him to whom they were addressed. Already that young gentleman had shown himself worthy of the name he bore and the estate to which he was to succeed. He left, as we have heard from members of our own embassies at the same Courts, a pleasing impression on all who knew him. But alas! he survived his uncle but four years, and his two infant children are now the heirs of that old manor-house of Tocqueville, which was rescued and repaired, after the ravages of the Revolution, to be for twenty years the seat of so much domestic happiness, so much intellectual refinement, so much genial hospitality. Since the death of Madame de Tocqueville, which occurred last winter, its walls are again uninhabited.

The elections of 1837 brought M. de Tocqueville into public life, and in 1839 the department of the Manche, in whose welfare he never ceased to take an active interest, sent him to the Chamber of Deputies. The following extract from a letter to Mr. Senior, written as early as 1836, shows with what accuracy he had already measured the true state of the country.

'Here, for the present at least, we appear to have resumed our wonted course. With the exception of agriculture, which suffers a little, everything is surprisingly prosperous; for the first time for five years a sense of stability revives, and with that feeling a turn for speculation. The almost febrile activity which has ever characterised us quits the field of politics for that of material improvement. If I am not much mistaken, we are about to witness in the next few years immense progress in this direction. Nevertheless the Government would be very wrong to overrate the consequences of this happy state of affairs. The nation has been frightfully agitated; it enjoys to the full the repose at length vouchsafed to it; but the experience of all time teaches us that this repose may be fatal to those who govern France. In proportion to the cessation of the

fatigue of the last few years political passions will revive; and *if the Government, whilst it is in its strength, does not redouble its caution, and study with the utmost care to respect all the susceptibility of the nation, it will be surprised to see the storm which will suddenly dash against it.* But will this be understood by our rulers? I doubt it.' (P. 148.)

The history and the fate of the Government of King Louis Philippe are written in these few lines, though they were committed to paper twelve years before the catastrophe of 1848. M. de Tocqueville never ceased to hold the same opinion, which he repeated on the eve of the Revolution of February; and in joining the Opposition his object was not so much to defeat the Government, as to avert dangers which were likely, in his opinion, to lead to another overthrow of the monarchy. He received at this time the Cross of the Legion of Honour, without soliciting it, without even knowing it had been conferred upon him till he saw his name in the 'Moniteur.' 'This incident,' he said, 'has vexed me. I am annoyed to 'think that people will perhaps suppose I have asked for this 'scrap of riband, which has been so often made the price of 'base compliances. I would have refused it if I could: the 'difficulty is to find a courteous and modest mode of re-'fusing.'

At this important moment of his life he turned for counsel to his honoured friend, M. Royer Collard, of whom alone he was wont to say that he spoke oracles. M. Royer Collard had then almost retired from the world; his political life was ended; but he was the man who, in Tocqueville's eyes, had laboured under the Restoration with the greatest earnestness and elevation of purpose to reconcile the hereditary monarchy of the Bourbons with the liberty of France, and to resolve the problem of combining a powerfully centralised administration in a democratic state of society with a Representative Chamber. Him, therefore, Tocqueville regarded with a deference he paid to no other politician, and M. Royer Collard easily recognised in his youthful friend the same blameless and patriotic spirit which had pervaded his own life. But already his prescient eye had discovered the perishable nature of the institutions under which they were living and the dangers which still threatened the cause they loved. The letters of M. Royer Collard himself in this volume are of uncommon interest, for they bear in every line the stamp of a wise and powerful mind. We quote from them the following passages:—

'In times of instability it is not good to enter public life very young; if I had had that misfortune I should have been incapable

of the conduct I pursued under the Restoration, and all I have of public life lies there. "The great reputation" which you esteem "the most precious thing in life," is more easily secured at this time by such books as yours than by parliamentary activity. You have been tried as a thinker and a writer: you know not what your oratorical powers may be, and an orator needs something quite apart from talent.

'He needs favourable circumstances, a certain condition of government, and a certain disposition of the public mind. His success depends on conditions which are in some sort external to himself. No, I do not hold you for an arrogant or an ambitious man. I care, indeed, less than you do for opinion, that is the opinion of the multitude; for the opinion of the few, that is of competent judges, is the most worthy object of ambition, it is true glory. But I speak of myself, whose visions of self-love are satisfied by what mere distinction and consideration give. There are, I know, higher missions, and yours is of the number. I acknowledge them, I honour them, I admire them, but I venture to address to them the remark that Bossuet ascribes to the great Condé, "I think first of doing well, and "leave fame to come afterwards."' (P. 155.)

'The very small part I have taken in the affairs of my time has satisfied my activity, or, if you will, my ambition. It was not in me to undertake more. But to you, Sir, it is given to mark far otherwise your passage on earth and to drive your furrow across it. You have begun it. You will follow it, without completing it: for no man has ever finished anything. The thoughts you have brought forth in the travail of your mind will not be understood till you are gone, and will not bear all their fruits. Yet you would be faithless to Providence if you drew back. The reward will not be the reverberation of your name (*vanitas vanitatum*), it will be altogether in the influence you will exercise over the noble of heart.' (P. 169.)

'Make no efforts either to come forward on the stage or to withdraw from it. You belong to Providence. Resign yourself to the coming event. You will have grounds of consolation whatever it may be. The state of our society is known to you as well as if you were an old man. Neither social order nor the government are settled. Everything would crumble at the first blow. It is true that among the characters of the day there is not a hand capable of dealing it; but the blow of a hammer is not always needed against an ill-constructed edifice; a stroke of wind may suffice.' (P. 158.)

Under the influence of these oracular counsels, rare indeed from a man of M. Royer Collard's age and authority to one so much younger than himself, Tocqueville entered the Chamber of Deputies. His success there as a politician and an orator was certainly far inferior to the position he had already acquired as a writer. He himself acknowledged some ten years later that 'his true value was rather in the works of the intellect; that 'he was worth more in thought than in action; and if he

'was destined to leave aught behind him, it would consist 'far more in what he had written than in what he had done.' (P. 258.)

But however unproductive these years of parliamentary life may have been in positive results to himself or to his country, they undoubtedly advanced his own education, by bringing him into closer contact with practical details, without contracting his own extended range of observation. He followed these details with scrupulous attention and a sort of enthusiastic interest, convinced that the art of government consists much less in grand displays and eloquent harangues than in a careful mastery of the details of administration. It is true, and M. de Tocqueville felt it, that these minutiæ interfere with the broader views of politics, and that the life of a man who passes the best years of his existence in a popular assembly is consumed in a conflict of petty and insignificant motives. As he wrote to his brother:—

'The events and the men of our time are unquestionably small; but does it not require the most constant and, so to speak, the most passionate attention to keep oneself free and unscathed in this labyrinth of mean and wretched passions, in this ant-heap of microscopic interests, driving in opposite directions, which cannot be classed, and which do not resolve themselves, as they ought to do, into great common opinions? The political world of our day, in its minute mobility, its perpetual and undignified confusion, absorbs the powers of my mind a thousand times more than political action of a more productive, broad, and single character. The incidents which befall us are but pin-pricks, no doubt; but a great many pin-pricks may disturb and agitate the soul of the greatest philosopher in the world, and *à fortiori* mine, which is unhappily the least philosophical I know of.' (P. 197.)

We have already expressed upon a former occasion* our regret that at this period of his life, and at this period of French history, M. de Tocqueville and the eminent political friends with whom he acted, should have thrown their whole weight upon the side of the Opposition, instead of transferring their services to the King's Government. No doubt the passions of the Opposition, in which it was unhappily the fate of M. de Tocqueville to spend his parliamentary life, were petty and contemptible; we think the results of those passions were mischievous; and we are persuaded that M. de Tocqueville would have rendered much greater service to his country, and would have influenced the policy of the Crown far more effectually,

* Ed. Rev., vol. cxiii. p. 450.

if he had taken office instead of jealously standing aloof from it. No man who acts with a political party and under a monarchical government can find everything to his mind. He must accept a great deal that is disagreeable and even opposed to his own views for the sake of the general result. But Tocqueville's scrupulous independence and intense sensitiveness disqualified him for the part he might otherwise have played. Whilst ten precious years were wasted in these battles of the ants, the storm was gathering below him and around him, until at length the stroke of wind, predicted by M. Royer Collard, swept the fabric from the earth.

The most important event in this period of M. de Tocqueville's life was the quarrel between France and the Great Powers of Europe on the Syrian question, caused by the Treaty of the 15th July, 1840. Indeed, although he could not disguise from himself the dangers to which it exposed his country, he viewed with satisfaction any event which seemed likely to raise the politics of the day above the 'pot-au-feu démocratique et 'bourgeois' of the Chamber. In these expectations he was, however, speedily disappointed; and we find him on the formation of M. Guizot's administration steadily voting against the Government, not because he approved the vociferations of a party clamorous for war, but because he held that the policy of submission the King had adopted was so irritating and degrading to a proud and high-spirited nation, that the monarchy itself ran no small risk of being overthrown. 'That,' said he, in letters to his friends in England, Mr. Reeve and Mr. Mill, 'that is the real danger—the sole danger—not war for the sake 'of the Government, but the overthrow of the Government, 'and after that, war. Never since 1830 has the peril been so 'great. Thrones are not upset by anarchical passions alone; 'that never happens; the bad impulse must be supported by a 'good instinct. The revolutionary party is reinforced for the 'moment by the wounded pride of the nation, which gives it 'a force it could not otherwise obtain. For my part I remain 'in the Opposition, not revolutionary, but decided, and for this 'among many other reasons—the only chance of controlling 'the bad passions of the people is by sharing with them those 'passions which are good.'

In a subsequent letter he deplored the estrangement of France and England as the greatest of misfortunes, not soon to be repaired. On two of these points we agree with M. de Tocqueville: we think that the Treaty of 1840, and the dispute which followed it, was a heavy blow to the Monarchy of July, from which it never entirely recovered, and in spite of

the *entente cordiale* between M. Guizot and Lord Aberdeen, the relations of the two countries were never, under Louis Philippe, restored to entire harmony and confidence. But we think that in spite of these facts, M. de Tocqueville and his friends arrived at an erroneous conclusion. It is now abundantly demonstrated by the Memoirs of M. Guizot and by historical evidence, that the separation of France from the other Powers of Europe on the Eastern question was not the result of any illwill to France on the part of England, but of the extreme mismanagement and underhand dealing of the French Ministers of that day. Unluckily these very Ministers were the men whom the Liberal party had brought into power by the Coalition; and when they fell, and the King called upon M. Guizot to repair the mischief they had done, he found himself confronted by this formidable array of many of the ablest men in France, who never relaxed in their hostility until they overthrew his cabinet and the throne along with it. Whether the policy of the King were good or bad, right or wrong, this, at any rate, was the worst calamity which could befall the nation. It destroyed the work of thirty years of constitutional government; it caused a momentary, but fatal alliance between the then liberal party and the Revolution; it placed the liberal party itself in a hopeless situation; and the country stood thenceforward in the dire alternative of a daily struggle with anarchy or a willing submission to despotism. As early as August 1847, M. de Tocqueville perceived the approach of these dangers, and described them in the following terms:—

'You will find France tranquil and tolerably prosperous, but nevertheless uneasy. For some time past the mind of the nation has been singularly perturbed, and amidst a calm greater than we have enjoyed for a long period, the idea of the instability of the present state of things has arisen in many minds. For myself, although I view these symptoms with some alarm, I do not exaggerate their significance. I think our society is firmly established, chiefly because I see no other basis on which it can be placed, even were that desired. Yet this state of things ought to give rise to serious reflections. The system practised by the administration for the last seventeen years has so perverted the middle class, by making constant appeals to its personal cupidity, that this class is gradually coming to be regarded by the rest of the nation as a little aristocracy so vulgar and so corrupt that it is shameful to be governed by it. If this feeling were to spread in the masses, it might one day bring about great calamities.' (P. 252.)

And on the eve of the Revolution itself, in January 1848, he delivered from the tribune of the Chamber that last memor-

able speech in which he adjured the Government to change its course in presence of the impending tempest, which we quoted in a former article.*

M. de Beaumont has passed lightly over the actual events of 1848, which were recorded by Tocqueville in another form and may be published at some future time. He soon discovered, however, that the same subserviency to material interests which he deplored, had not been diminished by the Revolution, and that it lay not in any given institutions or ministry, but in the temper of the times. 'The Revolution of 1789 sprang '(he said) from the brain and the heart of the nation; but this 'Revolution has partly taken its rise in the belly, and the 'love of material enjoyment has played an immense part in it.'

In spite of these misgivings and with a very qualified faith in the destinies of the Republic, M. de Tocqueville thought it his duty to join the Cabinet formed by M. Barrot, under the auspices of President Bonaparte after his election, and he held in this administration the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs. Although he was not personally responsible for the French expedition to Rome, inasmuch as the order to undertake the siege had been despatched to the army six days before he took office, yet he assumed the responsibility of that measure on grounds which have already been stated in this Journal † and are now published for the first time in France, viz. the firm intention to uphold the liberal cause in Italy, and to restore the temporal authority of the Pope, not unaccompanied by guarantees for his future good government of his dominions. It soon became apparent in this and in other matters, that the conditions on which the Ministers held office under the President were not those of constitutional responsibility and personal independence, and after a short interval of five months the government was dissolved.

It was not disappointed ambition or wounded pride that drove M. de Tocqueville from office; it was the conviction that universal suffrage had given an irresponsible ruler to France, who would soon find, or make, an opportunity to place himself above all law. The momentous question of the revision of the Constitution, however, again found him at his post in the Assembly, to make a last attempt to repair those provisions of the Constitution of 1848 which led directly and necessarily to another revolution. That Constitution had limited the duration of the Presidential power to four years,

* Ed. Rev., vol. cxiii. p. 451.
† Ibid., vol. cxiii. p. 453.

and had rendered the out-going President ineligible for a second term. The consequence was that from 1848 to 1851 the country was agitated by a febrile anxiety to know what would happen at the expiration of Louis Napoleon's term of office, or rather to know by what means, violent or legal, it would be prolonged. M. de Tocqueville was of opinion that the restriction placed on the elective power of the nation should be abolished—a task of great difficulty since the Constitution could only be modified by the vote of two thirds of the Assembly. The report on the revision of the Constitution was drawn up by him in this sense, and presented on the 8th of July 1851. He describes his view of the state of affairs in the following letter:—

'27th July, 1851.

'I am very well satisfied with the general effect produced by my Report in France, and delighted by the opinion expressed towards myself in your country. I care almost as much for what is said of me on one side of the Channel as on the other, and I have so many feelings and ideas in common with the English, that England is become my second intellectual country.

'How is it that my arguments in favour of the revision have not convinced you? The non-constitutional re-election of the President has long appeared to me extremely probable. I still think it so, although Louis Napoleon Bonaparte has effectually alienated the upper classes and almost every man of political eminence, and although, as far as I can judge, his popularity among the people is considerably diminished and daily diminishing. Nevertheless, I own to you that I persist in regarding his re-election as pretty nearly inevitable, in consequence of the absence of any possible competitor and in consequence of the general uneasiness. I think this Bonapartist current, if it be turned aside, can only be so by a revolutionary current more perilous still; and, finally, I think that if Napoleon be unconstitutionally re-elected, anything in the shape of an attack on freedom becomes possible. I was so convinced of this six months ago, that I remember to have said to you, that probably the end of all this would be to make me quit public life, in order to have no part in a government which would attempt to destroy *de jure* or to annul *de facto* constitutional institutions, and which would perhaps succeed in the attempt for some years, from the exhaustion of the public mind. With small belief in the possibility of maintaining the Republic, which would be the government of my own choice, I should have seen without regret Louis Napoleon become our permanent chief if I had thought it possible, on the one hand, that he could rally the heads of society about him, and if, on the other hand, he would or could have been a constitutional sovereign. But I did not believe that possible, as I told you, and all I have seen since my return from Italy has convinced me more and more how much I was in the right. The President is as *im-*

permeable to constitutional ideas as was Charles X. himself. He has his own notion of legitimacy, and he clings to the constitutions of the Empire as the other clung to the divine right of kings. He is, moreover, more and more separated from the whole body of men who have ability or experience to conduct the government, and reduced to seek his *point d'appui* in the instincts and passions of the people strictly so called. Hence his re-election, especially if it be illegally carried, may have the worst consequences, and yet it is almost inevitable—save by a recourse to revolutionary passions, which I do not wish to rekindle in the nation. What is the deduction from all this, but to desire the revision, for the purpose either of rendering the re-election of the President impossible by changing the nature and origin of the executive power, or of rendering it less dangerous by making it legal? . . . It is possible that a crisis may occur so perilous, that I myself may be of opinion that it is best that the Constitution should be violated by the people; but I shall leave that sad work to others. My hands shall never strike the flag of the law in my country. . . . In short, our situation is more complicated, more inextricable, and more obscure than it ever has been. We are still in one of those strange and terrible positions in which nothing is impossible and nothing can be foreseen. The chances are in favour of the President's re-election, and at the same time an Assembly may be returned much less presidential than is supposed; so that if Louis Napoleon does not avail himself of the first popular impulse to grasp all powers in his own hand, he may find himself again in presence of an Assembly which will not allow him to do as he pleases. In presence of this unexampled situation the nation is perfectly calm and even prosperous. People follow their avocations without plunging into great risks, but with activity and perseverance, just as if the morrow of everything was not uncertain. No doubt the dread of the term 1852 is extreme and even, I think, exaggerated. But we have all received the education of revolutions; we know that we must live in them like soldiers in the field, who are not deterred by the chance of being killed the next day from dining and sleeping, or even from amusing themselves. That is the state we are all in; and when I survey the attitude of the whole nation I cannot but admire it; even with all its blunders and its foibles, it is a great people.'

The concluding paragraph in the same letter relates to a different subject, but we find it on our path and cannot omit it:—

'What you tell me, that the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill will lead to nothing, is probable enough, thanks to the manners of your country. But why make laws below the standard of the times? the reverse ought to be the rule. I own to you I have been heart and soul with those who, like Lord Aberdeen and Mr. Gladstone, opposed, in the name of freedom and the principles of the Reformation, the idle and dangerous attacks directed by this Bill, at least in theory, against liberty of conscience. Where shall religious liberty take refuge if

it be driven from England? If those who start from principles of free inquiry and the toleration which is the result of them, become intolerant, what right have they to accuse the Court of Rome of intolerance, which, in contesting the exercise of private judgment, is at least consistent with its own principles? I know it is rash to judge of events in a foreign country, yet I cannot but think, that when people come to look back from a distance on all the movement and agitation caused by what is called the Papal Aggression, it will bear a likeness, though in small, to the passion which seized the nation two hundred years ago after the discovery of the Popish Plot. The present movement will appear less violent, but not more reasonable; and those who took part in it will be more surprised than we are ourselves when they come to look back to it.' (P. 275.)

The project of revision failed. The consequences so clearly indicated in the preceding letter rapidly ensued. The President did 'grasp all powers into his own hands' to shake off the control of an independent Assembly, and on the 2nd December 1851, the Republic and the freedom of France expired. A narrative of the *coup d'état* by M. de Tocqueville himself was published at the time in the 'Times' newspaper, and has since been included in the English edition of his correspondence. It is unnecessary to revert to it here. It remains for us only to trace the effects of that catastrophe on his own mind, on his life, and on the French nation.

A short time after the event he wrote to M. de Beaumont in the following terms:—

'I perceive, my dear friend, that you have carried with you into your retreat the same agitation of mind which I still find in the bustle of the world. How should it be otherwise? Which way are we now to look in France for objects which do not awaken sad thoughts? And if we move out of France it would not fare better with us; for the disease is in us as well as around us. Lanjuinais, who is in Italy, writes that the remembrance of France puts out the glory of the arts and of the sun.

'We must, however, make up our minds to what is taking place, and not disguise from ourselves that this will last a considerable time. As for me, I can only recover that frame of mind which is necessary to my studies, by satisfying myself that I am out of public affairs for a long while, and that the thing is now to form new habits and create new interests. This is not the way of the world. I am continually meeting people full of the most absurd delusions—real delusions of émigrés—who set themselves gravely to compute how many months this government has to live. As for me, I stand by what I have said. *It will found nothing; but it will last.* With far greater strength than the republican government, it has the same advantage of being a neutral ground on which both the monarchical parties find a temporary refuge, and which they prefer to the camp of their former antagonists. This is especially true of the legitimists,

who are not only well received but encouraged to come in by all sorts of petty artifices, which succeed the more easily as many are not averse to be caught by them. Thus, they say that the famous memorandum the President is to leave [to designate his successor] will name the Count de Chambord. Just a case of "Le bon billet "qu'a La Châtre." The other day Lady Douglas told somebody that the President hated marriage, disliked his family, and would no doubt, if not provoked, leave the government to the lawful sovereign. All these follies, aided by lassitude, fear, and hatred of the Orleans family, gain acceptance. Add to this the second-class ambitions of the party, the people who were hurt at not getting seats in the Chambers, and who were useless when they got there, and now declaim against what they call the reign of the lawyers, and you may fancy what a rout it is. . . .

'A newspaper has published the letter in which you refuse to come forward. I have not the least doubt that we do well to stand aloof. There is nothing for us to do until liberal opinions are born again in France. I never had a more clear and certain conviction than this. My only anxiety arises from the fear that I shall not find means to occupy satisfactorily the forced and probably very long leisure this future leaves to me. I cannot as yet grasp or even clearly apprehend the subject I have chosen; this gives me some days of great dejection.

'The elections are approaching without a symptom of electoral *life*. The insignificance of the thing appears to be generally felt. I think the Government will carry all its candidates, yet, if there were any combination in Paris, it might be beaten there. I have just read in the "Moniteur" the law on the Press, or rather against the Press. Everything that can be conceived, short of the censorship, is accumulated in this decree to render all discussion illusory and all intellectual movement impossible. I especially commend to you the clause on false news, by which the mere fact is punished, without any mischievous intention. Well! in spite of all this, the day that public opinion begins to awaken they will be obliged to have recourse to the censorship, either openly or secretly. The censorship is the only known specific against the freedom of the Press.' (P. 279.)

The effect of these events on Tocqueville was to wean him altogether from society, and to throw him back upon the cherished retirement of his own home — embellished by all the graces of domestic life and cordial friendship, enlivened by a recurrence to his literary pursuits, but embittered by the thought that he had survived the liberties of his country. In this strain he wrote to Mrs. Phillimore, the accomplished daughter of Lord Justice Knight Bruce:—

'I write to you, Madam, from the depths of the country, in which I live but little with mankind but much with my books; and as all mankind do not resemble you, I am not displeased to be separated

from them. I have plunged with delight into the studies which business and revolutions had interrupted. I have commenced a great work, which I had been thinking of for the last ten years, and which I expected never to have the time or the liberty of mind to undertake; and I acknowledge to you that there are many moments in which I am selfish enough and bad Frenchman enough to be extremely happy. A sort of twinge of virtue sometimes disturbs me when I reflect that no amount of personal happiness can console a man for the ruin of the institutions which promised greatness to his country. It is hard to think, whatever may be the pleasures of private life, that this great and terrible French Revolution can finish in the thing we see before us. Believe me, Madam, this is not the end of that great drama: it is an act added to the rest, but not the close of it.' (P. 285.)

In the midst of this solitude comes one day a visitor who is thus amusingly described:—

'Last week the silence of this ancient abode was broken by the noise of carriage wheels, and we were somewhat surprised to see X. alight. He had come to spend the day with us. We received him as well as we could, and talked literature from morning to night. He converses on that subject much better than on politics; he knows the whole eighteenth century by heart, and upon my word I thought he was going to recite to my wife the *Pucelle* of Voltaire. He would, in fact, have amused me, if it were in the power of man to amuse me for eight hours running. As I did not wish to have the air of avoiding political conversation, I said to him abruptly, "How can you explain that the President, who has passed his life in free countries, should have destroyed freedom to this degree in our own? As for me," I added, "that which will always prevent me from rallying to this government is not so much even the 2nd December as what has followed it." X. admitted with some embarrassment that he was surprised himself, that things had been carried too far, but that he did not despair of a return to freedom, and so fell back upon literature. I resumed the subject once more, which gave X. an opportunity to tell me that the President was surrounded with people who only blamed him for the moderation of his policy and the tardiness of his measures—people in fact who were shocked by the excess of our liberties and the small amount of power he had kept in his own hands. What irritated me the more in my guest was to see, that whilst he had sacrificed his former affections to his interests, he carefully retained his former animosities; so that after he had favoured me with a grand tirade on the crimes of the Restoration, and especially on the expedition to Spain, "Yes," I exclaimed, "you are right; it is always a great crime to destroy the liberty of a people under the pretext that a bad use is made of it." This axiom cut short the conversation, and we returned for good to Voltaire, which did not prevent us from parting very tenderly at ten in the evening.' (P. 290.)

In the autumn of 1853 he repaired to the neighbourhood of Tours, where a country-house had been hired for the winter, as the climate of Normandy was too severe for his health, always delicate. From this cottage he addressed the following letter to his friend and former chief, M. Odilon Barrot:—

'As for public affairs, I imagine that you are as ignorant and as powerless as I am myself. You and I, my friend, belong to what they would have called eighty years ago "the old Court." Nay more, we belong to another age of the world, we are of a class of antediluvian animals who ought really to be placed in cabinets of natural history to show what the creatures were like, long ago, who were so singularly constituted as to care for freedom, legality, and sincerity —strange tastes, which presuppose organs altogether different from those of the modern inhabitants of the world. This race too will pass away, and will be followed by another, more like us than itself, I am sure; but shall we witness this fresh metamorphosis? I question it; much time must elapse in order to efface the deplorable impressions of the last few years, and to bring back the French, I do not say to a passionate love of liberty, but to a sense of their own dignity, to the habit of writing and speaking with freedom, to the desire of discussing their obedience, which is in the spirit of the age and the most ancient instinct of the race. When I think of the disasters which a handful of political adventurers have inflicted on this unhappy country—when I see that in the midst of this rich and industrious community doubts have been cast, with an air of plausibility, on the right of property itself; when I remember these things, and that the human race is composed for the most part, as in fact it is, of feeble, honest, and vulgar minds, I am disposed to forgive the prodigious moral enervation we are witnessing, and to reserve all my indignation and my scorn for the intriguers and the madmen who have thrown our poor country into these extremities.' (P. 300.)

Meanwhile the work on the 'State of France before the 'Revolution' proceeded. Tocqueville visited Germany in 1854, and the commencement of the Russian war in that year gave a somewhat different direction to his thoughts. Hating the Government with all his heart, he nevertheless approved its conduct in the Eastern question, upheld the English alliance, and maintained that in the presence of an enemy it is the duty of every man to abstain from doing anything to increase the difficulties of a crisis in which the nation is engaged. From about this time, too, dates Tocqueville's acquaintance with Sir George Lewis, which speedily ripened into mutual admiration and cordial friendship. They were both of them men in whose eyes the work of government was the noblest exercise of the human intellect for the improvement of our race by the

influence of freedom and of truth, and who may be said to have pursued politics with no other object, for they were indifferent to all the vulgar prizes of political ambition. They were both of them alike free from pretension and from prejudice, intent upon the real principles of action which may govern the world rightly, rather than upon the forms they may assume, or the accidents that may attend them. In Lewis there was a greater mass of accumulated knowledge, for his was universal; in Tocqueville a quicker vein of sentiment and perhaps a more subtle power of discernment; but their faculties and tastes readily mingled in entire harmony, and few men have more rapidly and completely known and esteemed one another. It may be permitted to those who shared the friendship and reverenced the character of each of these two eminent men to record in a few passing lines the regret which two great nations must for ever feel that their wise and virtuous lives were, within so short a time of one another, prematurely closed.

The letters addressed by Tocqueville to Sir George Lewis during the war, especially with reference to the administration of the army, are of extreme interest, but their length forbids us to quote them here. We confine ourselves to one observation. He had viewed with great regret the comparative failure of the British military administration at the outset of the war, though he attributed the superior arrangements of the French army chiefly to their long experience in Africa, whereas the British army took the field with the notions and traditions of the Peninsula. But what he conceived to be of still greater moment to the honour and power of this country, was the means of raising troops; for he held that it is impossible for a country to keep its ground in the present state of the world without, at least, the power of raising large armies, and that England is mistaken if she thinks it possible to stand aloof from the affairs of the Continent. On this last point M. de Tocqueville's language is so forcible, and so much opposed to the prevailing opinion of the day in England, that we quote the passage:—

'In general, although it is rather imprudent to speak of a country which is not one's own, I allow myself to say that the English would be wrong to fancy themselves as far separated and apart from the rest of the world as they have hitherto been, in so much that events of universal interest on the Continent should not affect their institutions. I think, that in the present age of the world, and still more in that which is approaching, no European nation can long remain entirely different from all other nations; and that whatever becomes the general law of the Continent cannot fail to exercise in the long run a very great influence on the peculiar laws of Great Britain, in spite of the sea, and in spite of the special manners and customs and

institutions which have heretofore, more than the sea, protected you. We shall perhaps not see the verification of this remark in our own time; but be assured those who come after us will see it; and I should not be afraid to have this letter placed in a notary's office, to be read fifty years hence.' (P. 367.)

M. de Tocqueville was well acquainted with the English language, with English modes of thought, with English opinions. He says in one of his letters that he can without difficulty place himself at the English point of view on any question, and tell beforehand what an Englishman would think of it. He entertained the highest opinion of the English intellect, and he attributes to it a marked superiority (in speaking of Mr. Grote's 'History of Greece') over German scholarship. But although he was entirely free from national prejudice, the fact is that he knew English men and English books better than he knew England. For twenty years he never visited it. In 1836 he left it still agitated by the throes of the Reform Bill and, as he supposed, on the verge of a progressive democratic revolution, though a pacific one. In 1857, when he returned to it for the last time, he expressed his astonishment at finding the country so little changed after all, and that, in spite of the Reform Bill and all the incidents of twenty years, it was still just the same Old England. He was himself so well aware of his comparatively imperfect knowledge of this country, that he carefully abstained from writing upon it; and although some portions of his English journals have now been published, they must be regarded as the impressions of a traveller rather than as the deliberate judgment of a philosopher.* We think, for example, that he was wrong in assuming that the English aristocracy is based mainly upon wealth and the acquisition of wealth, though he is entirely

* This remark applies to the Notes on England and Ireland made by M. de Tocqueville thirty years ago, and certainly not intended by him for publication. They are not free from inaccuracies and misconceptions which further experience would have removed. Every English reader will at once detect these mistakes—as, for instance, that an overseer of the poor must be a wealthy man, and that the administrative Boards of this country are not named by the Crown, but are self-elected. It is not worth while to dwell upon them; but we hope the foreign readers of M. de Tocqueville's Notes will not be led astray by these statements, and will not suppose that England and Ireland in 1865 still really present the peculiar abuses and evils he pointed out in 1835. The real value of these Notes is that they contain, not the truth, but a true statement of the impression made upon an intelligent traveller by a journey through the United Kingdom at that period.

right in the assertion that it is not based exclusively on birth. Immense fortunes are daily realised in England which have no connexion at all with the aristocracy; and, on the other hand, the most frequent and beneficial additions to the House of Lords are those which are made on the ground of high legal ability, long public service, or personal eminence, irrespective of mere possessions. Great wealth, unaccompanied with political or personal claims, does not raise a man in England to the peerage; but the peerage of England is unquestionably open to all men, who rise by their own ability, in church or state, to the first rank in their professions. That is its real basis and its true power.

Before we revert to the political opinions of Tocqueville, it may not be inappropriate to introduce in this place a letter to one of his friends, whose life has been devoted to metaphysical and theological inquiries. It is a page of general and lasting interest:—

'Your last letter contains things on the great questions which occupy you, deeply thought and well expressed. This letter well deserves to be read again, and the subject of it is the greatest, I may almost say the only subject, which deserves the attention of man. Everything else is a bubble in comparison with it. I should have had a passionate love for the philosophical studies which have been your constant occupation, if I could have turned them to more profit; but, whether from some natural defect or from a want of resolution in the pursuit of this design, I have always found at last that all the scientific notions to be acquired on these subjects did not carry me further, and frequently carried me less far, than the point I had reached at the outset by a small number of simple ideas, which all mankind do in fact more or less entertain. These ideas lead easily to a belief in a First Cause, which remains at once evident and inconceivable: to fixed laws which are discernible in the physical world, and must be supposed to exist in the moral world; to the providence of God, and therefore to His justice; to the responsibility of man, since he is enabled to discern good from evil, and, therefore, to a future life. I acknowledge that apart from revelation, I have never found that the nicest metaphysical inquiry could supply anything more clear on these points than the plainest common sense, and this has made me somewhat out of humour with it. What I called "the bottom I cannot touch" is the Wherefore of the world; the plan of creation of which we know nothing, not even in our bodies, still less in our minds—the reason of the destiny of this singular being whom we call Man, with just intelligence enough to perceive the miseries of his condition, but not enough to change it. . . . That is the depth, or rather the depths, which the ambition of my soul would sound, but which will for ever remain infinitely beyond my powers of knowing the truth.' (P. 477.)

In these meditations, which diversified a life devoted to literary labour and to rural pursuits—a philosopher in the morning and a peasant in the afternoon—M. de Tocqueville spent the last years of his life. We fancy, as we read the letters written within a few months of its close, that a tone of increased serenity tempered the melancholy of political disappointment, and a greater power of thought plunged into the future of the world which he was not destined to behold. But though the shadow was already stealing along the wall, with that unconsciousness which is the last happiness of man he still looked forwards to a brighter future.

'I see,' said he on the 12th January, 1858, to Mr. Freslon, 'that you do not give way to despondency as to public affairs, and you are right. I too am far from singing a *de profundis* over French society. Only, I am very much afraid that we are not destined to see that personage restored to vitality. The history of the past affords but little light as to the means of resuscitation, because the principles of life within it are different from what they once were. Down to a recent period, the living and active forces of society were in the educated classes. When these had been persuaded, excited, and united in one conviction, the rest followed. Now-a-days, not only have the educated classes become temporarily insensible by the disease of long revolutions, but they are in reality dethroned. The centre of social power, so to speak, has been gradually displaced and at last abruptly changed. It now resides in classes which read nothing, or at least only read newspapers when they read anything at all: and that is the profound reason which leads our Government to reserve its fetters for the periodical press. We academicians are free to cry out as loud as we please, addressing an academical public: but the least buzz of a hostile thought is suppressed if it is thought likely to reach the ear of the people. Don't tell me then that Voltaire, Rousseau, &c. overthrew by books powers far more durably established. Those powers were better established, it is true; but the force to overthrow them was far more within the reach of writers of books and better within their grasp. They were surrounded by the upper or middle classes, who believed in ideas: but those same classes now-a-days abhor and dread ideas, whatever they may be (as far as they are ideas), and think of nothing but interests. Moreover these same upper and middle classes, whose ears were so open, were still the masters of society. When they were won over, all was done.

'I believe, with you, that these classes may again be persuaded and excited; and I think that when that is done, a great, though still a less, influence may be exercised through them over the people: but this can only be accomplished very slowly, by dint of a multitude of small blows struck successively on the public mind. It is certainly a good, and even a necessary thing to follow this up, and it would be an exaggeration to say that those who do so are

losing their time; but it would be a still greater exaggeration to believe in the complete efficacy and prompt effect of these efforts. To change the mind of the nation quickly, instruction less refined and more adapted to the classes who are now all-powerful is requisite; and as the periodical press is not free, it is only by *facts* and not by ideas that the people can be enlightened as to the true character of the government it lives under. If this government followed its natural disposition, if it were now to commit the faults by which in the long run absolute governments always fall, the nation would see clearly and at once what its constitution is; and as, after all, the comparisons between our own age and the decline of society under the Roman Empire are inaccurate—as the mass of the people forms neither a corrupt nation, nor a timorous nation, nor a nation enslaved like the Roman mob, on that day when light shall break in upon it, the nation will judge.' (P. 481.)

These extracts are long, but they are taken from a volume not yet in the hands of English readers. They are not inferior in wisdom and in acuteness to any of M. de Tocqueville's earlier writings, and they bear directly on the question of the day most interesting to the world—the state of opinion and the duration of the Imperial Government in France. We shall therefore resume and complete them by adding to them one of the last letters to M. de Beaumont, dated

'Tocqueville: 27th Feb., 1858.

'I cannot tell you, my dear friend, how much your last letter has interested me, and how entirely I agree with most of your observations, amongst others with that on the value of liberty. Like you, I have never been more entirely convinced that liberty alone can give to human society in general, and to the individuals which compose it in particular, all the prosperity and all the greatness of which our race is capable.* Every day confirms me more in this belief; my own observations, the lapse of life, the recollections of history, the events of the present day, foreign nations, our own, all combine to give to these opinions of our youth the force of absolute conviction. That liberty is the *sine quâ non* to form a great and

* M. de Tocqueville's definition of liberty, given in a fragment of his English Journal (vol. viii. p. 374), is as follows:—

'Liberty seems to me to hold in the political world the place of the atmosphere in the physical world. The earth is peopled with a multitude of beings differently organised; yet all live and flourish. Alter the conditions of the atmosphere, they suffer; remove them out of it, they die. . . . Change your laws, vary your manners, reform your creeds, modify your forms; if you can attain to this, that man should have full liberty to do whatsoever is not bad in itself, and the certainty of enjoying in peace the produce of what he has done, you have hit the mark. The mark is the same, but there are many ways of attaining it.'

virile nation, is to my mind evidence itself. On this point I have a faith which I should be glad to have on many others. But how difficult it is to establish liberty firmly in nations which have lost the use, and even the true conception of it! How powerless are institutions when they are not fostered by the ideas and habits of the people! I have always thought, that to make France a free nation (in the true sense of the word)—that enterprise to which we have devoted our lives to the extent of our small abilities—I have always thought, I say, that this enterprise was a grand but a rash one. I think it every day more rash, but more grand also; and so much so, that were I to be born again, I should still prefer to risk everything in this hazardous undertaking rather than to bow under a necessity to serve. Will others be more fortunate than we have been? I know not; but I ask myself whether in our time we shall see in France a free nation, at least what you and I mean by the word. That does not mean that we shall not see revolutions. Nothing, believe me, is settled. An unforeseen circumstance, a new turn given to affairs, any accident whatsoever, may bring on extraordinary events to force every man from his retreat. It was to that I alluded in my last letter, and not to the establishment of regular liberty. But what makes me fear that nothing will for a long time make us free, is that we have not the desire to be so. . . . Not indeed that I am one of those who say that we are a decrepid and corrupt nation, destined to perpetual servitude. Those who, with this notion, exhibit the vices of the Roman Empire, and complacently imagine that we are to reproduce them on a smaller scale, are people who seem to me to live in books and not in the reality of their age. We are not a decrepid nation, but a nation worn and terrified by anarchy. We are wanting in the sound and lofty conception of freedom; but we are worth more than our present destiny. We are not yet ripe for the definitive and regular establishment of despotism; and the Government will find this out if ever it attains sufficient security to discourage conspiracies, to cause the anarchical parties to drop their arms, and to crush them from the scene. The Government would then be astonished, in the hey-day of its triumph, to find a stratum of bitterness and opposition, beneath that layer of obsequious followers who now seem to cover the surface of France. I sometimes think that the only chance of seeing a strong love of liberty revive in France is in the tranquil and apparently definitive establishment of absolute power. Observe the working of all our revolutions; it can now be described with great precision. The experience of seventy years has proved that the people *alone* cannot make a revolution; as long as that necessary element of revolutions works alone, it is powerless. It does not become irresistible till a portion of the educated classes has joined it; and these classes will only lend their moral support or their material co-operation to the people when they cease to fear it. Hence it is that at the very moment when each of the governments we have had in the last sixty years appeared to be the strongest, that it caught the disease by which it was to perish. The Restoration began to die the day when

nobody talked any longer of killing it, and so with the July monarchy. I think it will be so with the present government. Paul [M. de Beaumont's youngest son, then a child] will tell me if I am mistaken.' (P. 490.)

There has not been any time since the establishment of the Imperial Government, at which this language was so likely to arrest the attention of the French people as the present. The signs of the times, especially in the recent elections, indicate a spirit very different from the apathy of abject submission and indifference which seemed to have emasculated France. On almost every point of the country—in the choice of representatives, in the choice of the *conseils généraux*, and in the municipal elections—the Government finds its nominations energetically disputed and not unfrequently defeated. If at this moment the Legislative Assembly were re-elected, the Opposition would be represented in it by at least a powerful minority, and if that Opposition is not already in the Chamber, it is out of doors, in spite of all the persecutions and restrictions which have been laid on the exercise of the most legitimate electoral rights. The machinery by which universal suffrage was converted for a time into a toy for prefects and ministers to play with, and an instrument to crush the real intelligence of the people, is worn out. There is once more a voice and a will in that ballot-box; and that voice condemns the Imperial Government. As M. de Tocqueville observed in 1858, it is by *facts* alone, and not by arguments, that the true character of the Government is known—facts such as the state of the finances, the Mexican war, the restrictions of the Press, the prosecution and punishment of electoral committees, are gradually bringing back light to the French nation, and when 'light breaks in, the 'nation will judge.' In spite of many errors of judgment and of conduct, we do not dispute the services which the Emperor Napoleon III. has rendered to France, and we do not question that his popularity is still undiminished with the great majority of the nation. But that popularity cannot cover all the shortcomings and abuses of his government; and dependent as it is on his personal authority, the idea of the termination of his reign is becoming as much an object of terror to the timid, and of perplexity to the wavering, as the incoherent threats of anarchy. For what would he leave behind him? A government composed of men for the most part profoundly discredited —a youthful heir—a regent perhaps, who, both as a foreigner and a woman, has hardly had justice done her by the French people,—and, on the other hand, a rising tide of liberal feeling, more and more disposed to demand institutions which shall give

the nation security for the future and a real voice in its affairs. There is not a man amongst the most devoted adherents of the Empire who does not view this state of things with undisguised apprehension; and there is probably not a man who would counsel and abet the Emperor in an attempt to repeat the blow, which he dealt so successfully in 1851 to an effete Assembly and a terrified community. There is, as it appears to us, but one course to be pursued with any prospect of security to the Imperial dynasty and of tranquillity to France; and that course is to accept the progress of liberal opinions. It would not be very difficult, even with the existing institutions of the Empire, to transform the present absolutism of the sovereign into a system of government which might afford a moderate and reasonable satisfaction to the country. The Imperial Government, though extremely arbitrary, and irresponsible to any organised body in the state, has never failed to acknowledge its democratic origin, and to exercise its power with some regard to the prevailing sentiments of the people. It will be well for its own sake if it follow the same course now. It is not by resistance or repression that the Empire can regain the ground it is losing. The language even of its harshest judges and keenest enemies deserves its serious attention; and if France is again to be saved from another of those periodical convulsions which may even now be approaching, like a storm on the furthest limit of the horizon, it will be by timely concessions to the reviving energy of the nation. At such a moment, the voice of M. de Tocqueville, in his ardent love of freedom, will not be unheard or without influence, and we shall be curious to learn what answer will be made to this posthumous appeal of a great thinker and a great patriot.

ART. VII.—*Narrative of a Year's Journey through Central and Eastern Arabia* (1862–63). By WILLIAM GIFFORD PALGRAVE, late of the Eighth Regiment Bombay Native Infantry. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1865.

MANY of our readers will doubtless be familiar with Lady Duff Gordon's 'Letters from Egypt,' already reviewed in this Journal, and will remember the peculiar earnestness with which that accomplished traveller speaks of the tendency of Englishmen and Europeans in general to treat Orientals and other inferior races (as we deem them) with contemptuous hostility whenever brought into contact with them. Lady Duff Gordon appears to think this kind of arrogance to be much on the increase among us. And possibly she is in the right; but this may arise from superficial causes only:—

'It is curious (she says) that all the old books of travel that I have read mention the natives of strange countries in a far more natural tone, and with far more attempt to discriminate character, than modern ones, e.g. Carsten Niebuhr's Travels here and in Arabia, Cook's Voyages, and many others. Have we grown so very civilised since a hundred years, that outlandish people seem to us like puppets, and not like real human beings?'

The truth is, we take it, that civilised man rarely learns to treat others as his equals except under the influence of necessary caution; and it is only by treating them as equals, that he can learn what they are really like. In the old days, when Bruce toiled through a thousand dangers to the source of his Blue Nile, and Niebuhr dwelt for years under the Arab roofs and tents, and Hearne and Mackenzie accompanied the Indian hunters in their painful marches to the shores of the Frozen Sea, European wanderers were as yet insulated strangers among multitudes who cared but little for them and their prerogatives, and held, as it were, their lives in their hands. They were compelled for self-preservation to cultivate their companions' good graces, to learn their usages, and defer to their prejudices. Now the steamer brings the young Londoner or Parisian, with all the bloom of his carefully nourished *outrecuidance* fresh upon him, within a few days' journey of the dwelling of the barbarous people whom he means to visit; he has at his disposal that host of corrupt guides and lackeys which follows the European everywhere in his encroachments, and constitutes in truth one of the worst features of the modern system of travelling; by these he is carefully educated in the notion, to which his own disposition

too much inclines him, that insolence and swagger, or at best the constant maintenance of an air of superiority, are the true method of insuring obedience. And from the exercise of these pleasant methods of persuasion he has, in truth, not much to fear; for those among whom he journeys have learnt to put up with this kind of treatment, as amply compensated by the chink of the stranger's napoleons; or if a rebellious spirit rises within them, they stand in dread of displeasing their own chiefs and governors, who on their part live in salutary awe of the Consuls whose flags wave over their cities. And in this way the visitor goes and returns, a little disabused, perhaps, as to the amount of pleasure to be derived from thus enacting the foreign potentate in the deserts; but, in other respects, with just enough knowledge of the countries which he has visited to enable him to impart to his friends, or readers, his impressions of contempt for the society whose outside he has barely seen.

There is so little to learn from this order of travellers, and they are so numerous, that, for our own part, we rarely attempt to read a new volume of this class of literature, unless in cases where the author has travelled for a purpose, such as the elucidation of points of scientific or antiquarian knowledge. But we make a most willing exception to our rule in the case of those very few who go forth in the resolution to throw aside, for awhile, the self-conceit as well as the habits of civilised life, and to become sojourners in the wild parts of the earth, in the spirit of those old writers whom Lady Duff Gordon mentions, and of their prototype Ulysses, 'seeing the 'cities, and learning the minds, of many men.'

To this latter category, and to the rarest division of it, those who carry to their work a mind stored with great variety of knowledge and accomplishments, the author of these volumes belongs. It is only necessary for us to refer in passing to the singular effect produced in English society last autumn, by his sudden appearance among us after an almost unbroken absence from this country of many years, and the piquant revelations which he then communicated to the Geographical Society respecting the interior of Arabia, and in particular the secluded metropolis of the Wahabees, concerning whom so much of romantic interest had been vaguely asserted, and so little was really known. For a short time, he disappeared again from among us; and then came the intelligence that he had changed the design of a life, and had adopted again the habits of the native country from which he had been so long estranged. And he now imparts the fruits of his wanderings

in the shape of these two volumes, giving us at once, through a single effort of descriptive genius, a more intimate knowledge of the interior of secluded Arabia than we possess of many other Mahometan countries, easily accessible to all, and annually visited by clouds of commonplace tourists.

It is due to a writer to respect whatever reserve he thinks it necessary to make use of in his communications to the public; and Mr. Palgrave practises this reserve even to a provoking extent. But the peculiar circumstances of his past life are now so generally known, that it would be mere affectation not to mention at the outset so much of them as is necessary to serve as a clue both to his real motives for visiting these regions, and to the prepossessions with which he visited them, and of which his pages afford such abundant evidence. Mr. Palgrave, the son of the most eminent of modern English antiquaries, and himself distinguished in early life as one of the best rising Oxford scholars of his day, relinquished, we believe, of his own accord the career of ordinary successes which seemed open to him; served for some time in the Indian army; and having left that profession also, passed a considerable section of his life 'in connexion,' as he phrases it, with the order of Jesuits in Syria. He thus became, after the manner of his acute and resolute brethren, closely familiar with the inner life both of the Christians of that region, and also of their Mahometan neighbours, so far as these could be safely approached by one proceeding from the enemy's headquarters. Thoroughly accomplished in the Arabic language and literature, he was despatched from Syria to Arabia in 1862, on a 'mission.' As to the nature of that 'mission,' he is discreetly, or rather loyally, silent; we can ourselves only accept the popular report, that it was connected with the half-political and half-proselytising designs long entertained, though not very consistently or resolutely followed out, by the French Government in Syria. To complete this scanty personal preface, we may add that since his last return to England, Mr. Palgrave has been sent by our Foreign Office on an errand of a very different character, on which he is now engaged; that of obtaining access to our unfortunate countrymen detained by King Theodore in Abyssinia, and negotiating their release.

That he was employed on a secret mission, our author indicates in his preface, when he informs us that the necessary funds were furnished by the liberality of the Emperor of the French; and more fully in the account of his visit to Telal, the able and enlightened prince, as he describes him, of Djebel Shomer, in the heart of Northern Arabia. But the absence of

any more explicit clue to his intentions and proceedings has necessarily left much of his narrative in a somewhat hazy condition. It is impossible not to see throughout that we are only admitted to half-confidence; and an author who thus treats the public, though it may be from the most honourable motives, cannot complain if the public in return extend only the same kind of half-confidence to himself. Many of Mr. Palgrave's tales of adventures among the people who dwell beyond the Syrian desert, have been received with much the same kind of caution which the world exhibited towards Bruce's narratives of his mighty deeds of war and policy among the Abyssinians. For our own part, we will only say that every comparison we have made with other authorities has satisfied us only the more of the general accuracy of Mr. Palgrave's pictures of Arabian life and politics, after every allowance made for the influence of a fiery imagination and strong prepossessions; and that such slight corroboration as could be obtained of the more personal portion of his narrative has tended the same way. But he must not complain, as we said before, if, where so much is left unexplained, the vague doubts engendered by a half-told story will still beset his readers. For instance, in vol. ii. c. xvii. he and his comrade—travelling as mere wandering Syrian doctors, as far as their companions knew, or the reader is allowed to know—are the victims of a most romantic shipwreck in the Persian Gulf, lose all their trifling effects, including their presents for native chiefs, and find their way to the marine palace of Thoweynee, sovereign of Oman, penniless, and much in the same bodily plight as that in which Ulysses announced himself to the daughter of King Alcinous. Once arrived, however, they are 'lodged and taken care of in the palace;' they are next provided by the hospitality 'of a merchant with 'lodging, board, and raiment;' in a few days our author is walking the streets of Muscat 'with a decent upper garment of 'red cotton, Oman fashion, a large white girdle, a turban, 'shoes, and the Nebaa walking-stick, indispensable for respec-'tability,' lives in gentlemanly style for some weeks in this metropolis, and finally obtains free passage and board to the port of Abushehr, with an utter stranger, 'a sea-captain of 'Koweyt,' who refused to take any payment in requital. How the offer of it could have been made by travellers just cast ashore half-naked, does not appear. Of course, all these adventures, as pleasantly improbable on the surface as those of Sinbad in the same region, are easily understood on the supposition of the 'mission,' and of the familiarity with accredited agents which it must have given; but the studious omission of

all reference to particulars of this kind greatly bewilders the uninitiated reader.

For the immediate purposes of his journey, Mr. Palgrave assumed, as we have said, the character and appearance of a Syrian travelling doctor—a Christian, as we infer. Niebuhr had also travelled in the dress of an Oriental Christian, which is evidently neither an unsafe nor unacceptable garb in latitudinarian Arabia, such as, we shall presently see, our author describes it. His comrade, who 'by a slight but necessary 'fiction,' passed for his brother-in-law (his indispensable companion, we suppose: persons in connexion with the order of the Jesuits are said always to travel in couples), 'was a native of 'the village of Zahleh in the plains of Cœlo-Syria.' No one, of course, will question the necessity of the disguise for their purposes, or its propriety, where a serious object was to be attained. But, for our own parts, we cannot deny that we entertain a certain old-fashioned repugnance to the practice, not only avowed, but boasted of, by some travellers of this day, of assuming false characters, and conforming themselves to the costume and religion of regions which they visit from mere curiosity. When we listen to a returned traveller of this class, in London learned society, recounting with an air of high self-satisfaction his successful tricks, chuckling over the discomfiture of the stupid Moslem whom he may have succeeded in outwitting, and all this for no higher purpose than that of contributing, as it is phrased, to our stores of geographical knowledge, we cannot help sometimes reflecting on what these straightforward zealots whom we mock must think of us, who thus enjoy the recital of a long lie, acted at their expense, on the most solemn of subjects; and also, what the result may be, when the deceit becomes known among them—and everything is known sooner or later nowadays—on the prospects of subsequent European travellers in the same countries. Of course Mr. Palgrave, whose reason for disguise we have seen, and who moreover concealed his nationality only, and avowed his religion, is but lightly touched by this animadversion of ours, which many will think impertinent or overstrained, even in instances where it more closely applies. But it is plain enough, even in his case, how much of weariness and vexation, not unmixed with shame, the constant wearing a mask —the continued strain of the effort to deceive—and the slight fit of remorse which followed every fit of exultation over a successful piece of acting—unavoidably occasioned him. 'My 'assumed medical title,' he says, half in earnest, 'was a 'horrid, a most scandalous imposture, an unpardonable cheat,

'whatever you choose; but I could not help it.' At the Djowf, their first halting-place, he and his comrade had, he says, to put up with the most undisguised exhibitions of the profligacy of the abandoned class of the people, 'under 'penalty of belying our character of travelling Arab quacks or 'pedlars, who are naturally enough supposed to be fully inured 'to such society. The necessity of keeping up to the life 'the same character obliged us to appear, if possible, equally 'tenacious of gain, equally anxious not to be overreached in a 'bargain for coffee or physic, for cloth or attendance, as these 'good folks were to overreach us. It was, in Scotch phrase, "a '"kittle part to play," and we could not but repeat to ourselves 'more than once, "This is the goodliest sport—would it '"were done!"' (Vol. i. p. 82.) At Hayel, their next resting-place, when passing a kind of preliminary examination before the court chamberlain, Mr. Palgrave, to his horror, heard three individuals profess to recognise him as an old acquaintance. Now of these three, one, with 'a face well known to him 'scarcely six months before in Damascus,' at once greeted him with 'a cheerful salutation, in the confidential tone of an old 'acquaintance,' as in truth he was. The second said also that he had seen our author in a certain locality at Damascus, and (it seems) might have done so, though unremembered. But a third, profiting by the excited curiosity of the audience, boldly asserted, 'I also know him perfectly well: I have often met him 'at Cairo, where he lived in great wealth in a house near the 'Kasr-el-Eynee: his name is Abd-el-Saleeb, he is married, and 'has a very beautiful daughter, who rides an expensive horse,' &c. &c. &c. Now, as our traveller argued to himself with ingenuity and not without casuistry, of these three, the first tells the truth, the second may tell the truth, but the third is an unmitigated liar. Against him, therefore, he directed his answering battery, and easily convinced the audience that the fine house, beautiful daughter, and expensive horse existed only in the informer's imagination. The result was—to shorten the story, which is excellently told—that the third witness declared 'he had mistaken his man.' The 'first and 'worthiest' was so puzzled by the 'rebukes' which he received from the chamberlain for his untoward assertion, that he evaporated in humble apologies; while the second happening to leave the town, 'his tale, true or not, fell to the ground for 'want of repetition and confirmation.' Amusing, doubtless; and we will not say how much of this kind of hide-and-seek may be justified by what is called, in our author's preface, 'the hope of doing something towards the permanent social

'good of these wide regions,' though how far that is aided by a successful and finally avowed imposture may admit of curious questioning; but that it is authorised by a mere 'natural curiosity to know the yet unknown, and the restless-'ness of enterprise not rare in Englishmen,' we must, however unfashionable the doctrine, continue to doubt.

Nor are these scruples of ours really inconsistent with the preference which we have expressed for that class of travellers who evince familiar acquaintance with the true life and character of the communities which they visit. There are few parts of the world with which an European may not attain such intimacy through patience and assiduity, without concealing his character or abating anything of his self-respect. And as for those few fanatical communities in which this is impossible, the daring visitors who make their way through them by stratagem must be regarded, we suppose, as playing the same indispensable part as spies in time of war, by whose services we profit without usually boasting of them.

However this may be, it is somewhat entertaining to observe the bitter terms in which travellers of this class are sure to speak of those who have suspected or found them out, just as thieves, when they now and then favour us with their autobiographies, are always most severe on sagacious thief-takers. At Hayel, our travellers fall in with one Obeyd, uncle to Telal, a partisan, and it seems an agent, of the prince of the Wahabees, much feared by the latitudinarians of Telal's surrounding. This personage penetrates their disguise. He bursts out, in their presence, into 'a hideous expression of con-'centrated rage,' then pretends a reconciliation, and gives them a letter of introduction to the chief Wahabee potentate, to whose dominions they were proceeding; which, when, following the precedent of Prince Hamlet, they judiciously open it, is found to contain a warning that their characters are only assumed. Now there may have been treachery in the mode which Obeyd adopted of conveying this caution to Feysul, though he seems to have put his visitors pretty fairly on their guard; but Mr. Palgrave does not appear to perceive that to send it, at all events, was an act of simple justice, when the territories of Obeyd's friend were about to be entered by men with a 'mission,' under a character which he knew to be false.

Mr. Palgrave, however, as we have seen, seems to have accepted his own disguise as the necessary accompaniment of the errand assigned him by his superiors. How far it was really essential to his end, his own narrative leaves us somewhat in doubt; but whether through its aid or otherwise, he

has succeeded in giving us by far the most remarkable glimpse into the interior of a secluded Oriental community which we have obtained from any traveller of modern times. The details of his personal adventures have become by this time so widely known, from the great interest and curiosity excited by his revelations, that we shall, for our own part, exercise no common self-denial, by omitting, on the present occasion, all his narratives of escapes 'with the skin of his teeth' from combinations of difficulties, out of which he always gets at the right moment, and his wonderfully dramatic description of occurrences which he witnessed, and personages with whom he came in contact. Mr. Palgrave writes at once for the lover of entertainment, and for the politician and geographer. It is in his latter capacity that we intend chiefly to make use of him at present, and to give our readers some idea of the amount of light which his observations throw on the present state of the great Arabian continent, known hitherto to European travellers only at its points of contact with external commerce, or at most in the country traversed by the pilgrims to the great Mahometan shrines.

Arabia forms a vast peninsula, twelve hundred English miles in length, and from eight hundred to a thousand in breadth; the wide isthmus, which may be more properly said to insulate it from the rest of the world than to connect it therewith, being the great 'Syrian Desert,' lying between Palestine and the mouth of the Euphrates. Beyond this desert, all that has been hitherto explored by Europeans consists of portions of the coast of the Red Sea, and the country between these and the holy cities of Mecca and Medina, at no great distance; the fertile province of Yemen (Arabia Felix), visited by Niebuhr; the immediate neighbourhood of Aden, at the southernmost extremity of the peninsula, occupied now for some years by Great Britain; and the sovereignty of Oman at its eastern point, on the Persian Gulf, ruled by its Sultan, who likewise holds under his sway part of the Persian shore of the Gulf. To these we have now to add the interior provinces of Djebel Shomer and Nejed, with their dependencies, traversed and described by our author in much detail, on a line of march extending from the Dead Sea to the Persian Gulf, and occupying very nearly the central region of the peninsula.

These central provinces are absolutely surrounded by wastes. They form, in fact, a vast oasis, as large, perhaps, as France or Germany; having to the north the neck of desert already spoken of, dividing Arabia from Syria; to the east a narrow strip of similar desert, bordering on the coast of the Gulf; to

the west a vast extent of partially desert country, interrupted by oases, extending to the Hedjaz; southward, the vast unknown Dahna, or Great Sandy Desert, reaching nearly to the shores of the Indian Ocean—said to contain within its solitudes other provinces of settled inhabitants not known at all to Europeans, and only by vague report to the other Arabs, but constituting in the whole about half the entire peninsula. Between these desert regions and the nearly surrounding seas, again, lie strips of land, amounting in some parts to considerable provinces, which form the abode of settled communities; the principal (beginning on the Red Sea and proceeding round the peninsula) being the Hedjaz; Yemen; Hadramaut, along the southern coast, principally desert, but in some parts cultivable; Oman, at the mouth of the Persian Gulf; Katar and Hasa, on its southern shore; continuing the outer ring of settled lands, with comparatively slight interruption, to the mouth of the Euphrates. In short, to sum up this general description, Arabia consists of a central circle, or bull's eye, of permanently inhabited country; a second circle of desert; and a third or outer coast circle of partially cultivated country again.

The desert regions of Arabia, a dreary expanse, varied only by the comparative prevalence of rocky formation in some parts, and sand in others, do not appear in general to attain the extremity of austere lifelessness which characterises the central portion of the African Sahara, being less sparingly watered; but they suffice to constitute impediments to communication, and render it impossible to fuse the outlying provinces with any single dominion. The separate portions of Arabia have from time immemorial been politically divided by their intersecting deserts, as the Greek republics by their seas, the Swiss cantons by their mountains. No great monarchy has ever existed in this quarter of the world.

The central cultivated region or kernel of Arabia presents a very different aspect, and one which Mr. Palgrave has been literally the first to reveal to us. According to his descriptions (a little coloured, perhaps, by his enthusiastic nature, and by the contrast which they exhibit to a traveller arriving from across the sandy wilderness), Nejed, and the adjacent provinces of Kaseem and Djebel Shomer, constitute one of the most delightful, if not absolutely the richest, regions of Asia. They occupy a wide plateau, raised to a considerable height above the ordinary level of the Desert, and enjoying a cool and invigorating climate on the very verge of the tropic. They are watered by a most abundant supply of perennial wells, and

by streams which furnish ample means for irrigation during a great part of the year. The leading physical peculiarity of the Arabian uplands seems to be that the moisture, which they receive and collect in considerable abundance, never finds its way to the sea. All the springs of Nejed are lost in the surrounding desert. The river which most of our maps represent as proceeding from Derayeh, in Nejed, to the Indian Ocean, is simply an imaginary creation of geographers. It seems, indeed, doubtful whether the whole of Arabia furnishes a single perennial river which reaches the sea. Certainly there is none such in the large portion visited by Mr. Palgrave. But the moisture, thus early absorbed, is by no means lost. The many considerable towns and village-districts of which this central oasis is composed, are surrounded by gardens and cultivated fields, or buried, as it were, in forests of date-trees; while beyond these stretch the wide pasture fields, affording sustenance to the noblest breed of horses in the world, becoming scantier and scantier as they approach the circumjacent ring of desert which ultimately encloses the picture. We select from the many passages of these volumes descriptive of this class of scenery, one delineating the province of Kaseem, lying immediately west of Nejed proper, and the other Nejed itself:—

'Before us to the utmost horizon stretched an immense plain, studded with towns and villages, towers and groves, all steeped in the dazzling noon, and announcing everywhere life, opulence, and activity. The average breadth of this populous district is about sixty miles, its length twice as much, or more; it lies full two hundred feet below the level of the uplands, which here break off like a wall. . . . Fifty or more good-sized villages and four or five large towns form the commercial and agricultural centres of the province, and its surface is moreover thick strewn with smaller hamlets, isolated wells and gardens, and traversed with a network of tracks in every direction.' (Vol. i. p. 239.)

'The great mass of upland termed "Toweyk" or "Nejed" is for the most of calcareous formation . . . a white table-land, and long parallel lines like stairs. The extreme verge is almost always abrupt, and takes a bold rise of about five or six hundred feet sheer in chalky cliffs from the adjoining plain. Then succeeds a table-land, various in extent, and nearly level throughout, then another step of three or four hundred feet, followed by a second and higher table-land; and occasionally a third and yet loftier plateau crowns the second; but the summit is invariably flat, excepting the few granite crests on the further side of Sideyr and towards Yemamah. These high grounds are for the most clothed on their upper surface with fine and sufficient pasture, which lasts throughout the year; but the greater the elevation the less is the fertility and the drier the soil.

Trees, solitary or in little groups, are here common. . . . Little water is to be found, at any rate in autumn, though I saw some spots that appeared to have pools in spring; we met with one, and one only, perennial source. The entire plateau is intersected by a maze of valleys, some broad, some narrow, some long and winding, some of little length, but almost all bordered with steep and at times precipitous banks, and looking as though they had been artificially cut out in the limestone mountain. In these countless hollows is concentrated the fertility and the population of Nejed; gardens and houses, cultivation and villages, hidden from view among the depths while one journeys over the dry flats (I had well nigh called them "denes," for they often reminded me of those near Yarmouth) above, till one comes suddenly on the mass of emerald green beneath. One would think that two different lands and climates had been somehow interwoven into one, yet remained unblended. The soil of these valleys is light, and mixed with marl, sand, and little pebbles washed down from the heights, for everywhere their abrupt edges are furrowed by torrent tracks that, collecting above, rush over in winter, and often turn the greater part of the gully below into a violent watercourse for two or three days, till the momentary supply is spent, and then pools and plashes remain through the months of spring, while the most of the water sinks underground, where it forms an unfailing supply for the wells in summer, or breaks out once more in living springs amid the low lands of Hasa and Kateef, towards the sea coast, and beyond the outskirts of Djebel Toweyk itself. However, none of these winter torrents finds its way unbroken to the sea; some are at once re-absorbed, while yet within the limits of the mountain labyrinth, whose watershed, I should add, lies on the eastern, not on the western side; while a few, so the natives of the country told me, make their way right through Toweyk to the Nefood on the west, or to the Dahna on the east and south, and are there speedily lost in the deep sands, where a Rhine or a Euphrates could hardly avoid a similar fate.' (Vol. i. p. 338.)

Lastly: the provinces of the outer or maritime ring enjoy for the most part a warmer climate, which deteriorates their value for pastoral purposes, and assimilates their cultivation more nearly to that of tropical regions; exhibiting in parts scenes of great fertility and beauty, as in our author's favourite regions of Hasa and Oman, on the Persian Gulf, and far south, in coffee-producing Yemen.

Of the animal productions of Central Arabia, it need hardly be said that the most interesting is the horse: 'the Nejdean 'horse,' says our author, himself an old soldier and no contemptible judge, 'is considered no less superior to all others of 'his kind in Arabia, than is the Arabian breed collectively to 'the Persian, Cape of Good Hope, or Indian.' But we must pass by this tempting subject at present, and content ourselves,

as regards the animal kingdom, with noticing one strange discrepancy between him and other authorities. 'Snakes in Ne-'jed,' he says, 'are not less rare than in Ireland or in Malta,' and proceeds to laugh at Lamartine for a marvellous story, in which a traveller is made to discover in Central Arabia 'a 'whole thicket full of their sloughs.' But Colonel Pelly, of whose visit to the same region we shall speak presently, says, that when crossing the Dahna, or sand region immediately west of Riad, 'our people would kill a dozen snakes a day,' so that the lively Frenchman's imagination does not seem after all to have led him so far astray.

The race of mankind which inhabits Arabia seems, as far as we can collect from the information furnished by travellers, to be composed of a single family, or at most of two, if we are to adopt the somewhat obscure distinction between the Kahtân and Ismaelitish branches. Few, if any, scattered tribes, either of foreign importation, or of indigenous and almost prehistoric origin, like some of the wilder clans of India, are known to exist. But the great Arab people has been divided from the remotest period of antiquity, not by race, but by locality and mode of life, into two fractions which rarely intermingle with each other; the Bedouins, as we are in the habit of calling the nomad tribes of the Desert (Badawin, the plural of Badawi, an adjective derived from Badu, a desert, as Captain Burton informs us), and the people of the cities and cultivated lands of the far interior and of the sea-coast. It is in his appreciation of the respective qualities and characters of these two classes of Arabs that Mr. Palgrave differs most widely, and we cannot but say in the most eccentric way, from all other observers whose works we have had occasion to consult. Not only to poets and romancers, but to ordinary describers, the Bedouins represent the original, pure, unadulterated Arab stock; they are the remnant of the old occupants of the country, from which the tillers of the ground, and the dwellers in cities, have gradually degenerated; and they possess those simple virtues of nomad races, of which the children of so-called civilisation in Arabia, as well as out of it, have long ago lost the last trace. In Mr. Palgrave's animated pages, the two pictures are absolutely reversed. The Bedouins are throughout the objects of his utmost contempt and aversion. They are in general 'utter barbarians in appearance no less than cha-'racter, wild, fickle, reckless, and the capacity of whose intel-'lect is as scanty as its cultivation.' They only amount in numbers to a sixth or seventh of the settled population. 'Not 'only do they decline for themselves any endeavour to improve

'their territory, or draw out its hidden resources, but even 'oppose such an attempt when made by others as injurious to 'their own rights; and in consequence are the hereditary 'enemies of governments, villages, and peasants, not out of 'mere rapacity alone, but on a set system, like the dog of the 'story in the manger, who, though he did not himself eat the 'straw, yet wanted it to lie on.' They are inferior not only in intellect and cultivation, but in physical characteristics, to their agricultural neighbours; they are sometimes 'good-natured,' but in all parts 'impudent and predatory.' Their religion is the grossest materialism, varnished over, through fear only, with an outward semblance of Mahometanism. Their very good faith, the quality most generally attributed to them, is exceptional only:—

'To lead travellers astray in the wilderness till they fall exhausted by thirst and weariness, and then to plunder and leave them to die, is no unfrequent Bedouin procedure. . . . But (he concludes, after summing up their worst qualities) what I wish my readers to remember is, that these wanderers must not be taken for a true sample of the Arab race, or for its genuine type: they are only a degenerate branch of that great tree, not its root or main stock. In a word, they are a pastoral population grown out of and around the fixed nation, of which we shall soon see more, and condemned to savage life, with all its concomitants of ignorance and vice, by the circumstances of their condition, or fostered into insolence and open rapine by the weakness and negligence of those who should have kept them within due limits.' (Vol. i. p. 34.)

Mr. Palgrave's Bedouins are, in short, like Macaulay's Highlanders—savages, on whom he feels the greater satisfaction in venting his contempt, by reason of the false colouring of romance which fanciful writers have thrown around them; nay, the spite which he entertains towards the Bedouin master he extends, as paradoxically, to his servant the camel: an 'undomesticated and savage animal, rendered serviceable by 'stupidity alone, . . . neither attachment nor even habit im-'press him: never tame, though not wide awake enough to be 'exactly wild. One passion alone he possesses—namely, that 'of revenge, of which he furnishes many a hideous example, 'while in carrying it out he shows an unexpected degree of 'far-thoughted malice, united meanwhile with all the cold 'stupidity of his ordinary character.'

For the settled Arab population Mr. Palgrave professes, on the contrary, a very high degree of respect, as, upon the whole, and notwithstanding many shortcomings, one of the finest families of men, both physically and morally, which

exist. 'The respective prosperity and importance,' he says, 'of the dwellers in tents and the dwellers in brick are in 'a nearly exact, but in an inverse, proportion.' The Arabs of inhabited lands and organised governments are 'one of 'the noblest races upon earth.' They are 'identical in blood 'and in tongue with the natives of the desert, but how 'immeasurably superior! The Nejdean, in particular, the 'central Arab of all Arabians, is patient, cool, slow in pre-'paring his means of action, more tenacious than any bull-dog 'when he has once laid hold, attached to his ancestral usages 'and native land by a patriotism rare in the East, sober almost 'to austerity in his mode of life, averse to the luxury and 'display of foreign nations, nay, stranger still, to their very 'vices;' while the less severely virtuous inhabitants of maritime Oman are at least in disposition the best tempered, the most hospitable, in a word the most amiable, of all the Arab race, and celebrated alike for the 'beauty of the women 'and the good humour of the men.'

'If my readers will draw a diagonal line across the map of Arabia from north-west to south-east, following the direction of my actual journey through that country, and then distinguish the several regions of the peninsula by belts of colour brightening while they represent the respective degrees of advancement in arts, commerce, and their kindred acquirements, they will have for the darkest line that nearest to the north, or Wadi Serhan, while the Djowf, Djebel Shomer, Nejed, Hasa, and their dependencies, grow lighter in succession more and more, till the belt corresponding to Oman should show the cheerfullest tint of all. In fact, it is principally owing to the circumstance that the northern and western parts of Arabia have been hitherto those almost exclusively visited by travellers, that the idea of Arab barbarism or Bedouinism has found such general acceptance in Europe; the centre and the east of what lies between the Red Sea and the Gulf of Oman would have supplied a much more favourable criterion.' (Vol. i. p. 166.)

Thoroughly consistent in his partialities, Mr. Palgrave is as unrelenting in his judgment on the personal charms of the Bedouin ladies as on the *morale* of their lords. The poetical Arab maid of the desert has no charms for him.

'Might I venture on the delicate and somewhat invidious task of constructing a beauty-scale for Arabia, and for Arabia alone, the Bedouin women would in this kalometer be represented by zero, or at most 1°; a degree higher would represent the female sex of Nejed; above them rank the women of Shomer, who are in their turn surmounted by those of Djowf. The fifth or six degree symbolises the fair ones of Hasa; the seventh those of Katar; and lastly, by a sudden rise of ten degrees at least, the seventeenth

or eighteenth would denote the pre-eminent beauties of Oman.' (Vol. ii. p. 177.)*

Mr. Palgrave's estimate of the number of the settled population gives for Djebel Shomer 274,000 inhabitants, for the subjects of the Empire of Nejed 1,219,000, or barely a million and a half for the whole of this central kernel of Arabia. That of Oman he calculates at 2,280,000. But these numbers are furnished only on oral information, and have, as he admits,

---

* We cannot resist the temptation of comparing with these passages some scattered extracts from Captain Burton's character of the Bedouin, the object of his special partiality as he is the *bête noire* of his clever successor. 'The best character of the Bedouin 'is a truly noble compound of determination, gentleness, and 'generosity. Usually they are a mixture of worldly cunning and 'great simplicity, sensitive to touchiness, good-tempered souls, solemn 'and dignified withal, fond of a jest, yet of a grave turn of mind, 'easily managed by a laugh and a soft word, and placable after 'passion, though madly revengeful after injury. . . . The obstinacy 'produced by strong religious impressions gives a steadfastness to 'his spirit unknown to mere enthusiasm. . . . I lament to see so 'many intelligent gentlemen misjudging the Arabs after a super-'ficial experience of a few debased Syrians or Sinaites. The true 'children of Antar have not ceased to be gentlemen. . . . It is the 'existence of this chivalry among them which makes the society of 'Bedouins so delightful to a traveller who, like the late Haji Wali '(Dr. Wallin), understands and is understood by them. Nothing 'more *naïve* than his lamentations at finding himself in the "loath-'"some company of Persians" or among Arab townspeople, whose '"filthy and cowardly minds" he contrasts with the "high and '"chivalrous spirit of the true son of the desert."' Who shall decide when such oriental doctors disagree? Elsewhere, however, and not quite consistently, Captain Burton seems to agree with our author, at least to some extent, as to the religious indifferentism of his favourites. 'The faith of the Bedouins comes from El Islam, whose 'hold is weak. But his customs and institutions, the growth of his 'climate, his nature, and his wants, are still those of his ancestors, 'cherished ere Mecca had sent forth a prophet.' (*Pilgrimage to El Medinah and Meccah*, vol. iii. pp. 44, 60, 78, &c.) We must add, in conclusion, the testimony of Burckhardt, though he is comparing the Bedouins rather with the corrupt townsmen of Syria than with the settled inhabitants of Central Arabia to whom Mr. Palgrave has introduced us. 'The wandering Arabs have certainly more wit 'and sagacity than the people who live in towns; their heads are 'always clear, their spirits unimpaired by debauchery, and their 'minds not corrupted by slavery; and I am justified in saying, that 'there are few nations among whom natural talents are so univer-'sally diffused as among the Bedouins.'

no strong claim to our reliance. The Bedouins, as we have seen, our author estimates at a sixth or seventh of the whole population, but it may be doubted whether this is not an under-estimate. As regards government, every Arab city and oasis-like collection of villages beyond the limits of the ill-defined Turkish dominion, seems to be under the 'patriarchal' sway (Mr. Palgrave has a strong objection to the term, but we can find no better to express our meaning briefly) of its own chief or chiefs; but the sovereignties under which these petty chiefdoms are grouped perpetually vary in relative extent and importance according to the personal good fortune and success of individual rulers, sometimes prolonged in short-lived dynasties, never, as we have said, acquiring the character of established monarchies. The present rulers of the land, all three visited by our author, and portrayed in so lifelike a manner that we feel as if we had made personal acquaintance with each of them, are Telal-Ibn-el-Rasheed, the able and liberal chief of Hayel; the stern old blind Feysul, sovereign of Nejed and chief of those fierce Wahabees who have once already revolutionised Arabia, who shrank back, a generation ago, from the sword of Egypt, but who are now apparently commencing a second period of successful annexation; and Thoweynee, the good-humoured, tolerant, and somewhat epicurean Sultan of Oman.

We have seen that Mr. Palgrave entertains a high opinion of the personal qualities of these Arabs of the interior, with whom his sojourn of close intimacy, in the character of a wandering physician, made him closely familiar; but we were hardly prepared to find him maintain, contrary to all which is commonly said about them, that they have a high capacity for civilisation.

'Some authors, travelled or otherwise, have represented the Arabs of the interior as a race absolutely incapable of any real attainment or progress in practical and material science, and have supposed that branch of knowledge to be the exclusive portion of Japhet, to borrow for an instant the typical but convenient classification used by many, while Shem and his descendants, amongst whom the Arabs hold a distinguished place, are to be allowed neither part nor lot in this matter. . . . I am rather inclined to regard the Arabs, taken in themselves and individually, as endowed with a remarkable aptitude for these very pursuits, and hardly less adapted to the railroad, to the steamship, or any other nineteenth-century invention or natural research, than the natives of Sheffield or Birmingham themselves. But lack of communication with other countries, and especially with those which were in former times, and yet are, the fountain heads of that special activity; and, in addition, the Mahometan drug which

paralyses whatever it does not kill outright; have kept them back in the intellectual race, to be outrun by others more favoured by circumstance, though not perhaps by nature. When the Koran and Mecca shall have disappeared from Arabia, then, and then only, can we seriously expect to see the Arab assume that place in the ranks of civilisation from which Mahomet and his book have, more than any other individual cause, long held him back. I do not know exactly how far these remarks may have their analogical application among Turks or Persians. The former, whether in their Pagan or in their Mahometan phase, have hardly ever appeared on the world's scene except to destroy, rarely to construct; neither literature nor arts owing aught to the Turk but progressive debasement and decay. As to the Persians, they appear to me, at least in their national character, essentially and irretrievably rotten, whatever be their religion, dynasty, or organisation. Their influence on the Eastern mind has been undeniably great; but only productive of extravagance in speculation, bad taste in literature, and perversity in art. Very different is the aspect afforded by the better days of Arab preponderance; and the decline and extinction of its early promise can only be explained partly by the foreign influences, national or intellectual, of Ispahan and Tartary, and still more by the Mahometan principle of decay, first developed in the Hejaz.' (Vol. i. p. 175.)

This is, at all events, a novel view of Arabian character and history, and we must be allowed to suspect that Mr. Palgrave's anti-Mahometan zeal has had some share in its production. Surely the stationary character of Arabian civilisation and of the Arabian mind had been equally conspicuous for ages before the advent of the great false prophet to whom our traveller attributes it. Egypt, Assyria, Persia, Rome, had ere that time risen and decayed, and left this secluded peninsula as they had found it, untouched by their arms, uninfluenced by their arts. But, in addition to this, we cannot but remember a passage in Mr. Palgrave's own eloquent address to the Geographical Society, for the reproduction of which we have looked in vain in these volumes. Speaking of the Wahabees, he then said:—

'They have remained, so to speak, fossilized in the midst 'of a changing world. They have not gone back, they have 'not gone forward, they have not advanced, as far as I can 'judge, in civilisation, from the accounts which I have of 'Arab life at the time of Mahomet, nor yet have they retro-'graded. With the fixity peculiar, I believe, to the Semitic 'families, . . . they have remained exactly at the point they 'were.'

We certainly cannot reconcile these apparent contradictions, and can only surmise that Mr. Palgrave's impetuosity of generalisation has hurried him into conclusions which are

either inconsistent, or require at least a good deal of ingenuity to weld them together.

But what will appear to most readers even a more startling paradox than the assertion of the fitness of the Arabs for civilisation, is the picture drawn of their religious condition. Not only, we have to learn, are they, in the mass, by no means a strictly religious, but a tolerant, easy-living, materialist people, but, moreover, the faith of the Koran has after all taken no firm root among them, and has by no means extinguished these ancient remnants of primitive belief and early superstition which it was the mission of Mahomet to destroy. At the very outset of his journey—before he had crossed the first belt of desert between Syria and the oasis of El-Djowf—the traveller is startled by finding his Bedouin guides performing the rites of a religion which was of hoary antiquity when Mahomet was in his cradle.

'The sun rose, and then for the first time I witnessed what afterwards became a daily spectacle, the main act of Bedouin worship in their own land. Hardly had the first clear rays struck level across the horizon, than our nomade companions, facing the rising disk, began to recite alternately, but without any previous ablution or even dismounting from their beasts, certain formulas of adoration and invocation, nor desisted till the entire orb rode clear above the desert edge. Sun-worshippers as they were before the days of Mahomet, they still remained such. . . . The fact is, that among the great mass of the nomade population Mahometanism during the course of twelve whole centuries has made little or no impression either for good or ill; that it was equally ineffectual in this quarter at the period of its very first establishment, we learn from the Koran itself, and from early tradition of an authentic character. Not that the Bedouins on their part had any particular aversion from their inspired countryman, or the Divine Unity, but simply because they were themselves, as they still are, incapable of receiving or retaining any of those serious influences and definite forms of thought and practice which then gave a permanent mould to the townsmen of Hejaz and many other provinces. "Unstable as water, thou shalt not excel" is an imprecation which, if meant originally for Reuben, has descended in all its plenitude on the Bedouins of Arabia.' (Vol. i. p. 8.)

At the same time, Mr. Palgrave proceeds to show that these Bedouins, wherever brought into near contact with a strictly Mahometan population, as on the Syrian, Egyptian, or Hejaz frontier, assume a tincture of the stationary faith which is not theirs, much as the gipsies of Europe, to whom he compares them, are apt to do. 'And hence,' he adds, 'the statement of 'several travellers who have come in contact with such, and 'only such, that Bedouins are in general Mahometans, like the

'rest, only lax ones.' And we must add that the views of their religious character contained in these volumes are thoroughly borne out by those of a very competent observer, M. Lescayrac de Lauture, whose remarkable work, 'Le Soudan et le Désert,' was reviewed in this journal some years ago. According to this French writer,

'The Arabs in their native and essential character are the most sceptical and irreligious of all nomad races. Nomads in general are not superstitious; they are indifferent in religious matters, more indifferent than ourselves, and this is a common law. Their religion, where they have one, is monotheism; it would be difficult to find an example to the contrary. . . . If you would study the Arab, let it not be on this Bedouin (of Algeria), who is rather a kind of Fellah; seek the true, primitive, original type of the antique shepherd in Arabia, in the desert of the Anezi, or in Soudan; you will find there neither Iman, nor Muezzin, nor dervish, nor marabout, nor Koran, nor catechism.'

Mr. Palgrave, as we have seen, makes his Bedouins import a good deal of the old Sabæan worship of the host of heaven into their rude form of worship. Here again he opens to us a new order of ideas. It is strange, passing strange, to find this most ancient of all deviations from the worship of the one God confronting us, not as a subject of antiquarian investigation, but as a living faith, influencing more or less widely great masses of Asiatic population. But here also Mr. Palgrave has received recently a striking corroboration; the more so, because in the particular instance he seems himself to have been at fault, and to have failed in procuring complete information as to the extent to which this venerable idolatry prevails among the nomads of the far interior of Arabia to this day. He speaks (vol. i. p. 150) of a tribe

'Of a very peculiar character and name, scattered from the frontiers of Syria to the innermost valleys of Nejed, everywhere the same, and everywhere distinguishable from the surrounding clans, and well known to all conversant with the desert and its wanderers. Should any one of my readers be of this number, he will readily understand that I speak of the Solibah tribe, whose very title, immediately derived as it is from Saleeb, or the Cross, together with external and internal tradition, may seem to confirm their Christian origin. . . . Though retaining, so far as I could observe, but very faint traces of the more positive features of Christianity, they have yet one of its negative marks in a strong unchanging hatred to Mahometanism, which they not only neglect in common with the great mass of Bedouins, but openly and positively disavow. . . . Gladly (he says elsewhere) would I have taken the opportunity to try and find out something of the real tenets and practices of

these uncircumcised wanderers, the lasting record of Syrian or Arabian Christianity. But they were too reserved to give any other than mere negative signs of their mode of thought and customs.'

They are, he says, a fair-complexioned people, who appear different in race as well as habits from other Bedouins, with an extraordinary and mysterious knowledge of the healing art, of which they are established practitioners among the Arabs :—

'Suffice it to say that paracentesis, lithotomy, and still more difficult operations, worthy of an Astley Cooper or a Brodie, have often in my hearing been ascribed to the Solibah surgeons, and that with such circumstantial detail in the narrative as to give it at least an air of truth.'

Now Lieutenant-Colonel Pelly, British Political Resident in the Persian Gulf, who has lately visited the Wahabee capital, and whose sources of knowledge are altogether independent, contributes the following notice of this singular people, 'from 'information collected among themselves :'—

'The word Selaib signifies a cross. . . . The Selaib who have emigrated into Najd and other Mohammedan settlements conform outwardly to the religious rites and ceremonies of the dominant creed. But in their own tents, or when alone, they do not so conform. . . . They profess to reverence Mecca, but state that their own proper place of pilgrimage is Haran in Irak, or Mesopotamia. . . . They respect the polar star, which they call Jah, as the one immoveable point which directs all travellers by sea and land. They reverence also a star in the constellation called Jeddy, corresponding with Aries. In adoring either of these heavenly bodies the Selaib stands with his face towards it, and *stretches out his arms so as to represent a cross with his own body.* They believe in one God. Some of them pretend to believe in Mohammed. Others deny the prophet, but trust in certain intermediate beings, who are called the confidants of God.'

Mr. Palgrave's supposed Christians turn out, if this account be correct, to be in truth Sabæans of the most ancient type, descendants of those who worshipped the stars of old from the terrace roofs of the primæval cities of Mesopotamia. 'I have 'not,' adds Colonel Pelly, 'as yet come on any people practis-'ing sun or fire worship. It is vaguely asserted, however, that 'persons of these religions are to be found in the direction of 'Al-Yamameh.'

But even when we pass from these various nomad races to the settled inhabitants of the cultivated regions, we have by no means left the relics of the old astral worship, in actual modern belief, behind us. Oman is the most populous region of Arabia, except perhaps Yemen. It is also the most

commercial, commanding, under its Sultan, commonly but incorrectly called Imam of Muscat, the navigation and commerce of the Persian Gulf. It is in active trading intercourse with the nations of both East and West, and the slave-trading propensities of some of its chiefs are only kept in restraint by the constant presence of the union-jack in its waters. It is in the very heart of Islam: bordering on Persia, and lying over against India. It now appears, from Mr. Palgrave's most interesting and valuable account of this portion of the peninsula, entirely contrary to the account given by the earlier traveller Niebuhr, that the great majority of the people of Oman are not Mahometans at all. They have assumed the title of 'Biadeeyah' (that is, says our traveller, White Boys), and constitute a sect altogether apart from other religious persuasions, 'mingling with the relics of Sabæan practice, and a 'groundwork of Carmathian free-thinking, certain modifica-'tions derived from Mahometan law, and sufficient for a dis-'guise when necessary, or at least for a species of apology in 'presence of Muslims. *Whether the name of Yah or Yahee* '(for I heard now one occur, and now the other), which is by 'them, and *by them alone, as it would seem,* applied to the polar 'star, has any connexion with credence or worship, I am un-'able to say.' (Vol. ii. p. 262.) We have seen already that the Seleebeh, totally unconnected with the settled Arabs of Oman, use the same mysterious appellation; as to the use of which, in connexion with Sabæism, the reader can consult the article 'Jehovah' in Smith's Dictionary of the Bible.

No wonder that the Moslem colony—for such, according to Mr. Palgrave, they still are—who dwell among these Omanee misbelievers have at once the utmost contempt for their creed and the deepest horror of their supernatural powers. Oman is to them 'Pelad-es-Soharah,' the land of enchanters. 'Tales 'of men translated by the process which, if Falstaff say true, 'in some respects makes a beast a man, in some others a man a 'beast, besides appalling narratives of invisible sorcerers, of 'magic transmutations, and of philtres surpassing all in the '"Arabian Nights" or "Grimm's Stories," are rife throughout 'these regions.' We can only refer our readers to the narrative which follows of the seer who slew the adulterous wife of his friend, and her paramour, at Muscat, by an invisible dagger stroke, administered at Zanzibar on the coast of Southern Africa, a thousand miles away, and of the dismissal of the alleged murderer by Sultan Saeed, with an admonition to be 'more discreet in the use of his preternatural powers.' 'And 'if Saeed did no more, popular rumour assigns a very special

'reason for his forbearance—namely, that his own wife, the 'mother of the present monarch, was the very Hecate of Arab 'witches, and worthy to preside at any weird meeting of black 'cats, broom-sticks, he-goats, and magic cauldrons.'

The Sabæans of Arabia, according to the accounts given by Arab writers (as represented by Mr. Palgrave),

'Worshipped the seven planets, and pre-eminently the sun. . . . Two points, negative indeed, but of great importance, seem to have distinguished the ancient form of Sabæism; one, the absence of image-worship or idolatry; the other, the equal absence of any hierarchy or priestly caste. Presidence in worship was, it seems, the privilege merely of greater age or of family headship, and involved no special and inherent distinction between the functionary and those around him. Fire-worship, at least in the fashion of the Parsees of India or elsewhere, with a regular priesthood and sacred rites, appears to be a comparatively recent invention or introduction.' (Vol. ii. p. 258.)

Strangely unchangeable—let Mr. Palgrave say what he will—must be the ways of that Arabian community. What Sabæanism is now, that, and nothing else, it was three thousand years ago, or at whatever other age we may conjecture the Book of Job to have been composed—a permanent, secret revolt against the prevailing Monotheism of the higher and intelligent classes; and yet into which members of these very classes were in constant danger of falling, which possessed strange attractions even for the orthodox, which Job himself would have persecuted with the sword of justice, even as the fanatical sovereign of the Wahabees would persecute it now. 'If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in 'brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my 'mouth hath kissed my hand, this also were an iniquity to be 'punished by the judge: for I should have denied the God 'that is above.' Such again it subsisted, unaltered by lapse of time, in the age immediately preceding Mahomet, when its adherents claimed kin with those who raised the pyramids of Egypt (Mr. Palgrave, in Oman, was repeatedly questioned about the pyramids), and paid reverence to the Caaba or Black Stone of Mecca, which was hung with 'golden crescent 'moons,' the gifts of their cognate sectaries the Ghebur of Persia. (See Burton's Pilgrimage, vol. iii. p. 160.) And such again, in later times, when in the fourth or fifth century after Mahomet, Darim, the Prince of Kaseem, wrested that province of Arabia from the sway of Islam, and re-established for some generations the ancient 'astral or planetary worship.' And, lastly, we find its sectaries even now maintaining their

obstinate faith under the pressure of the most intolerant Moslem governments, and combining, with other elements of disaffection, to await the fated hour (our author seems not to consider it a distant one) which shall witness the dissolution of the huge fabric of imposture raised by the prophet of Mecca.

To sum up our author's theories on the subject briefly, Monotheism, 'a general belief in one Supreme Being, author of 'all and ruler of all, has from time immemorial prevailed in 'Arabia.' This has been from the earliest days 'obscured, and 'even occasionally thrown into the background,' by the two ancient corruptions, Sabæanism and idolatry; the reform of Mahomet was a reaction against these, and a re-establishment of Monotheism, but, forced as it was on a reluctant people by the sword, it never obtained the thorough allegiance of the masses. Indifference or active hostility to the laws of the Koran has always prevailed more or less in Arabia; and the last great Mahometan movement, that of the Wahabees, seems likely, in its final results, to hasten the decay of the religion itself, through the bitter enmities which its superficial triumphs excite.

'The Arabs are, generally speaking, rather a believing than a religious nation. . . . Christian, Jewish, Mahometan, or Pagan forms, the Arab, when left to himself, does not see why all should not be equally true, equally estimable, while at the same time he does not either see any very cogent reason for following one rather than the other; and thus comes to the happy conclusion of binding himself to none. . . . Besides, he is fond of ease and impatient of restraint; stated prayers annoy him, long prayers are inconvenient, and fasting, especially in presence of a fat sheep, is out of the question. . . . That the Turks are in their way a religious people may be fully admitted. That the Mogols, the inhabitants of Balkh and Bokhara, of Herat and Beloochistan, are even more religious nationally and individually, I am entirely convinced. But, at whatever risk of startling my readers, accustomed perhaps to a popularly opposite view of the case, I must protest against the right of the Arabs as such to be in any way entitled a religious nation. Had the Mahometan scheme been entrusted to Arab keeping alone, had not Persian, Mogul, Turkish, nay, at times European influence and race come to its aid, few would have been ere this the readers of the Koran and the fasters of Ramadan.' (Vol. i. p. 68.)

Such, in substance, are the very singular revelations which Mr. Palgrave makes to us of the religious condition of Arabia. As, in Papal Europe, the country most immediately adjoining the local seat of the Papacy seems to have been for ages less under its influence than more distant regions, so the land in which Mahometanism took its rise seems to be, of all countries

nominally subject to Islam, that which contains the greatest proportion of scarcely concealed unbelievers. Paganism, violently expelled by the first burst of Moslem fanaticism, seems to have returned with a steady reflux, and to have made common cause with mere unbelief against an intolerable spiritual despotism. Such, we say, is the inference to which Mr. Palgrave leads us; at the same time we are bound to say that we cannot trust him thoroughly. His hatred of Mahometanism, fostered apparently by years of sojourn among the native Christians within its border, is too intense, his attitude towards it too constantly that of a hostile champion, to allow of our accepting implicitly pictures to which his partisanship may have contributed some of the colouring. It is singular that Carsten Niebuhr, of whose 'incomparable exactitude' Mr. Palgrave himself speaks with admiration, who knew Arabia and its people far better than any other European traveller, though by no means possessed of so powerful a mind or energetic a disposition as Mr. Palgrave, found none but Mahometans in Arabia. We do not think he ever hints at any suspicion that anterior forms of belief still practically exist there. He speaks at length of the 'Beiasians' of Oman—Mr. Palgrave's 'Bia-'deeyah' (he had himself visited that country, though his observation of it seems to have extended no farther than Muscat) —but he expressly calls them a Mahometan sect, and mentions some of their peculiarities. Of relics of Sabæan worship Niebuhr knows nothing whatever; the only 'Sabians' whom he mentions are the small remnant of Christians of St. John, commonly known by that name. Captain Burton, whose prepossessions are all on the side of Islam, is evidently equally unconscious of any remnant of paganism in the Hedjaz.

Whatever may be the truth as to the real extent and meaning of Arabian infidelity or 'indifferentism,' it must be borne in mind that the reaction against it, in the minds of the more sincere children of Islam, was the cause of that great religious revival which had its birth nearly a century ago in the heart of Arabia, under the leadership of Mohammed Abd-el-Wahab, which has since that time run a course of alternate victory and defeat almost as remarkable as that which characterised the early years of Mahometanism itself, and which has furnished our author (in its present aspect) with by far the most original and striking portions of his work.

Mohammed-ebn-Abd-el-Wahab, of the clan of the Mesaleekh, who are to be found near the inner extremity of the Persian Gulf, was born in Horeymelah, a town forming the 'northerly wicket-gate, or key to the central stronghold of

'Nejed,' somewhat before the middle of the last century. He began life as a travelling merchant; and seems to have learnt his narrow but pure Mahometanism in Damascus, at the feet of 'some of the learned and very bigoted sheykhs' of that half-fanatical and half-licentious city:—

'To the persevering doggedness and patient courage of his Nejdean countrymen, he added a power of abstraction and generalisation rare among them; his eye was observant and his ear attentive, he had already seen much and reflected deeply. But the lessons of the Damascene sheykhs aided him to combine once for all, and to render precise, notions that he had long before, it seems, entertained in a floating and unsystematised condition. He now learned to distinguish clearly between the essential elements of Islam and its accidental or recent admixtures, and at last found himself in possession of what had been the primal view and starting point of the prophet and his first companions in Hejaz twelve ages before. . . . This keystone, this master-thought, this parent idea, of which all the rest is but the necessary and inevitable deduction, is contained in the phrase, far oftener repeated than understood, "La "Ilah illa Allah"—"There is no god but God." A literal translation, but much too narrow for the Arab formula, and quite inadequate to render its true force in an Arab mouth or mind.

'"There is no god but God" are words simply tantamount in English to the negation of any deity save one alone; and thus much they certainly mean in Arabic, but they imply much more also. Their full sense is not only to deny absolutely and unreservedly all plurality, whether of nature or of person, in the Supreme Being . . . but besides this the words, in Arabic and among Arabs, imply that this one Supreme Being is also the only Agent, the only Force, the only Act existing throughout the universe; and leave to all beings else, matter or spirit, inject or intelligence, physical or moral, nothing but pure unconditional passiveness, alike in movement or in quiescence, in action or in capacity. The sole power, the sole motor, movement, energy, and deed, is God; the rest is downright inertia and mere instrumentality, from the highest archangel down to the simplest atom of creation. Hence, in this one sentence, "La "Ilah illa Allah," is summed up a system which, for want of a better name, I may be permitted to call the Pantheism of Force, or of Act, thus exclusively assigned to God, Who absorbs it all, exercises it all, and to Whom alone it can be ascribed, whether for preserving or for destroying, for relative evil or for equally relative good. I say relative, because it is clear that in such a theology no place is left for absolute good or evil, reason or extravagance; all is abridged in the autocratical will of the one great Agent. . . . God is One in the totality of omnipotent and omnipresent action, which acknowledges no rule, standard, or limit, save His own sole and absolute will. He communicates nothing to His creatures, for their seeming power and act ever remain His alone, and in return He receives nothing from them; for whatever they may be, that they are in Him, by

Him, and from Him only. And secondly, no superiority, no distinction, no pre-eminence, can be lawfully claimed by one creature over its fellow, in the utter equalisation of their unexceptional servitude and abasement; all are alike tools of the one solitary Force, which employs them to crush or to benefit, to truth or to error, to honour or shame, to happiness or misery, quite independently of their individual fitness, deserts, or advantage, and simply because He wills it, and as He wills it.

'One might at first think that this tremendous Autocrat, this uncontrolled and unsympathising Power, would be far above anything like passion, desires, or inclinations. Yet such is not the case, for He has with respect to His creatures one main feeling and source of action, namely, jealousy of them, lest they should perchance attribute to themselves something of what is His alone, and thus encroach on His all-engrossing kingdom. Hence He is ever more prone to punish than to reward, to inflict pain than to bestow pleasure, to ruin than to build. It is His singular satisfaction to let created beings continually feel that they are nothing else than His slaves, His tools, and contemptible tools, also, that thus they may the better acknowledge His superiority, and know His power to be above their power, His cunning above their cunning, His will above their will, His pride above their pride; or rather that there is no power, cunning, will, or pride save His own.

'But He Himself, sterile in His inaccessible height, neither loving nor enjoying aught save His own and self-measured decree, without son, companion, or counsellor, is no less barren for Himself than for His creatures, and His own barrenness and lone egoism in Himself is the cause and rule of His indifferent and unregarding despotism around. The first note is the key of the whole tune, and the primal idea of God runs through and modifies the whole system and creed that centres in Him.

'That the notion here given of the Deity, monstrous and blasphemous as it may appear, is literally that which the Koran conveys or intends to convey, I at present take for granted. But that indeed it is so, no one who has attentively perused and thought over the Arabic text (for mere cursory reading, especially in a translation, will not suffice) can hesitate to allow. In fact, every phrase of the preceding sentences, every touch in this odious portrait, has been taken, to the best of my ability, word for word, or at least meaning for meaning, from the Book, the truest mirror of the mind and scope of its writer.' (Vol. i. pp. 364–7.)

This is powerful writing, no doubt, and falls well in with much of the current philosophy of the present day; but how far is it just? How far is the author influenced in this sweeping condemnation of Mahometan Puritanism, partly by his original missionary propensities, partly by the popular dislike of our day to Puritanism in all shapes? At all events, the very reproaches, the very sarcasms, so profusely scattered through his volumes, against the doctrine and practices of the

Wahabees, are equally applicable to every successive religious reaction—every protest against the world and its corrupting influence on the faith—which has taken place from the early days of Christianity until now. 'Wahabees,' in heart and thought, were Jerome and his companions, when they called up the mighty spirit of monachism, contemptuously disregarding at once the utilitarian, and the latitudinarian, view of religion; 'monachi non est docentis officium, sed vel se vel sæcu-'lum plangentis.' 'Wahabees,' in their turn, were the early ascetic reformers who nourished in the middle ages the spirit of protest against Rome; the Puritans of England, the Pietists of Germany, the Jansenists of France—every sect, small or great, which has everywhere taken its independent stand amidst the degeneracy of a perishing world. Nay, farther than this, views like these, far from being the exclusive characteristic of mere zealots or 'traditional' believers, are those to which strictly religious men are led more and more to approximate every day, as meditation, and self-distrust, and disabuse of the world and its illusions, take greater hold of their hearts. For such as these, it is impossible to rest satisfied with the pleasant views of a lax belief and a forgiving Deity which are sufficient for most of us. They have constantly before their eyes the great inexplicable, tremendous manifestation of God's will in the existence of evil in the world. They feel that to talk, in presence of this overpowering reality, of the 'all-goodness of 'God,' as something necessarily co-essential with the so-called goodness of man, is to them a mere absurdity. The most trifling smart endured by a child, the pain suffered by one animal from another, these, and every other instance of unnecessary evil—and all evil is, and must be under the given supposition, unnecessary, if God be all-powerful as well as all-good—are as unavoidably in contradiction with His assumed benevolence in the human sense of the word as is the eternal misery of a soul. These are the considerations which drive some men mad from fear of hell—which make of many others uncompromising, though it may be tolerant and charitable, 'Wahabees,' whether in or out of the Mahometan pale; which convert others of a philosophical turn of mind (as we well know) into Manicheans—believers in an all-good God, who cannot make up their minds to what seems to them the contradictory belief in His omnipotence, nor get rid of the notion that He is obstructed in His agency by some as yet unconquerable mass, or spirit, of evil. But if such searching thoughts have once gotten hold of the mind to any appreciable extent, there is one theory, at all events, to which it is effectu-

ally and permanently closed—that of the philanthropic divinity of Mill or Maurice.*

It was after several years spent in obscurity among his countrymen in Nejed (in which country, if we may believe the tradition as recounted by Mr. Palgrave, the faith of Islam was at that time almost wholly forgotten) that the Wahabees, about 1760, made a proselyte and a champion of Saood, son of Abd-elaziz, the warlike chief of Derayeh. Saood embraced their reform, and proceeded to propagate it in his neighbourhood after the manner of Mahomet, holding forth to them the old option of the Koran or the sword. During the greater part of his reign, Abd-el-Wahab remained at Derayeh†, engaged in the propagation of his faith by teaching, and taking no part in political affairs. Saood died full of years, at the beginning of this century, leaving to his son the sovereignty of 'all that lies 'between the neighbourhood of Mecca and the Persian Gulf.' Abdel Azeez, the son of Saood, turned his arms against Oman and the tribes of the Persian Gulf, and, provoking the enmity of Persia, was murdered after a short and glorious reign by a 'Shiyaee' (Shiite) fanatic. Abdallah his brother, who succeeded about 1806, after punishing the Persians, turned his arms

* When Mecca was taken by the Wahabees (under Saood, according to Burckhardt: Abdallah in these pages), the conqueror caused copies of a creed or 'catechism' to be distributed among the people, which is printed by Burckhardt. It is but fair that the reader, who has been left under the impression produced by Mr. Palgrave's vigorous denunciations of these zealots and their doctrines, should at least have before him the terms in which their own faith was set out by themselves—the 'Solemn League and Covenant' which they are still endeavouring to enforce on Arabia. 'If it be asked what 'does God command? answer, the Unity; which means to adore 'Him exclusively and solely; and what He above all prohibits is the 'association with Him, or the adoring, of any god besides Himself. '. . . Adore God, as if thou didst see Him; and if thou canst not 'see Him, know that He sees thee. . . . Mohammed, may God's 'mercy be with him! is a delegate whom we dare not adore, and a 'prophet whom we dare not belie; but we must obey and follow him, 'for it has been ordained to spirits and mortals to be his followers.' (*Notes on the Wahabys, Appendix*, p. iv.)

† Col. Pelly spells it 'Durayeh,' our author Dereyeeyah. Mr. Palgrave's 'Riad' is with Col. Pelly 'Riadh' or 'Riadth,' with Burckhardt 'Ryad.' Mr. Palgrave's 'Nejed' with Col. Pelly 'Najd.' We give notice, that having in view the entertainment of our readers more than the propagation of pure Arabic, in spelling which no two authors ever agree, we have, wherever we were able, adopted the popular, and to English eyes therefore the easiest, orthography.

against the Holy Cities. He took Mecca by assault: every ornament, every vestige of an Arab devotion or superstition, was taken away or destroyed; and the Caaba, now restored to the naked purity of Islamitic worship, was protected against future contamination by the refusal of access to all except the orthodox, that is, the conquering sect. Medina fell an easy prey: the 'rich offerings suspended by the devotion of 'ages in the sepulchral vault' were seized. 'Mahomet is dead, 'I am alive, and such wealth is safer in the guardianship of 'the living than of the dead,' was Abdallah's impious jest, as he loaded sixty camels with the trophies of his profane triumph. Abdallah became master, at least superficially, of all Arabia except a corner of Yemen and Hadramaut. But his successes aroused at last the slow jealousy of the Turkish Government. Mehemet Ali, the famous Pasha of Egypt, was ordered to take him in hand. Mehemet's son, Toussoun Pasha, recovered Mecca with ease. The events of this chieftain's early campaigns against the son of Saood are described in the 'Notes on the 'Wahabees' published in Burckhardt's name after his death. Burckhardt was at Mecca in 1815, in which year the Wahabees were beaten in the desperate battle of Bissel; when the remains of a whole tribe of Bedouins, on the Wahabee side, were found slain in line, their legs tied together with ropes. They had sworn 'by the divorce,' a favourite Arab oath, to keep their faith to the Wahabee chief, and this was the manner in which they performed their promise. Mr. Palgrave takes up the history where Burckhardt leaves it; but nothing, evidently, can be looser than these relations of Arab story-tellers, analogous to the 'special correspondents' of Western countries, from whom both derive their information: nor is it easy to reconcile the two narratives. According to that of our present author, Mehemet Ali, after the recovery of Mecca, conceived the bolder idea of attacking Nejed itself, and crushing fanaticism in its headquarters.

'But first (my readers must remember that I am giving them the Nejdean version of the story) he summoned to Cairo a general meeting of all his generals, ministers, officers, and statesmen, to deliberate on the matter. After explaining at length to those present why he had called them together, and what was his desire, Mohammed Alee pointed to an apple which lay on the floor of the divan; it had been placed exactly at the centre of the large carpet spread in the hall before them. "Now," said he, "whichever of you can with his hand reach and give me that apple, but without placing his foot on the carpet where it lies, he shall command the expedition against Nejed." Many a lithe Bey sprawled his full length on the ground with his heels just out of the carpet rim, and

his arm outstretched to the fruit, but the distance was too great, and the apple remained ungrasped. . . . At last the short, stout Ibraheem, Mohammed Alee's adopted son, rose, bowed to his father, and offered to execute the difficult manœuvre. All laughed, not doubting of his failure. But their scorn was soon changed for admiration when Ibraheem quietly set to work rolling up the carpet from its rim inwards till the apple stood within an easy reach: he then took it up and handed it to his father, who understood the figurative enigma, and forthwith named him commander-in-chief of the Egyptian army.'

By this apologue, real or supposed, was figured the system of Ibrahim's campaign, buying off, by clemency or direct bribery, the hostility of intervening tribes; and thus 'folding 'up Nejed' step by step, he reached with unbroken forces the edge of the interior plateau, the 'apple' of Central Arabia. Then he came down on the brave but undisciplined hosts of the sectarians with a tremendous blow. One desperate battle, which lasted two days, won by the Egyptian artillery, was sufficient to decide the campaign. Ibrahim captured and utterly destroyed Abdallah's capital, Derayeh; reduced the whole of Nejed under stern military occupation; and, according to our author, while he spared Abdallah himself, and acted with equal lenity towards the military and political leaders and the mass of the people, he visited the sins of the whole race on the unlucky spiritual authorities.

'After dismissing the royal family and their retinue to guarded but honourable confinement, he called in the Metow'waa's, doctors and teachers of the law—their number is said to have exceeded five hundred. He then informed them that he was desirous of having the religious differences which existed between them and ordinary Mahometans thoroughly sifted and examined; that to this end he had brought with him learned men of the most orthodox schools from Cairo, and that a conference would accordingly be held within the precincts of the Great Mosque, where he himself would attend to hear the issue.

'A conqueror's invitation admits of no excuse, and the Council of Riad began its sessions. They lasted, if report be true, three days; all the points in controversy were minutely discussed, and either party obtained, no doubt, the wordy victory in the opinion of its adherents. Ibraheem Basha, who in his heart cared less than Gallio about any of these things, presided with much patience, and for a while with the silence of an interested auditor.

'But on the fourth day, whether his endurance had been fairly exhausted, or whether he thought that the controversy had reached a fit point for interference, he himself took up the word; and after obtaining from the Nejdean theologians the orthodox declaration, common to many beside, that "As there is only one God, so there

"is only one faith, and that faith is our faith," and that in logical consequence salvation out of their pale was wholly impossible, he thus proceeded to argue in his customary Egyptian slang:—

'"Well, you pigs, and what do you say about Paradise? what is its extent?" Now to this question there is only one answer admissible in the mouth of a Mahometan, namely that contained in the words of the Koran:—

'"A Paradise equal in extent to all heaven and earth, prepared for the pious." This was accordingly given.

'"A Paradise equal in extent to all heaven and earth!" repeated Ibraheem Basha; "and, meanwhile, should you Nejdeans by some incomprehensible act of God's mercy get admittance there, one single tree of its gardens would be well enough to shelter you all! And for whom, pray, is the rest of the enclosure?"

'They were silent. "Fall on them, and kill them," said Ibraheem, turning to the soldiers drawn up behind; and in a few minutes the Mosque of Derey'eeyah was the bloody tomb of Wahhabee theology.' (Vol. ii. p. 57.)

'I will not exactly say that Ibrahim Pasha acted right on 'this occasion,' adds Mr. Palgrave, grimly, 'but I do say 'that, for those lands at least, he acted wisely.' An observation which needs no other comment than that the total failure of the Egyptian projects of conquest, and the bitter hatred left by them in the spirit of all Central Arabia against all Ottoman sovereignty, seem to illustrate oddly the 'wisdom' of Ibrahim's conduct on this occasion.

As long, however, as that able ruler remained at the head of his army of occupation, all went well. 'Meanwhile silk 'dresses, rings, and tobacco had their day throughout Nejed; 'and it is a sad proof of human weakness, that succeeding 'years of orthodoxy and zeal have never been able wholly to 'eradicate the bad consequences of one short period of self-'indulgent depravity.' But Ibrahim, unhappily, was only what other great chiefs in his quarter of the world have ever been—a mere bubble on the surface of the ever-troubled and never-rising sea of Oriental politics. The Egyptian lieutenants, whom he left to complete his work, were imbecile and cruel, according to the usual type of their kind. They made fierce enemies of a people who might, perhaps, have been disposed to welcome them as deliverers from the bigoted rule of their own chiefs. After long strife, these invaders were effectually expelled from Nejed, and the Turkish suzerainty along with them. Hoseyn Pasha, the last of its lieutenants, with four thousand men, was led astray by the patriotic treachery of some Nejedee guides in the desert, and left to perish of thirst. 'All, in fact, so perished; and when the villagers, who were

'only at a few hours' distance, crossed the sand-ridges to see 'the work of death, they found (the tale was told me by an 'eye-witness) nothing but corpses, convulsed in the death-'agonies of drought and despair.'

After the destruction of Derayeh, Turkee, the son of Abdallah, on recovering the sovereignty from the Egyptians, fixed his capital at Riad, the present seat of the Wahabee dynasty, which had been the ancient centre of the country in the days of the famous enemy of Mahomet, the false prophet Moseylamah. Arabia has been in fact so long an inhabited region, and at the same time visited by such constant revolutions, that it seems to realise Shelley's fanciful idea in 'Queen 'Mab,' 'Thou canst not find one spot whereon no city stood.' Turkee was succeeded again by his son Feysul, the present ruler of the Wahabees, who in his turn was once more expelled by a last effort of the Egyptians, and only attained to stable dominion after years of war, both foreign and domestic; but is now the undisputed monarch of Central Arabia, having annexed the immediately surrounding provinces, and holding those round it in dread as far as the gates of Mecca on the one hand, and Muscat on the other. For he has everywhere his auxiliaries—native zealots and Nejdean spies and agents, working in his favour with that stern and persistent energy which fanaticism alone can give. Feysul is now old and blind. The real power of his formidable state is wielded by his eldest son, Abdallah, a dark and dangerous character, as described at length by Mr. Palgrave, from whom, in his assumed medical capacity, he solicited a dose of strychnine in furtherance of some of his murderous purposes. The pretended doctor refused, and then fled from Riad for his life. The whole story reads like a strange piece of romance, such as regions like this can alone furnish in modern real life. It is admirably told; but as it is one of the best known and most quoted passages of the work, we omit on the present occasion to reproduce it.

About the year 1854 or 1855, says Mr. Palgrave, Nejed suffered severely under a visitation of cholera. The zealous folks had no difficulty in assigning as the cause of it that 'relaxation in religious and sectarian peculiarities' which some English prelates find an equally convenient key for the interpretation of the divine judgments. It was in order to bring back his Wahabees to their supposed original standard of strictness, that Feysul instituted his celebrated body of the twenty-two 'Meddey-yeeyah,' men of zeal, 'Zelators,' as Mr. Palgrave terms them, whose duty it is to watch over the morals of the city and provinces, to enforce conformity in the

matter of religious observances and (which is regarded as of no less importance) of certain sumptuary laws, directed in particular against wearing silk or gold, 'singing or playing on 'any musical instrument; nay, even all street games of chil-'dren or childish persons;' but, first and foremost, against that which the Wahabees seem to regard as the chief of sins—namely, smoking tobacco, or, in their language, 'drinking the 'shameful.' Most amusing are the many gossiping pages which Mr. Palgrave describes to his own experiences respecting this kind of domestic inquisition, and multifarious the sarcasms which, with his particular turn of mind and anti-Mahometan prejudices, he pours upon it. How odious such a system must be, we may well conjecture from such personal acquaintance as we may have had with the doings of Zelators, in a small way, in little towns and country parishes, especially in the northern portion of this island.

'I might almost leave my readers to suppose in what light such a body, and those who compose it, are regarded by the mass of the population. Surrounded with all the deference and all the odium consequent on their office and character, they meet everywhere with marks of open respect and covert distrust and hatred. Are a circle of friends met in the freedom of conversation? let a Zelator enter, their voices are hushed; and when talk is resumed, it follows a track in which the recording angels of Islam themselves would find nothing to modify. Are a body of companions walking gaily with too light a gait down the street? At the meeting of a Zelator, all compose their pace, and direct their eyes in momentary modesty on the ground. Is a stealthy lamp lighted at unseasonable hours? at a rap on the shutters, suspected for that of the Zelator, the "glim is "doused," and all is silent in darkness. Or, worse than all, is the forbidden pipe sending up its sinful fumes in some remote corner? at the fatal tap on the outer door the unholy implement is hastily emptied out into the hearth, and then carefully hidden under the carpet, while everyone hurries to wash his mouth and mustachios, and by the perfume of cloves and aromatic herbs give himself an orthodox smell once more. In short, schoolboys caught out by a severe under-master at an illicit prank—pious ladies surprised in reading the last French novel—or teetotallers suddenly discovered with a half-empty black bottle and tumbler on the table—never look more awkward, more silly, and more alarmed than Nejdeans on these occasions when a Zelator comes upon them.'

These half-missionaries, half-policemen, are authorised to carry into execution their own summary convictions by the stick, which they carry about them for use and not for show; the infliction being after the fashion 'of the correction of 'schoolboys;' more, we should imagine, after the time-honoured

usage still prevalent throughout great part of Germany; as, for instance, in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, under Grand-ducal superintendence, and also under the paternal government of Austria, where (as we lately read in the newspapers) an elected member of the Reichsrath, returning to his peasant constituents in Galicia, and not giving them a satisfactory account of his parliamentary proceedings, was laid across a bench by the meeting, and duly chastised with twenty-five blows of a hazel switch after the above patriarchal method. Yet, after all, from the anecdotes given by our author, the inspection seems on the whole pretty easily evaded, the punishments actually inflicted by the zelators little more than ludicrous. He himself attributes the comparative failure of the system to the 'innate toughness and tenacity of the Arab character.' 'There seems,' says Colonel Pelly, 'to be a good deal of quiet 'fun going on under the strict and fanatical exterior of the 'Wahabees. An amusing story was related to me yesterday 'of a man who complained to the Amir's son that one of his 'neighbours smoked. "How do you know it?" asked the Amir. '"I smell it," replied the man. "Then you entered your neigh-'bour's private apartment?" "No," said the man; "I just put 'the tip of my nose in." Whereupon the Amir ordered the 'executioner to snip off the complainant's nose, so as to save it 'from the temptation of sniffing in another man's haram in 'future.' However, we fully agree with Mr. Palgrave that it is easy to imagine what so wide-reaching a power might become when placed in the hands of interested or vindictive administrators. 'Many and most obnoxious instances of its abuse,' he adds, 'were related in my hearing.'

Mr. Palgrave does not appear to have had any interview with Feysul himself. This deficiency is supplied by Colonel Pelly, who went to Riad from the shores of the Persian Gulf as the representative of this country, as we have said; although he has been hitherto duly and officially reticent as to the political objects and success of his mission. The following is a brief extract from an account of an interview, furnished by one of Colonel Pelly's party:—

'He (Feysul) said he could not be expected to say anything in favour of the English religion, but as to the government he preferred it to any he knew; and here, amidst profound silence, he offered up a prayer that "God would lead us to see the error of our ways, and "convert us from infidelity." He again spoke of Muskat . . . *And now the words began to stick in our interpreter's throat*, and the cold perspiration to drop from his forehead. I think he took fright at the prayer.'

The last words characterise full well the abject state of terror into which this pope-king of the pure Mahometans seems to have reduced at once those who approach him at home, and the vassal and neighbour potentates who dwell on his confines. According to the last accounts, received after Mr. Palgrave left Arabia, Abdallah the son of Feysul had captured the 'infidel,' that is, non-Wahabee, city of Oneyza, the only barrier on the road to Mecca, which may probably expect a second visitation from the armed purifiers of its abuses.

'The Wahabee empire (says our author, summing up the expression of his bitter hostility to it) is a compact and well-organised government, where centralisation is fully understood and effectually carried out, and whose mainsprings and connecting links are force and fanaticism. There exist no constitutional checks either on the king or his subordinates, save what the necessity of circumstances imposes or the Koran prescribes. Its atmosphere, to speak metaphorically, is sheer despotism, moral, intellectual, religious, and physical. This empire is capable of frontier extension, and hence is dangerous to its neighbours, some of whom it is even now swallowing up, and will certainly swallow more, if not otherwise prevented. . . . So long as Wahabeeism shall prevail in the centre and uplands of Arabia, small indeed are the hopes of civilisation, advancement, and national prosperity, for the Arab race.' (Vol. ii. p. 83.)

It may be so, but it must be remembered that even Mr. Palgrave, thoroughly good hater as he is, confesses (vol. i. p. 317), that the Wahabee rule has established peace and order in what was formerly the most turbulent region of Arabia: that 'merchant and villager, townsman and stranger, are alike 'freed from predatory inroad and from roadside assault; and, 'so far as these rovers are concerned, cultivation and com-'merce may proceed unimpaired.' And so said Burckhardt half a century ago: 'A country once conquered by the Wahabee 'enjoys under him the most perfect tranquillity, &c.' And what would be the result of the overthrow of that dominion? Partly the restoration of Turkish rule, the most deadening of all misgovernments, with its rooted oriental vice of cold-blooded cruelty, from which even Mr. Palgrave declares the Arabs of Nejed and their rulers to be remarkably exempt; a rule of which he himself says that 'in juxtaposition with 'the Ottoman, the Nejdean has no need of whitewashing; he 'becomes positively fair by the contrast.' And, wherever this might not prevail, the alternative would be the anarchical fury of the separate chieftains of every walled city and every Bedouin tribe, governing a people (if our traveller's account of them is to be believed) as completely free from the ties of religious

faith, where Wahabee influence does not prevail, as from those of political unity.

We must here part company with Mr. Palgrave, not having space to follow him through the remainder of his narrative. Suffice it to say, that after his hair-breadth escape from the court of Riad, he traversed the sandy desert, or 'Nefood,' which lies between Nejed and the Persian Gulf; made some stay in the maritime province of Hasa, now a dependency of the Wahabees; visited by sea various ports of the Sultan of Oman, on both sides of the gulf, including the once famous Portuguese emporium of Ormuz; and thence, after undergoing the shipwreck which we have mentioned, finished his Arabian travels at Muscat, from whence he took ship for the head of the Persian Gulf, and returned to Europe by the line of the Euphrates. Since Bruce, no traveller has appeared, in our judgment, able to bring before the reader with such vivid reality the scenes of an entirely new country, and the usages of hitherto unknown men, nor to invest with so much interest his own career of personal adventure among comrades of so strange an order; since Kinglake, none possessed of that union of scholarlike refinement and knowledge of the world with picturesque genius, wit, and irony, which appeals with such peculiar force to cultivated and fastidious classes of readers. The vivid perceptions and rapidity of judgment, as well as the intense partialities, which characterise his mind, affect his work unfavourably in more ways than one—besides making him to a certain extent untrustworthy (we have explained already the limits within which we use this expression, and have given instances to justify it), they make him unnecessarily lengthy, and somewhat confused. His way of interspersing narrative with discussion, though often entertaining enough, leads to a good deal of repetition, and has on the whole the effect of wearying the reader; and he seems scarcely to have given himself the trouble of reading over what he had written out of the abundance of his mind, and so reducing it into more manageable compass. He is a writer, therefore, whom it is not very satisfactory to take up at intervals and read by passages; but whom if you once fairly grapple with, you find it extremely difficult to let go. We can only wish him safety and success on the still more perilous enterprise which he has now undertaken, and hope he may find among the dwellers in Abyssinia people to hate as heartily, and therefore describe as forcibly, as his Bedouins and Wahabees of Arabia.

ART. VIII.—*The Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland.* By JOHN P. PRENDERGAST, Esq. London: 1865.

WE fear that a long time must elapse before Ireland will become, like the imaginary island of Sir Thomas More, '*sola insula velut una familia est.*' She is far too retrospective for her unity and prosperity, and her traditions, for at least three hundred years past, have a very disquieting tendency. The disaffection and rancour of other days, which misguided ambition or instinctive turbulence could so easily direct to purposes of danger, have no doubt largely disappeared, through the policy of conciliation and confidence wisely adopted by modern statesmanship. The demagogue by nature, the rebel by temperament, the malcontent by misery, have almost gone out of date. But it is nevertheless true that, running side by side with a modern movement in hopeful alliance with British progress and ideas, like the Gulf Stream keeping its own distinct current through the broad ocean which envelops but cannot displace it, there are still discernible in Irish society certain traces of the ancient animosity of race and religion transmitted by direct descent from the proscriptions and confiscations of the seventeenth century. The recent ebullition of the Fenian conspiracy, without leaders, without objects, without a cause, is but another proof of the readiness with which the lower classes of the Irish people listen to any one who appeals to their ancient hatred of the Saxon. Bayonets and hemp, as Moore observes, are not good *amoris stimuli*, and Ireland can never say to England, as Héloïse to her tutor Abelard, that his correction only made her love him the more. Politicians have happily long since given up the idea that the true interest of one class in a country can ever be permanently attained at the prejudice of any other; for bitter experience has taught us that the evils which affect one class poison the sources of well-being in all, the sensation created by ills endured being propagated by a chain of the most subtle sensibility. We are not aware that there is any public writer who would attempt, in these days of political equality, to justify the conduct of England towards the sister-country during the long period of their connexion, when she was often, like an untameable beast, scourged and manacled into madness; but it is nevertheless sometimes forgotten by her too generous and partial defenders that Ireland was often far from a guiltless victim of oppression, and that there were grave and critical circumstances in the civil and religious history of England—at least during the im-

portant period of the Civil Wars—that somewhat palliated, if they could not justify, the extreme and terrible rigour of her treatment.

The Reformation in the sixteenth century has been very commonly assigned as the chief cause of the bitter hostility between the two races which so long struggled for ascendency in the island. Yet this is a very erroneous opinion. There is not a single form of cruelty or injustice charged to the Protestant invaders of later times, or laid to the account of the Penal Laws, that cannot be paralleled in the pre-Reformation period of her history. If tithes and tithe-proctors have in modern times almost driven Ireland into rebellion, let her remember that it was a Pope who first instituted this odious impost—'it was,' to use the words of Dr. Doyle, 'the price paid by Henry II. 'and Cardinal Paparo to the Irish prelates, who sold for them 'the independence of their native land and the birthright of 'their people.' If the Penal Laws have dwarfed the intellect of the Irishman—as some absurdly affirm—by taking an inch from the height of his brow, or if their intention was to barbarise a whole nation, they existed in all their stern integrity hundreds of years before the Reformation. It reads like a chapter of Queen Elizabeth's time to hear of Irish nobles in 1318 complaining to Pope John XVII. that Anglo-Irish monks thought it no more sin to kill an Irishman than a dog or any other animal. If, again, English Protestants confiscated the estates of Irish chiefs, English Roman Catholics had done so ever since the day that a pope sold the island to an English king. Even in the times of James I., the Irish Roman Catholics, with Sir John Everard at their head, brought in a bill of attainder against their old friends, O'Neill, O'Dogherty, and O'Donnell, which for ever swept away from the country the chivalry and gaiety with the fierceness and fanaticism of these restless chiefs. The uprooting of ancient families, the suppression of the Irish tongue, and the confiscation of property, are familiar incidents in the national history before the sixteenth century. Indeed, the confiscators of one generation were often, by a strange retribution, the confiscated of the next; and if the 'Seven Sleepers' had taken their nap of nigh two hundred years in Ireland, they would have only fallen asleep in one confiscation to awake in another. People who hint darkly in seditious newspapers at schemes of modern confiscation and re-settlement, seem to forget that the Irish who now burn to avenge the wrongs of their predecessors two hundred years ago are as truly akin to the oppressors as to the oppressed. There is as much English blood as Irish in

their veins, for thousands of the old settlers of James, and Charles, and Cromwell, and William III. were rapidly absorbed by intermarriage, in a very few years, into the mass of the native Roman Catholic people; so that it is within the bounds of probability that even the sturdy Celt of the present hour, who chooses to forget England's reparation for her past wrongs, and proclaims a repeal of the Union as the only panacea for Irish troubles, may be a lineal descendant of some hated Cromwellian settler, who did his part in banishing a whole nation to Connaught, and then settled down upon the deserted homesteads and farms of the proscribed natives.

The work of Mr. Prendergast, an Irish Protestant barrister, on the Cromwellian Settlement, throws much interesting light upon a portion of Irish history which has been hitherto little examined or understood in detail. Dr. Leland makes the remark that Ireland has never yet had her philosophic historian, but it is equally true that none of her writers seem even to have made any considerable use of the accessible materials for such a work, that are lying in the Record Room of the Tower of Dublin Castle, or stowed away in the archives of Trinity College. Mounds of manuscripts of great importance are there lying cobwebbed, worm-eaten, and often uncatalogued and unknown; and it is surely far from creditable to the University of Dublin, with all its scholarship and its pretensions as a national institution, that it has done so little for the valuable treasures in its keeping. Mr. Prendergast spent whole days and weeks in the obscure and mouldy recesses of the Record Room in Dublin Castle, poring over 'a series 'of Order Books of the Commissioners of the Parliament of 'the Commonwealth of England for the affairs of Ireland, 'together with domestic correspondence and books of estab-'lishments from 1650 to 1659.' He is evidently a laborious investigator of facts, and his book speaks in every page of that toilsome and obscure industry, without which no standard history can be prepared or be expected to maintain its authority with the public. The author is a strong and bitter anti-Cromwellian. We can certainly make some allowance for that national feeling which prompts him to do justice to Irish bravery and kindness, and to reflect so severely upon the policy and practices of the Cromwellian spoilers. But we should be faithless to all the duties of historic criticism, if we did not protest *toto animo* against the marked and persistent partiality which tinges his whole narrative—a partiality that has led him, like Lingard and Curry, to suppress or exaggerate (according as the case concerns the Irish natives or

the English settlers) sufferings and atrocities too monstrous in themselves to be either exaggerated or disguised. What will be thought, for example, of the qualifications of a historical writer who denies the fact of the Irish Massacre in 1641? It cannot be considered strange that Lingard, a Roman Catholic historian, with a distinctly polemical purpose in view, should (as Hallam justly remarks) 'omit all mention of the massacre, and 'endeavour in a note at the end of the volume to disprove, by 'mere scraps of quotation, an event of such notoriety that we 'must abandon all faith in public fame, if it were really un-'founded;' for it would be quite in keeping with the historic fairness of a writer who affirms that not 1,600 individuals perished in the St. Bartholomew Massacre in France, and that the *Clades Parisiensis* was not a premeditated outbreak, but the work of an unlicensed mob. But when we remember that an Irish Jesuit, O'Mahony, in his 'Disputatio Apologetica.' published in 1645, confessed that his party had cut off 150,000 heretics in four years; that Lord Clarendon is followed by Hume when he states that 40,000 were murdered at the first outbreak before any danger was apprehended; that Sir William Petty, a freethinker of the period, computes that 37,000 perished within the first year, and that a long list of murdered clergymen has been preserved, it does seem the height of partisanship for an enlightened Episcopalian barrister to deny the fact of a massacre, which is just as well authenticated by contemporary testimony as the fact of Cromwell's visit to Ireland in 1649. It is a contemptible quibble to argue that there was no massacre, because the Lords Justices, in February 1642, proclaimed that 'the massacre had failed.' Nobody ever charged the Irish rebels with a 'universal massacre,' such as they had designed, or ever asserted that they had killed all the Protestants of Ulster; for, though, two years previously, Lord Strafford had disarmed the Scots and Puritans of Ulster, lest they should assist their brethren in Scotland against the king, and left them comparatively defenceless against the unexpected rising of the rebels, the strategy and courage of the Protestant military chiefs, by strengthening and holding the leading towns of Ulster, marked out cities of refuge for thousands of the flying and terror-stricken Protestants. Mr. Prendergast adopts all the stereotyped falsehoods of Romish writers in the vain attempt to represent the terrible chastisement that Cromwell inflicted upon Ireland as utterly devoid of motive, excuse, or palliation. He informs us that Sir Phelim O'Neill's followers committed no massacre till the English had set the example, and the old story—unhappily too true—

is repeated of the Scottish forces drowning at Newry priests, women, and men who had surrendered on conditions of mercy; but he forgets to tell us that this event took place on May 5, 1642, seven months after the massacre had commenced, and that the Scottish soldiers had a special antipathy to the Irish women because they had acted like furies in hounding on their husbands and brothers to the slaughter of their Protestant neighbours, and to the Irish priests, because, with Ever M'Mahon, the Romish bishop of Down, at their head, they had urged on O'Neill to the most indiscriminate and unsparing atrocities.

While we are far from justifying the dreadful severity of the stroke that fell 'like the hammer of Thor' upon Ireland eight years after the massacre, and cordially agree with much that Mr. Prendergast has stated on the subject of the Cromwellian confiscations, directed so cruelly without distinction or difference against a whole nation, we cannot follow him in shutting out of view, as he so completely does, all consideration of the far larger and more important question—a question involving the very existence and security of civil rights and religious liberties in the United Kingdom—which influenced the Parliament, at the time, with Cromwell as its chief instrument, to crush the King's party in Ireland. We could hardly guess from this book that a terrible conflict had been carried on for years before in England, between a despotic monarch and an intolerant and richly-endowed hierarchy on the one hand, and the great body of the English people on the other, fighting in defence of national rights, law, religion, and liberty. Charles I. had, we suppose, as much right—apart from his professed regard for religion—to employ the Irish rebels in his cause against the Parliament, as the Parliament to secure the aid of the Scottish forces against the King. But what would have been thought of the sagacity or spirit of the Parliament, if they had allowed the Irish rebels, who had watched England in her extremity, and taken advantage of her divisions, and trusted, by one desperate and bloody effort, to shake off her dominion for ever, to strengthen the cause of Charles so effectively that the liberties of England might have been sacrificed to the arms of despotic monarchy? Would it not have been a blunder far worse than a crime for the Puritans to leave Ireland behind them as a kind of back-door, through which at any moment the enemies of the English nation and religion from whatever quarter might enter and assail them with effect? The ten years' rebellion in Ireland was, in truth, one that threatened the existence of the infant commonwealth, and consequently was to be fearfully punished;

and if great miseries were inflicted upon the Irish, they must not forget that they staked their all on the hazard of a die—they played a desperate game, and they lost it. We do sympathise, in the interests of humanity, with their *væ victis* experience, during many miserable years; but we cannot avoid reflecting, what would have been the consequence to the English people, if, through Irish aid, Charles I. had succeeded in crushing the Parliament and laying the nation prostrate at his feet. Not only would Ireland have been given over to the Colkittoes and O'Neills, and Romanism have been established as the national religion, according to the terms of the Glamorgan treaty, but the yoke of prelacy would have been re-established over the whole kingdom from John O'Groats to Land's End; scaffolds and gibbets would have groaned with the weight of the best and the bravest of the country; the lands and possessions of the Puritans would have been confiscated, and thousands of their owners would have lingered out miserable lives in the plantations of the West Indies.

It has been pleaded by Cromwell's apologists that the *res dura et regni novitas* must be his excuse for the harsh and extreme measures of his Irish government; but people like Mr. Prendergast are very apt to overlook in questions of this kind the foreign provocations of the time. If Cromwell persecuted the Irish, who were defeated enemies as well as—many of them—criminal assassins, and proscribed their religion, he was only following too rigidly and faithfully the example of Roman Catholic sovereigns over the whole continent of Europe. If he banished the Irish to Connaught or Barbadoes, the Dukes of Savoy were then employed, in the most cruel manner, in depopulating the valleys, where for centuries the pious Vaudois had been fighting for their religion and their lives. The Spaniards had banished the Moriscoes, though they were, like themselves, Christians in profession. The French king was persecuting the Huguenots. The Emperor Ferdinand II. was ravaging Bohemia, Styria, and Moravia. If Cromwell devastated Ireland with fire and sword, did not this very emperor, in reply to a remonstrance in favour of Bohemia, then almost utterly ruined, say '*Malumus regnum vastatum quam damna-*'*tum*'? And if he banished priests, had they not been prominent in instigating the Irish massacres, and were they not still members of a vast confederacy, stretching over almost the whole of Europe, leagued everywhere for the overthrow of civil liberties and the destruction of the Protestant religion? And if Cromwell allowed the mass of the Irish soldiers to pass into the armies of continental sovereigns, Mr. Prendergast

does not tell us how actively and congenially they were afterwards employed by the King of Spain in crushing liberty and religion in the Low Countries, and by the Dukes of Savoy in exterminating the Vaudois.

But let us come to the narrative before us, and follow our author in his faithful and painstaking account of that great confiscation, which is the basis of the present settlement of Ireland. Oliver Cromwell landed near Dublin on August 14, 1649; Drogheda was stormed and the garrison put to the sword on September 10th: the principal towns of the kingdom immediately submitted; and in nine months he returned to England, leaving the management of the war in the hands of his generals. It lasted more than two years longer, for it was not till September 27, 1653, that the Parliament were enabled to declare the rebellion subdued and the war ended. The country was now a dreadful waste after a dozen years of war. Three-fourths of the stock of cattle were destroyed. The growing crops round the Irish had been cut down by the soldiers to starve them into submission, as the rebels had done ten years before to annihilate their Protestant enemies in the North, and the whole revenue of the country from all sources, even in 1654, was only 198,000*l.*, while the cost of the army exceeded 500,000*l.* The first step taken by the Irish Government was the disposal of the disbanded or surrendered Irish soldiers. They were to be allowed to engage in the service of any states in amity with the Commonwealth; and as there were no troops more popular at the time on the Continent—the Prince of Orange himself declaring they were 'born soldiers'—nearly 40,000 were transported at once to Spain, France, and Poland, and were eagerly drafted into the armies of those kingdoms.

The Parliament, on September 26, 1653, passed the famous Act, under which the Cromwellian Settlement was established. The Government reserved for itself all the towns, church-lands, and tithes, and the four counties of Dublin, Kildare, Cork, and Carlow. Mr. Prendergast informs us how 'they abolished all 'the archbishops, bishops, deans, and other officers belonging 'to the hierarchy;' but he has not the candour to add that Cromwell paid several Irish bishops, who remained in the country—for some had fled to England—stated salaries out of the rents of the bishops' lands. Dr. Maxwell, bishop of Klimore, complimented Henry Cromwell, when lord-deputy, for his liberality in an ode commencing thus:—'*Delicia* '*humani generis, mitissime Prorex.*' The two Leslies, bishops of Down and Raphoe, accepted pensions of 120*l.* per annum

(equal to five times that amount in modern currency); and it is well known that the venerable Archbishop Ussher was allowed 400*l.* a year out of the Treasury till his death.

The Parliament then made provision for the adventurers. They owed them 360,000*l.* and divided their portion of the country into three lots, in Leinster, Munster and Ulster, the smallest settlement being in Ulster, as Cromwell did not intend to disturb the Scotch and English settlers of that thriving northern plantation. For the security of the adventurers, who were mostly tradesmen and merchants, it was resolved to give the soldier-planters their portion side by side with them in the ten counties of the three provinces allotted to them, and the division of the land between these two classes was settled by the drawing of lots. The remaining counties of Ireland, with the exception of Connaught, were to be given to the officers and soldiers for the arrears of pay, amounting to 1,550,000*l.*, and to satisfy debts of money or provisions due for supplies advanced to the English army, amounting to 1,750,000*l.* Connaught, together with the adjoining county of Clare, was reserved by the Parliament for the habitation of the Irish nation and was then, as it is still, the least fertile of the four provinces. Here, the Roman Catholics of Ireland, high and low, the countess with her tender and beautiful daughters, the peasant with his couple of cows, and the labourer with his implements of toil, were to be transplanted within six months from the three rich provinces adjoining, and penned up among its wet bogs and inhospitable mountains, guarded from escape, seaward and landward, by the river Shannon, the Atlantic Ocean, and ten miles of forts garrisoned with soldiers; while, for still greater security, a belt of land from one to four miles wide, running round the entire province, including Clare, was reserved from the Irish and given to the soldiers to plant. There was thus no probability of escape either by land or sea, and all the inland castles and forts were destroyed lest they should become dangerous in the hands of the Irish. Thus, 'on September 26, 1653, all the ancient 'estates and farms of the people of Ireland were declared to 'belong to the adventurers and the army of England; and it 'was announced that the Parliament had assigned Connaught '(America was not then accessible) for the habitation of the 'Irish nation, whither they must transplant with their wives, 'and daughters, and children before May 1 following (1654), 'under penalty of death, if found on this side of the Shannon 'after that day.' (P. 27.) The difficulty of crushing the people of four provinces into one, so as to admit of their finding

elbow-room, is more imaginary than real; for Connaught at this hour possesses a larger population in itself than the whole of Ireland in 1653. But the soil was wretched and the country wasted by ten years of war; some parts so barren that 'there 'was not wood enough to hang a man, water enough to drown 'him, or earth enough to bury him.'

The fatal order went forth and excited great lamentation throughout the whole land. An exception was made in favour of 'those Irish who could show that they had borne a constant 'good affection to the Parliament of England during the ten 'years' contest,' and on behalf of those Irish women who had been married to English Protestants before December 2, 1650, provided they became Protestants, and boys under fourteen, and girls under twelve, in Protestant service, to be brought up as Protestants. Fathers and heads of families were commanded to proceed before January 30, 1654, to Loughrea in Connaught, where certain commissioners were to allot them out lands in proportion to the stock possessed by them, and by the tenants and friends transplanted with them. They were also to build huts for their families before May. The commissioners were to be guided by a statement which each proprietor before leaving home was to present to the revenue officer of the precinct for his certificate. Here is one: 'Sir Nicholas Comyn, of Limerick precinct, numb at one side 'of his body of a dead palsy, accompanied only by his lady, 'Catherine Comyn, aged thirty-five years, flaxen-haired, middle 'stature, and one maidservant, Honor ny Macnamara, aged 'twenty years, brown hair, middle stature; having no substance, 'but expecting the benefit of his qualification.' The Irish, of course, remonstrated, and thousands claimed dispensations: some alleged that their wives or children were sick or their cattle unfit to drive; others, that their crops were to get in, or that they were collecting money for transport to Spain. Among the petitioners for exemption from transplantation, it is curious to find the names of Fitzgerald, Butler, Plunket, Cheever, Cusack, who had themselves—or their forefathers—exerted themselves cruelly in various schemes for extirpating or transplanting the native Irish after Lord Thomas Fitzgerald's rebellion in 1535. It was now their turn to suffer. It is curious, too, to find the grandson of Edmund Spenser, the poet, William Spenser, now a Roman Catholic, praying for exemption. Cromwell pleaded with the commissioners, out of respect to his grandfather's memory, to save his lands for him, but his pleading was in vain. The result of thousands of applications was that, while the owners were transplanted, the wives and

children were in many cases allowed to remain behind with one or two servants to crop the ground and reap the harvest; but as the new settlers entered upon their holdings on May 1, 1654, it often happened that the wives and children were ejected without mercy, and deprived of cabin or shelter or grass even for their cattle. Sometimes, the owners were allowed to return for a time. Thus, John Talbot, ancestor of the present Lord Talbot de Malahide, who had to yield his castle to Chief Baron Corbet, got a pass for safe travelling from Connaught to the county of Dublin to dispose of his corn and other goods; and Thomas Luttrell of Luttrelstown, co. Dublin, ancestor to Lord Carhampton, had to occupy his own stables with his family while taking in his last crop. The work of the commissioners was one of no small difficulty. They were pestered with all manner of questions, such as, whether men marrying transplantable widows became themselves transplantable? What was to be done with Irishmen who had turned Protestants? What did the commissioners mean by Irish widows of English extraction? What was to be done with the fair Papists who had married Protestants, and still continued Papists? Was the wife to be separated from the husband? Were all the fishermen of Wexford to be transplanted? We are not told what answers the commissioners made to these questions. But the difficulties of the work were only now beginning. Three months after May 1, 1654, only sixty families had removed to Connaught; the Tories (mostly dispossessed owners who had turned robbers) had increased to a fearful extent; and the commissioners were at last obliged to seize the crops of all who delayed the transplanting, and to fill the gaols with transplantable persons who would not go to Connaught. They actually hanged one Edward Hetherington, of Kilnemanagh, with placards on his back and breast, 'for not transplanting,' but Mr. Prendergast informs us in a note that he was a Tory and had confessed to seven murders of Englishmen. At length, the terrible severities of the law began to have their effect, and in a short time so complete was the depopulation in the county of Tipperary—now the most anti-English in the country—that four persons had to be sent for from Connaught to point out the bounds of land for the officers of the Down survey. It is needless to remark that the transplanted suffered great hardships. Some went mad, some hanged themselves; others lived on and founded families which flourish there to this day, like the Talbots and Cheevers; and some, like Lord Trimleston, laid their bones in Connaught, though their heirs came back at the Restoration.

The country being now cleared of the original occupiers, the officers and soldiers at once took possession of the lands, which were distributed by lot, and divided fairly among them, according to their extent and value. It often happened, however, that the soldiers, deeply embarrassed by arrears of pay, sold their debentures to their officers for a trifling sum—say, for a horse and a few shillings. In one case, a barrel of beer was made to pay off the claims of a whole company. But the Act distinctly prohibited these bargains till the soldiers were in actual possession. The consequence was that the lands fell into very few hands; the soldiers who sold their debentures generally returned in disgust to England; and thus a strong, numerous, and sturdy middle-class, which is the chief mainstay of a successful plantation, was lost to the country. On September 1, 1655, the first great disbanding of the army took place, and the different regiments, which had been for three years garrisoning towns and posts of strength, were marched to the different counties and baronies, and settled down on their respective lots. But there was much dissatisfaction among the men. 'In Ireland, the common men found no beer, no cheese; 'they had no ploughs nor horses, nor money to buy them. The 'Irish were for the most part transplanted or had betaken them-'selves to the woods and mountains as Tories.' But a greater want was the want of women. The soldiers were forbidden to marry Irish girls, but as those who transgressed the law always pretended that their wives had become Protestants, 'Ireton forbade all intermarriages unless the girls first passed 'an examination as to the real state of their hearts before a board 'of military saints, under penalty, if the soldiers marrying were 'dragoons, of being reduced to foot-soldiers, if foot-soldiers, 'to pioneers, without hope in either case of promotion. After 'being disbanded, if they married any of those attractive but 'idolatrous daughters of Erin, they were liable to have them 'taken from them, or to march after them to Connaught if they 'could not do without them.' This was certainly stringent law, but it is evident that there were few Cromwellians of the soldier class who (to use the language of a Cromwellite)

> 'Rather than turne
> From English principles, would rather burne;
> And rather than marrie an Irish wife,
> Would batchellers remain for tearme of life.'

It appears that, notwithstanding all prohibitions, the intermarriages could not be prevented, and thus it came to pass that, forty years after Cromwell's settlement and seven years after the battle of the Boyne, the lamentation was made that the

children of Oliver's soldiers could not speak a word of English, as they had followed, in so many cases, the speech, as well as religion, of their mothers. Few made so jealous a provision for the religion of their descendants as that Sir Jerome Alexander, an English judge in Ireland, who left his estate to his daughter, but made the gift void in the event of her marrying an Irishman, were he archbishop, bishop, baronet, knight, esquire, or gentleman of Irish extraction or descent.

The adventurers were next satisfied and planted down beside the soldiers in the ten counties; but as they did not come to the country till six years after the former had settled, the old Irish proprietors had, in many cases, continued to occupy the lands with the connivance of the soldiers, and it was with difficulty that they got their allotted portions into their hands. Then came the more difficult project of replanting Ireland. The country was divided into three districts—one to be a pure Irish plantation—Connaught; another, to be a pure English plantation—Leinster, or the 'Five Counties,' to be made up of English Protestants and exiled Bohemians, Vaudois, Netherlanders, and New Englanders, who had suffered for their religion; and another to be a mixed plantation, in the central parts of the country, consisting of English masters and landlords, with permission to take such Irish tenants and servants as were without the rule of transplantation, but all were to be taught the English language, and to be instructed by Protestant ministers, as well as to abandon their Irish names of Teig and Dermot and the like for the corresponding English names, and drop the O' and Mc so characteristic of nationality. The Government had reserved to themselves all forfeited property in the cities and boroughs, and thus paid off debts of 10,000*l.* to Liverpool and Gloucester, whose corporations were to plant the deserted and almost ruined towns with English Protestants. Galway was especially recommended by the commissioners as a port of importance; but now, as Mr. Prendergast remarks, 'That town, once frequented by ships with 'cargoes of French and Spanish wines, to supply the wassailings 'of the O'Neills, the O'Donnels, the O'Garas, and the O'Kanes, 'her marble palaces handed over to strangers, and her gallant 'sons and dark-eyed daughters banished, remains for 200 years a 'ruin—her splendid port empty and her "hungry air," in 1862, 'becomes the mock of the official stranger.'

This is the history of the Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland. Mr. Prendergast occupies the closing chapters of his book in describing the efforts made to destroy 'Three Troublesome 'Beasts,' which sorely marred the peace and prosperity of the

planters. 'We have three beasts to destroy,' said Major Morgan, an Irish member of Parliament, 'that lay burthens upon 'us. The first is the wolf, on whom we lay five pounds a head 'if a dog, and ten pounds if a bitch. The second beast is a 'priest, on whose head we lay ten pounds—if he be eminent, 'more. The third beast is a Tory, on whose head, if he be a 'public Tory, we lay twenty pounds, and fifty shillings on a 'private Tory. Your money cannot catch them; the Irish 'bring them in; brothers and cousins cut one another's throats.'

It would have been very satisfactory if Mr. Prendergast, who undertook to write the history of the Cromwellian Settlement, had given us some account of its political and social consequences; for an event of such moment, remarkable for the magnitude and multiplicity of its changes, could not but exercise a very important and lasting influence upon the fortunes of subsequent generations. Ireland, convulsed from its deepest foundations, resembled one of those islands of southern climes upheaved from the bottom of the sea, which, pregnant with volcanic seed, produces new lands of tropical fertility and luxuriance. It is remarkable, therefore, that the country shot up at once into marvellous prosperity. It is not from the volume before us, but from Macaulay's 'History of England,' that we learn this information: 'Strange to say, under that iron rule, 'the conquered country began to wear an outward face of 'prosperity. Districts, which had recently been as wild as those 'where the first white settlers of Connecticut were contending 'with the red men, were in a few years transformed into the 'likeness of Kent and Norfolk. New buildings, roads, and 'plantations were everywhere seen. The rent of estates rose 'fast; and soon the English landowners began to complain that 'they were met in every market by the products of Ireland, 'and to clamour for protecting laws.' Mr. Prendergast might have sketched for us the splendid plans that Cromwell had designed for promoting the higher education of the country, not only by reforming the abuses of the Dublin University, but by establishing a second collegiate institution near the metropolis; and he might have given us some hint of the generous provision that was made for the support of religious teachers, by appointing 130 Independent and Baptist preachers at the public charge, to minister in the towns and cities of the North and South, in addition to those of other denominations whom he left undisturbed in their parishes. But the author is silent upon every point that can reflect the least credit or honour upon the memory of the great Protector. It is worthy of remark that this Cromwellian plantation, though devised and

executed on a far larger scale than the Scottish plantation of Ulster, which was nearly contemporary, failed as signally as the other succeeded in achieving the objects of the projectors; for, though it left Leinster—the seat of the pure plantation—at once the most prosperous and the most Protestant of the three southern provinces, it did not found a thriving community like that of Ulster, which, though taking root in the bleakest part of the country, could turn its natural resources to such noble account, and create an emporium of manufacturing activity and commercial enterprise, which has always been the envy and the admiration of the South.

The reasons of this comparative failure are very obvious even to a cursory inquirer. The Cromwellian plantation was founded upon the ruthless proscription of a whole nation, and it is a well-known political axiom that no measures can ever finally succeed in which the interests of all classes are not in some way consulted. The Ulster plantation under James I., though founded on the confiscation of the lands of the old, quarrelling, rebellious chiefs, who had to abandon the country, did not displace the native Irish to the same extent as the Southern; for they had their place—though an inferior one—in the plan of settlement, and, as a matter of fact, they held directly 60,000 of the 300,000 acres available for plantation, while the majority of the British undertakers had Irish tenants settled on their newly-acquired properties. The lands, too, were generally vacant when the settlers arrived. Again, the Cromwellian officers, as we have already seen, by their eagerness to buy up the portions of the common soldiers, weakened, while they imagined they were strengthening their own position in the country, and thus hindered the formation of a sturdy middle-class; but the Ulster settlement, by strictly guarding the rights of the tenant-occupiers against the encroachments of their landlords, created a class of yeomen, with protection for industry and stimulus to enterprise, who laid the broad and lasting foundation of Northern prosperity. The Scotch settlers, too, brought their families into the country, and thus preserved their religious distinctness in the midst of surrounding Romanism; while most of the settlers of Cromwell, like those of England for many centuries, by neglecting this necessary provision, were obliged to intermarry with the natives, and were thus rapidly absorbed, in the course of a few generations, into the mass of the unenterprising, unimproving, Roman Catholic population. It is not to be forgotten, too, as affecting the Protestant character of the Northern province, that the early settlers had no difficulty in obtaining from

Scotland the services of the most godly and zealous of its ministers, who remained in the country in spite of all the prelatic persecutions of after-times; while, on the other hand, it was a curious and melancholy circumstance, that most of the 130 Independent and Baptist ministers returned to England at the Restoration, on the withdrawal of their salaries, and left the Puritan settlers without any provision for their spiritual wants. No doubt, the restored Episcopacy, though obnoxious to the settlers, took the place in some measure of the fugitive divines of Cromwell; but many of these settlers after the Restoration answered but too faithfully to the description given of them by one who knew them well:—'I 'have hunted with them,' says he, 'I have diced with them, 'I have drunk with them, I have fought with them, but I have 'never prayed with them;' and another might well describe an Irish Protestant as a man who never went to church and hated a Papist. Is it strange, then, that such different fortunes attended the two great plantations of the seventeenth century?

In closing this review, we cannot but congratulate the sister-country upon its altered condition, since English legislation palsied the arm and broke the heart of local insolence and oppression. We rejoice in the spring-tide of general reason and substantial improvement which is rising and swelling all over the country; and though, in the Southern provinces, where there are no manufactures to employ the redundant population, the unsatisfactory state of the land question must, for some time to come, be a bar to agricultural progress, it cannot now be justly charged upon England that she governs less by the love of the many than by the power of the few, or that she sacrifices the interests of a noble and warm-hearted people to the caprices of power or the supremacy of an intolerant faction.

The prompt and complete success of the vigorous measures taken by the Government in the course of this autumn to expose and crush the Fenian association, has earned for Lord Wodehouse the respect and gratitude of all the educated classes in Ireland, and of the clergy of all denominations. Perhaps it is the first time that measures of repression taken by the Government have been heartily supported by the Irish nation. We hope this will be the last of these obsolete and abortive attempts at revolution, and that the ardent and patriotic youth of Ireland will learn that they have nothing to gain from secret societies or foreign intrigues, but that the future welfare of their country depends on a steady adherence to a liberal policy in obedience to the laws of the United Kingdom.

ART. IX.—*An Excursion in the Peloponnesus in the Year 1858.* By the late Right Hon. Sir THOMAS WYSE, K.C.B., H.M.'s Minister Plenipotentiary at Athens from 1849 to 1862. Edited by his niece, WINIFREDE M. WYSE. With numerous illustrations. 2 vols. imp. 8vo. London: 1865.

THERE are few portions of Southern Europe that have been more thoroughly explored, and more carefully described, than Greece. Not to speak of the valuable labours of Sir W. Gell, Dodwell, and other earlier travellers, the elaborate works of the late Colonel Leake are in themselves a perfect storehouse of information. As one of the most able of those who have trodden in his footsteps remarks, 'All are but 'gleaners after him. . . . His truthfulness, his sagacity, his 'diligence, and his learning, are above all praise.' The skill and sagacity with which he identified the sites of ancient cities, and seized at once the characteristic features of each peculiar locality, with a kind of intuitive perception, remind one of the *coup d'œil* of an able general, and were probably derived by him in part from early military training; but it is rarely indeed that such a power is combined with learning at once accurate and extensive, and with a calmness of judgment at least as rare in antiquarian pursuits as in others of a more exciting character. When we add to the writers already named the scientific labours of the French commission, and the elaborate survey of the Morea, made by them during the period of their occupation, with a view to the preparation of their great map of the country, as well as the works of a whole host of German *savans*, who, since the establishment of King Otho on the Hellenic throne, have investigated every corner of the country with their usual diligence — it may suffice here to mention the names of Ross, of Ulrichs, of Forchhammer and Curtius — most persons would naturally have supposed that there remained little for a fresh traveller to glean or to tell.

Yet these volumes prove that there was still ample scope for a very interesting book. The ancient sites had been indeed so carefully sought out, and for the most part so clearly identified, and the existing remains so fully and minutely described, that the mere passing visitor could scarcely hope to add anything to our antiquarian or topographical knowledge. But the surpassing interest of these researches in a land teeming at every step with ancient relics and ancient associations, had in most instances so absorbed the attention of travellers that they almost forgot to record their impressions

of the country and the people as they now are. They have done all in their power to assist the scholar in picturing to himself what Greece *was* like; but they have contributed comparatively little to answer the question that may naturally be asked—What *is* Greece like? More than thirty years have passed since she has been established as an independent monarchy, and restored to a place in the European community. Political changes and political troubles have from time to time drawn the attention of the European world to her political condition; but very little is known by the world at large either of the people or the country that have so lately changed one foreign sovereign for another.

Much of this ignorance we believe to be owing to the want of any popular books of travels in the country. Greece has not yet passed into the domain of the mere tourist; while it has ceased to have the attractions which a land comparatively unknown and undescribed possesses for the more adventurous traveller. It is, indeed, remarkable how very small a number of the books of travels that at the present day issue in shoals from the presses of our leading publishers has been devoted to the Greek kingdom. Colonel Mure's 'Tour in Greece,' the nearest approach to a popular book of travels that we remember, was published five and twenty years ago; and, notwithstanding its title, it is a work addressed rather to the scholar than to the general reader. The same may be said still more strongly of the more recent and equally scholar-like volume of Mr. Clark on the Peloponnesus.* Mr. Senior's book† contains some valuable information, picked up during a short residence at Athens; but of the country itself he saw nothing. Miss Bremer's two volumes‡ present some light and pleasant sketches of Athens and the islands; but her excursions in the other provinces of Greece were limited; her notes of them are slight and sketchy; and so little was she acquainted with what had previously been done in the same field, that she assures her readers that great part of Arcadia is still 'a *terra* 'incognita to scientific tourists;' but that the traveller who has the courage to venture his life in its unfrequented paths

---

* Peloponnesus: Notes of Study and Travel. By W. G. Clark, M.A. 8vo. London: 1858.

† A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece in 1857–58. By Nassau W. Senior. cr. 8vo. London: 1859.

‡ Greece and the Greeks: the Narrative of a Winter Residence and Summer Travel in Greece and its Islands. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated by Mary Howitt. 2 vols. 8vo. London: 1863.

'will find *in two places* temples still standing, which in beauty 'are inferior only to the Parthenon—the temple of Phigaleia, 'on the frontiers of Messenia, and that of Apollo-Æsculapius 'at the foot of the mountain, Paleo-Castro!' It is unnecessary to inform our readers that the *two* temples are in fact one and the same—no other than the far-famed temple of Apollo-Epicurius at Bassæ, near Phigaleia, the ruins of which were thoroughly explored and minutely described by Count Stackelberg and Mr. Cockerell as far back as 1812, whilst the sculptures from its frieze have long been in the British Museum! When an accomplished authoress, who has spent a whole winter at Athens, can display such ignorance as this, we cannot wonder that little is known of Greece by the bulk of readers at home.

It was, therefore, with the greatest satisfaction that we heard the announcement of a new book of travels in Greece from the pen of the late Sir Thomas Wyse, who so long and so ably discharged the duties of British representative at the court of Athens. It would be impossible to find any one better qualified to supply the deficiency which we have pointed out. To a keen interest in the arts, the literature, and the history of ancient Greece, and a warm sympathy with all that claims the attention of the scholar and the antiquarian, he united exactly those advantages in which the foreign traveller must generally be deficient. His long residence in the country had given him not only a complete familiarity with the language, but with the character and habits of thought of the modern Greeks. His official position gave him access to all available sources of information, while the warm interest that he took in the real progress of the people, and the enlightened zeal with which he sought to promote their true interests, opened to him the hearts of Greeks of all classes. Rarely, indeed, has a minister at a foreign court identified himself in an equal degree with the sympathies and aspirations of a nation, yet without ceasing to regard them from an independent and impartial point of view. And the sincere and general demonstration of regret of all ranks on occasion of his premature death, showed that they were neither unobservant of his efforts nor ungrateful for them. It was not that he was blind to their faults—very far from it. The volumes before us abound with proofs that he was fully alive to the defects and the shortcomings both of the people and of the government. But at the same time he was always disposed to do justice to their good qualities and their good endeavours, and to make allowances for the effect of evil habits rendered inveterate by a long period of servitude.

It is a gratifying circumstance that, as far as we remember, all travellers who have made a somewhat lengthened tour in Greece, have been favourably impressed with the sterling qualities of the peasantry. To their courage and perseverance, in despite of all the faults of their leaders, Mr. Finlay mainly ascribes the success of the Revolutionary War. To their industry is due the progress made in the cultivation of the soil and the recovery of waste lands: as Mr. Clark justly observes, after adverting to the many obstacles thrown in their way by the vexatious interference of a corrupt government, and by an oppressive system of taxation,—'So much the 'more credit is due to the patient and industrious people who 'have achieved such results in the place of such obstacles. 'The improvement is perhaps not what it would have been 'under more favourable conditions, but it is impossible to deny 'that it has been absolutely great. The traveller cannot fail 'to see signs of progress everywhere, though no statistical 'proof can be given. . . . . Everywhere fresh land is being 'reclaimed from the waste, and made by irrigation to produce 'cereals instead of salvia and cistus. The plough is retracing 'furrows which have lain fallow for centuries, and the water 'runs again along steep hill-sides in rocky channels, perhaps 'originally hewn by the Helot for his Spartan master.'*

To the energy of the peasantry themselves must also be attributed the suppression of brigandage, which was undoubtedly for a time complete and effectual. Mr. Clark, who made a lengthened tour through all parts of the Morea in 1856, bears distinct testimony to the complete security of the country at that period. The same state of things was found by Sir T. Wyse in 1858, and we can vouch from personal experience to its continuance in 1861. Since that period the revolution and the long interval of suspended government—for such it undoubtedly was in every sense of the word—has thrown all things into confusion, and it may be long before the traveller can resume his wanderings with the same sense of security as he then enjoyed. But when we consider the rugged and inaccessible nature of the greater part of the country, the scantiness of the population, and the vast tracts that are still covered with brushwood and wild shrubberies, the wonder is rather that brigandage was ever put down, than that it should be ready to rear its head again on every favourable opportunity. Above all, the insecurity of the northern frontier is a difficulty not easy to overcome. The whole of the boundary line between the

* Clark's Peloponnesus, p. 145.

kingdom of Greece and Turkey (as settled in 1832) is a range of wild and rugged mountains, for the most part covered with forests, and traversed only by mountain paths, like that by which Xerxes was enabled to turn the flank of the heroic defenders of Thermopylæ. Such paths are of course well known to the brigands, who descend by them into the plains of Northern Greece, and speedily elude pursuit by taking refuge in the mountains, or, if necessary, by recrossing the frontier. An incursion of this sort took place in 1861, while the French commission were carrying on excavations at Delphi, and the brigands carried off the son of one of the chief persons in a village on the northern side of Parnassus. Immediately almost every male inhabitant of the village of Delphi shouldered his long gun and set off to resist or pursue the robbers, though the scene of the outrage was distant more than twenty miles, by rugged mountain paths. Such a display of spirit on the part of the peasantry themselves, in a country like Greece, is worth far more than any amount of government *gendarmerie*.

But besides the advantages resulting from his official position and long residence in the country, Sir Thomas Wyse's book has one merit which distinguishes it from all its predecessors—it is very pleasantly written. Hitherto it would seem as if something of the spirit of Colonel Leake—the driest and most unattractive of writers, although the soundest of topographers—had hung like a spell around all his successors in the same field; and all recent books of travels in Greece have the same leading characteristic—they are without exception dull. Sir Thomas Wyse's book is indeed far removed from that flashy, flippant style which distinguishes and disfigures so many of our modern books of travels, especially those in countries comparatively well known; but it is the work of a man of a lively impressionable mind, who kept his eyes and his ears open to whatever he could collect or observe of the country and the people through which he was passing—and has left us a vivid as well as faithful record of what he saw and heard. Not that he in any degree neglected the antiquarian interest of the districts he visited: so far from it, that he has entered almost too minutely into the description of localities and remains which have already been described again and again, and enlarged in some instances at what we deem needless length upon the various archæological and historical questions that arise out of them. His disquisitions on these subjects will however be read with interest by the scholar: not the less because their ingenious and somewhat imaginative character presents a striking contrast to the dry prosaic tone of Colonel Leake and Mr. Clark, as

well as to the sceptical tone of criticism on matters of ancient history that has generally prevailed in this country, under the auspices of Mr. Grote and the late Sir G. Lewis. But to the general reader, as well as to ourselves, we think the chief interest of the volumes before us will be found in their bearing upon the condition and prospects of Modern Greece, rather than in any additional light that they throw upon the past.

In one respect, indeed, the present work comes before us at a disadvantage. It is in reality, though not in form, a fragment. It contains the results and observations of only one among several tours made by Sir Thomas Wyse in different parts of the country; and is not only limited, as its title imports, to the Peloponnesus, but is far from comprising all the most interesting districts of that limited area. We miss the author's remarks upon the far-famed remains of antiquity in the Argolid territory: we regret still more that he has not left us the results of his visits to Bœotia, Phocis, and above all to Delphi, the spot that more than any other in Greece, with the single exception of Athens, retains the impression and character of the past, and stamps its memory indelibly upon all who have seen it. From the careful manner in which the portion now given to the public was worked up and prepared by Sir Thomas Wyse, we are led to infer that it was his intention, had his life been spared, to have completed his task, and given to the world a complete book of travels in Greece, that would have had as much attraction and interest for the general reader as for the classical scholar.

As it is, we gladly welcome what we have got, and feel grateful to the accomplished lady, who, after presiding so long in his hospitable mansion at Athens, and accompanying him on almost all his excursions, has discharged her last debt of duty to his memory by the publication of the present volumes. Miss Wyse was peculiarly well-fitted for this task by her intimate acquaintance with her uncle's views and opinions, and the strong sympathy with which she joined in his aspirations on behalf of the Greeks. She has fortunately not limited herself to the mere reproduction of the manuscript as she found it, but has in many instances added notes of her own of the highest value and interest upon points connected with the condition and prospects of Greece: pointing out where any real progress has been made, or steps taken towards improvement, subsequently to the date of this journey, which was made in the spring of 1858; at other times drawing attention to the zealous but unavailing efforts of Sir Thomas Wyse to overcome the apathy and procrastination of the Greek Govern-

ment. It is only to be regretted that she did not obtain the assistance of some friendly scholar,—among the many who retain a grateful recollection of the kindness with which they were received by Sir Thomas Wyse at Athens, and the instruction they derived from his conversation—to revise the classical portions of the book while they were passing through the press. She would thus have saved the reader from numerous provoking false prints, as well as from some mistakes on collateral and incidental points of scholarship, which would doubtless have been corrected by Sir Thomas Wyse himself, had he lived to superintend the publication of his matured labours.

But while we regret that the work before us is necessarily imperfect as a whole, it has at least the advantage of including precisely those portions of the Peloponnese which are least frequently visited by ordinary travellers. Of the numerous tourists who every year touch at Athens by the French or Austrian steamers, by far the larger part either confine their rambles to a few excursions in the neighbourhood of the capital, or make a hasty excursion to Argos, Mycenæ, and Corinth; and those who are limited for time can scarcely do better: for the Cyclopean remains at Tiryns and Mycenæ are certainly among the most striking monuments that it is possible to see anywhere: and we believe that every scholar will concur with Colonel Mure in the impression, that the Gate of the Lions at Mycenæ is, of all monuments of the kind, the one of which the reality most exceeds previous expectation. But those who have seen no more of Greece than this, have little conception of the natural beauties of which the country can truly boast. It is difficult to see a more rugged and forbidding aspect than that presented by great part of the coasts of the Morea, especially by the long iron-bound mountain walls that stretch out to the promontories of Matapan and Malea. This part of the Laconian coast is graphically described by Sir Thomas Wyse as 'ridged, scarred, and wrinkled by torrents, the seams 'of which are everywhere visible, and give so worn-out an 'appearance to the greater part of the mountain physiognomy 'of Greece.'

But if Greece here 'presents frowns and barriers to the 'stranger,' there is (as Sir Thomas truly adds) 'no limit to 'the beauty or variety which shelters behind.' In this respect we do not think justice has generally been done to Greece; and many of our readers will probably be surprised to be told, that the scenery of large portions of the Morea deserves to be ranked amongst the most beautiful in Europe. Yet such, we believe, will be the general verdict of all those that have seen

it. Sir Thomas Wyse, who united to a keen susceptibility to natural beauty the practised eye of an amateur artist—his skill in this respect is sufficiently attested by the views that accompany the present volumes, which have been reproduced with taste and effect in Mr. A. Severn's etchings—has dwelt upon the characteristic beauties of the Greek landscape with much more fulness than any of his predecessors, but has certainly done no more than justice to the noble scenery which he traversed in the course of his journey.

The surpassing beauty of the vale of Sparta has indeed been the theme of admiration with all travellers, and kindles even the unimpassioned Colonel Mure into an unwonted glow of enthusiasm. Sir Thomas Wyse, having come by sea and landed at Gythium—as the seaport of Laconia is now again called—approached Sparta from the south, an unusual course, and thus missed the glorious view that bursts upon the traveller on his way from Tripolitza, when he first comes in sight of the valley of the Eurotas and the mighty range of Taygetus. But even as thus seen, the impression was hardly less striking:—

'Leaving Bigla to the left, we emerged at length from the copses, by a sudden turning, upon the more open road, and gaining the summit of an eminence close to a mountain-stream called the Rasina, we for the first time caught a decided view of the great plain of Sparta and its magnificent wall of mountain. And a noble sight it is, worthy of all the wonder and enthusiasm which, as simultaneously we stopped our reluctant steeds, burst forth from our lips in chorus. As far as eye could stretch, we beheld before us an immense tract, perfectly flat, rich as a garden, without exactly distinguishing the varying forms of abundance poured out upon it, as they glowed in the golden hues of a declining sun. On the left rose up Taygetus, stern and still,—defile within defile, fortification within fortification, gigantic and impregnable, of a dusky dark purple, deep for the most part in shadow and enveloped in that hot misty gloom which rests on these Greek mountains after the sunny glare of a hot day. We found it difficult to move; but our horses and Dimitri were of a different opinion, and soon took us splashing through the Rasina.' (Vol. i. p. 70.)

A more noble range of mountains than Taygetus it is indeed difficult to see: none in Europe, except the Alps and Pyrenees, can compare with it; there is nothing in the Apennines that approaches it in grandeur—not even the range of the Gran Sasso, though this exceeds it in absolute height.* But we

* The highest summit of Taygetus is, according to the French survey, 2,409 metres or 7,902 English feet high; it is exceeded in

cannot agree with Sir Thomas Wyse, who sees in the character of the Spartan scenery the true type of that of the people, and sums up his impression with the words: 'A grander, gloomier, 'sterner, richer scene could not be found—exactly the ground 'which my imagination would have chosen for that remarkable 'element of Hellenism, the Spartan.' It is difficult to argue upon questions that depend so much upon personal impression, but to our apprehension the true character of the scene is that described by Colonel Mure, in which the richness of the golden plain so far predominates over the sternness of the Alpine range that forms its mountain barrier, as to produce a feeling of wonder at the contrast between the natural features of the locality and the character of the people that has rendered it so famous.

Equally beautiful, though of a more open and, on the whole, a softer character, is the scenery of Messenia, where the lofty mountain citadel of Ithome, rising in a singularly isolated mass from the midst of the surrounding plain, like an inland Gibraltar, forms the most prominent feature, stamping its impress on the whole region, and forcibly recalling to the classical scholar the important part that it bears in history. But the rich plain of Messenia, more extensive and more fertile naturally than that of Sparta, is far from being equally well cultivated. It is indeed naturally, as it is emphatically termed by Sir Thomas Wyse, 'a magnificent country;' and the portion of it adjoining Kalamata and the slopes of Taygetus —the only district where the culture is in accordance with the extreme richness of the soil—with its high hedges of cactus, its well-enclosed gardens of fig-trees, mulberries, and olives, interspersed at intervals with vines, pomegranates, and orange trees—shows of what the rest of this whole region is capable. In traversing this favoured tract, Sir T. Wyse observes, 'No 'one could have imagined that the district had so lately 'emerged from a war not of devastation only, but of extermi-'nation.' But as the traveller advances into the broad Stenyclarian plain, he gradually loses the care and precision of the cultivation, and great part of the broad tract from thence to the foot of Mount Ithome is undrained, marshy, and desolate. Yet where the road, or rather track—for roads there are none —crosses the Mavrozumenos (better known by its ancient

height among the Greek mountains only by Parnassus, which is 8,064 English feet in height, while the Monte Corno, or Gran Sasso d'Italia, the highest summit of the Apennines, attains to an elevation of 9,500 English feet.

name of the Pamisus) the banks of the river 'have in most 'places a perpendicular height, not less than sixty feet, of the 'richest alluvium, with scarcely the admixture of a stone,' strongly resembling the deposit of the Nile. There is perhaps no portion of Greece that tells its own story so forcibly as Messenia: the surpassing fertility of its soil explains why its possession was so eagerly coveted by the Lacedæmonians, while the mountain fortress of Ithome, 'as prominent in the 'scenery as in the history of this remarkable plain,' seems marked at once by nature as the permanent refuge and stronghold of the nation. Hence the importance subsequently attached to it by Epaminondas, who converted it once more into the capital, and surrounded the newly-built city of Messene with those walls and towers which still remain one of the most perfect specimens of Greek fortification. At a later period, under the Macedonian dynasty, the citadel of Ithome was regarded as second in military importance only to that of Corinth; the two forming, as was shrewdly remarked by Demetrius the Pharian, 'the two horns of the bull;' so that whoever was in possession of these two impregnable fortresses was master of the Peloponnesus.

North of the plain of Messenia, on the borders of Arcadia, is found one of the most secluded, though at the same time the most beautiful, districts in Greece; and it is here that the traveller will for the first time recognise in the woodland and park-like character of the scenery the type that we are accustomed to designate as Arcadian—a character utterly unlike the bare and treeless plains of the bleak upland districts that surround Mantinea and Tripolitza, and equally removed from the stern and grand, but savage, mountain tract that forms the northern bulwark of Arcadia on the side towards Achaia and the Corinthian Gulf. Here is the description of a scene on the descent from Mount Cotylion to Andritzena, that seems made to be the residence of a Daphnis and Chloe:—

'After winding down a very broken and slippery road, the brushwood gradually succeeding to harsh, gnarled oaks and savage pines, we glided into a lovely country. It was the ideal of an Arcadian landscape. A series of gentle eminences, sweeping into soft secluded valleys, wooded in the richest manner, with every variety of southern shrub,—arbutus, lentisk, agnus castus, bay, and myrtle,—timbered with luxuriant masses of oak and plane, and now and then broken by dark-green clumps of fir and pine, fine pasturage intermingling below, the grand framework of the great Peloponnesian ranges around and above: these formed the elements, of which every step presented a new variety. The red soil, recalling the fertile recesses of South Devon, and the close-foliaged pathways revelling in all

their freshness, from the rain, and exhaling their scented odours, as we brushed through them, completed this inland woodland picture.' (Vol. ii. p. 40.)

Nor is this by any means a solitary exception. The whole of the route from the plain of Messenia, by way of Phigaleia and Andritzena, to Olympia, lies through scenery of the same general character, sometimes amid scattered forests of oaks or pines, varied by magnificent plane trees on the banks of every mountain stream; sometimes through brushwood and copse of so rich and varied a character as to produce the effect of 'a 'beautifully variegated shrubbery.' It would be difficult to exaggerate the beauty of this most characteristic feature of much of the Greek scenery; and the month of May, when it was traversed by Sir Thomas Wyse, is precisely the season when it is displayed to the greatest advantage. Large tracts of the hill sides are covered with the golden Spanish broom, the bright yellow salvia, and gaily flowering cistus; but with these are intermingled, in almost equal abundance, rich masses of the Judas-tree, the bladder-senna, the arbutus, the tall Mediterranean heath; while the agnus castus and the richly-flowering oleander * mark the bed of every streamlet, even where, as is so often the case in Greece, they are dry during the greater part of the year.

In the midst of scenery such as this, surrounded by mountains covered with extensive forests of oak, and at an elevation of 3,800 feet above the sea, stands the lonely temple of Bassæ, commanding a prospect of almost unequalled beauty over picturesque, well-wooded heights, with the broad plain of Messenia beyond, Mount Ithome still conspicuous in the midst, the snowy summits of Taygetus on the left, and the beautiful blue bay of Kalamata in the distance. We are almost disposed to rank this view with that from the well-known theatre of Taormina, among the most beautiful we have ever seen. But the view from the Phigaleian temple wants one element so conspicuous in its Sicilian rival:—there are no picturesque mountain villages peeping from among the woods, or crowning the crags that surround it; no white towns gleaming along the shores of the distant gulf. This absence of life and ci

* Sir T. Wyse repeatedly enumerates the *rhododendron* among the flowering shrubs of Greece. This is a mistake. No species of rhododendron, in the botanical sense of the term, is found wild in Greece. We presume he means the oleander, which is called by Pliny, rhododendron or rhododaphne, though neither name is found in Theophrastus or Dioscorides.

the signs of human activity imparts a general tinge of gloom to the whole view, strikingly in accordance with the solitary and secluded position of the temple; but it mars the effect that would be otherwise produced by the softer and richer features of the distance.

This general impression of loneliness and solitude, which is the prevalent characteristic of Greek scenery, undoubtedly affects the traveller the more strongly from the contrast it involuntarily recalls with the activity and energy of these same lands in times long past. It is true that a large part—few even of the students of ancient history sufficiently bear in mind *how* large a part—of the country must always have been occupied by ranges of barren mountains, too lofty or too rugged to have been ever susceptible of cultivation, though probably in ancient times far more extensively covered with forests than they now are. The upland tracts of Arcadia must always have been bleak and cold, while the mountainous district on the west appears to have always remained to a great extent covered with forest and copsewood. It was in the midst of the woody country of Triphylia, on the left bank of the Alpheus, that was situated the country residence of Xenophon,—'almost the 'only Greek (remarks Sir T. Wyse), ancient or modern, who 'had a love or understanding of country life, or indeed of 'nature, and which he describes so much like a true country 'gentleman as he was, and so little like a town rhetorician.' The exact site of his favourite Skillus, where he consecrated the spoils brought back by him from Asia, cannot be determined; but there is hardly a spot thereabouts that would not fit his description; and the abundance of game in the neighbouring forests, which formed one of the main attractions of the place, proves that even then the surrounding hills must have been wooded and uncultivated.

We know, indeed, by the example of many parts of Italy, how in these favoured climates industry and labour can successfully struggle with natural difficulties; and many a steep mountain slope, that is now barren and desolate, was doubtless in former days terraced with olives and vines, like the Riviera of Genoa, or the coast of Amalfi. But the leading physical characteristic of Greece, that which gives indeed the key-note to its history and institutions, is the manner in which the several ranges of lofty and rugged mountains, that form, as it were, the skeleton or framework of the country, alternate with plains and valleys of the greatest fertility, and where these open to the sea enjoying the most favourable conditions

of climate. Yet these basins and strips of fertile land—almost every one of which was in ancient times the territory of a town isolated from its neighbours by natural boundaries—are now, in many instances, almost as waste and solitary as the neighbouring mountain tracts. The forest-covered hills of Triphylia may have undergone comparatively little change since the days of Xenophon; but it seems strange to find the same 'park-'like character' of scenery extending all down the valley of the Alpheus, and including the very site of Olympia itself: 'A noble park it was (says Sir T. Wyse), and on the grandest 'scale, but without the trace of a proprietor. No village is 'seen, and very rarely even a single house. No boundary, 'nor sign of possession is visible. The soil, of the richest 'quality, looks half worked, and as if doubtful whether the 'cultivation will ever be completed.'

The traveller who looks down from the top of Mount Kronion—a sandy eminence of no great height, covered with pines, not unlike some of the Surrey hills—upon the plain of Olympia, that so often swarmed with the myriads of assembled Greeks, will see at the utmost a stray peasant or two with perhaps a yoke of oxen, lazily scraping, rather than ploughing, the soil, which, notwithstanding his indolence, will yield him an abundant increase. Not even a solitary khan affords shelter to the traveller, while he visits the site and the scanty relics of what was once the centre of the Hellenic world. But it is useless to multiply examples of a contrast which must be ever present to the tourist, the one pervading impression of his journey. Such is Greece: such she remains, after the experiment has been tried for thirty years of independence and self-government. How far is this state of things the fault of the people?—how far of the government?—or how far is it the inevitable result of the pre-existing conditions, and the long-continued influence of misgovernment and oppression under a foreign and detested rule? Such are the questions that press themselves upon the mind of every thinking traveller, and the great value of Sir Thomas Wyse's book lies in the light that it tends to throw upon these questions.

Many things were indeed familiar to him as a long resident in the country, which would perhaps have more forcibly attracted the attention of the traveller from a distance, but on the other hand he had the great advantage of understanding what he saw in a way which no stranger fresh from the civilisation of the West could possibly have done. He knew enough of Greece not to expect too much, or to make unreasonable

complaints of her deficiencies; while he knew enough of the working of her government and administration to see where the evil lay and why it was not remedied. Undoubtedly the first of these deficiencies that forces itself upon the attention of the traveller is the want of those leading requisites for the tourist, according to our European notions—roads and inns. The last of these deficiencies is indeed the necessary consequence of the former. So long as there are no roads, and few travellers, there will be no inns. The oriental khan, and the hospitality of the convent still in some degree supply their place; but in this respect Greece is in a state of transition—it can scarcely be said of progress; for, with the exception of Athens, the accommodation for travellers has not improved, so far as we can learn, in the course of the last twenty years. As Sir Thomas Wyse remarks: 'Khans and convents are going out, but inns 'have not come in. The Greek Government and people, as 'they cannot have "Hotels d'Angleterre" and "D'Orient" 'everywhere, choose to have no inns at all. They insist on 'reaching the end before they have made the beginning, and 'disdain their old clothes before they yet find or make new 'ones.'

The want of roads is a far more serious grievance. As soon as the Bavarian Government was established in Greece, 'a royal 'proclamation was published, announcing that the regency was 'about to construct a network of roads. A plan was adopted 'by which every part of the kingdom would have found ready 'access to the Ionian and Ægean seas, and its execution was 'absolutely necessary to improve the country.' In the opinion of Mr. Finlay, a most competent judge, 'the whole of the roads 'proposed might easily have been completed in about ten 'years, had the Bavarian volunteers and the Greek conscripts 'worked at road-making with as much industry as the French 'had done while they remained in Greece.'* The actual result is that, after more than thirty years of Bavarian rule, the only high roads in any part of the country that extend beyond a few miles are that from Athens by way of Eleusis to Thebes, with a branch to Megara, and that from Nauplia to Tripolitza. Every other place of importance in the country is inaccessible, except by sea, or by bridle-paths, often of the worst description. It is quite true that the difficulties in the way of constructing a complete network of carriageable roads that will connect the principal towns and districts of the Hellenic kingdom are of

* Finlay's History of the Greek Revolution, vol. ii. p. 323.

no ordinary kind, greater perhaps than will be found in any other country in Europe except Switzerland. In almost every instance a mountain pass has to be surmounted, or the road carried over deep torrent beds, and along the face of rocky headlands. All such obstacles may doubtless be overcome by a sufficient outlay of capital: but they require much labour and expense; and it is a work that can be only undertaken by the Government, and will form a heavy burthen upon the resources of so limited an exchequer as that of the Greek kingdom. But there are other and minor deficiencies, more numerous though less glaring, that might easily be supplied by the people and local communities. Sir Thomas Wyse, landing at Gythium, or Marathonisi, the port of Sparta and the natural outlet for the produce of the rich valley of the Eurotas, finds neither improvement of the harbour, nor road into the interior. A carriage road from thence to Sparta had been indeed *decreed*, and (as Sir Thomas characteristically adds) 'is at this day 'believed at Athens to exist, and is doubtless boasted of in 'periodical eulogies.' But not even a commencement had in fact been made, though the line lies through a country where everything invites it, 'and where, with the exception 'of the Government inertness, there is no real difficulty.' (Vol. i. p. 51.)

It would be equally easy to connect by good roads every part of Messenia with the ports of Kalamata and Navarino. But nothing of the kind is done. The roads over the plain are mere tracks or natural roads, yet these (says Sir T. Wyse) 'are for the most part tolerable, thanks to the circumstances 'of the plain allowing it; but in the outlets over the mountains 'they are quite as wretched as in the worst parts of Greece, 'though the necessity of such outlets is as obvious there as 'over the plain itself. *The people would willingly improve 'them, but the municipal government, taking its tone from the 'central, neither aids nor directs the business.*'

The great and rapid extension of steam navigation in the Greek waters is indeed one of the most palpable signs of improvement in the country. The steamers that now touch weekly at almost every point of importance around the coasts of Greece, are an incalculable benefit to the provinces, but the sphere of their usefulness and influence is greatly circumscribed by the want of roads to communicate from these landing places with the interior of the country. It is a common plea (observes Sir Thomas Wyse) with Greek political economists, when pressed on the want of roads, to say, 'the sea is the 'natural communication, the great high road, the arteries of

'the Greeks; all we want are a few byeways, veins, so to 'speak, to carry the produce down to the coast.' But these are the very communications not made, and the country, except in the immediate neighbourhood of the sea, is still unconnected with the coast. As for the mountain paths, they are often as bad as the worst of those over Alpine passes: even in places less rugged and difficult by nature, it is often hard to discern the narrow and devious track in the midst of brushwood or wild shrubs; still more difficult to believe that this is the only road —or rather substitute for a road—from one town or large village to another. If it be true—and we believe it is true—that in many parts of Greece the inhabitants are not numerous enough either to pay for or to use elaborately constructed carriage-roads, and must be content, for some time to come, with donkey-paths and 'a donkey civilisation,' yet at least some endeavours might be used to make the paths convenient for donkeys to traverse. But no one seems to think of this. Some exceptions indeed there are. 'In descending from the lofty site of the 'temple at Bassæ,' says Sir Thomas Wyse, 'a novel sight burst 'upon us; half a dozen workmen busily engaged upon the road! 'They belonged to the Demos of Andritzena, they told us, 'with some pride, and were zealously hastening their own work 'with their own hands, an honour and an example to their 'countrymen.' (Vol. ii. p. 42.)

Andritzena is indeed one of the most flourishing communities in this part of Greece; one of those places which the inhabitants insist on terming a town, though it is in reality only a village, but, as Sir Thomas justly observes, 'no more cheering 'sight exists in Greece than the vigorous thriving village.' Unfortunately such cheering sights are few and far between, though not wanting in various parts of the country. Kastri, which occupies the site and has now resumed the name of Delphi, with the neighbouring villages of Chryso (Crissa) and Arakhova, are among the most conspicuous examples: and here also there is a fairly practicable horse-road from the sea to all the three villages.

On the other hand, nothing can be less encouraging than the aspect of one of those would-be towns, which have been created by the orders of the Government in obedience to the dictates of a pedantic classicism. The most glaring instance of this is the modern Sparta, which presents a painful contrast with the natural beauties of its situation. It was founded in 1834, on the plan and at the suggestion of the Philhellenic General Jochmus, long in the service of Greece; and was laid out in wide streets at right angles, 'emulating the *εὐρυάγυια* celebrity

'of its great predecessor, and with good open spaces for public 'institutions.' All this might have been very well, but unfortunately the exigencies of the climate and country were forgotten, and it has never been half-populated. The site was injudiciously chosen with regard both to air and water; the half-formed, grass-grown streets are in fact no better than rude roads, 'studded here and there with houses, leaving yawning 'distances, dead garden walls, and stray water-courses between 'them.' The better class of houses, though built in the style of a German watering-place, with no adequate protection against the burning sun of Greece, have indeed the advantage that every one stands in its own garden of mulberries, figs, and other fruit-trees; but the general aspect of the town is that of a great straggling group of hamlets, or, as it is aptly termed by Sir T. Wyse, 'a large dislocated sort of village,' such as might constitute the outlying suburb of some populous and rising place. 'In its present shape it appears like a sort of country retreat 'for town merchants. But where is the town from which they 'retire? We look around and see no great capital. A heap 'of ruins on the rocks opposite [at Mistra] forms the only pro-'minent counterpoise. New Sparta is in fact a great sole-'cism.' (Vol. i. p. 151.)

It must, however, be added, in justice to the Spartan as well as Hellenic authorities, that the result of Sir Thomas Wyse's visits to the public institutions of the new 'city,' the schools, the courts of justice, and the public offices was, on the whole, satisfactory; and to these have since been added, as we are informed in a note, a gymnasium, and a prison—a natural appendage to a central tribunal of justice, the want of which, at the period of Sir Thomas Wyse's visit, was an obvious subject of remark.

A pleasing contrast to the condition of Sparta is found in a town like Vostitza, on the Gulf of Corinth, the prosperity of which is the spontaneous growth of its own natural advantages, combined with the energy and industry of the people. Vostitza occupies the site, and has of late years officially resumed the name, of Ægium, the city in which the assemblies of the Achaian League were held, but which never rose to more than secondary importance in ancient times. There appears to have been something of a town here throughout the middle ages, but its present prosperity is wholly of recent growth.

'Vostitza is a good average country town—possessing streets pretty regular, and well-built solid stone houses, mostly new, with a fair intermixture of garden. It is a creditable specimen of newly-acquired civilisation,—though the usual Oriental *café*-shop and

lounger are still there, with as much impatience of neatness and order as in most matters Greek. On the whole, however, it gives token of wealth gradually increasing, and with it increasing industry. The upper and lower towns—for it stands on a bluff land in part towards the gulf, and in part along the beach—are fairly peopled, and all classes of the population seem thriving. In the upper town are the residences of the rich—the commercial aristocracy of the place; the lower contains houses of the workers and mechanics. The currant trade is the source of this vitality: you everywhere see the blood and health it feeds and maintains. The range of plantations extending largely on all sides of the town gives it in the season, from the gulf particularly, the appearance of an immense garden contiguous to the foot of the mountain, and amid which the little white town lies luxuriously imbedded; while the periodical visit of the steamer from Patras and Lutraki, with all the concomitant bustle of passengers departing or landing in their gay caïques below, intimate, as clearly as can be, that this garden is a mine and a mainspring, and not without very positive effects on the whole intellectual and moral working of the place. Could we fancy these noble shores thickly studded with a line of such Vostitzas, we might portend a prosperous future even for the remote parts of Greece.' (Vol. ii. pp. 239–40.)

Unfortunately, the peculiar cultivation to which Vostitza owes its recent prosperity—that of the currant-vine—is not one capable of indefinite extension, even if the climate and soil of the other parts of Greece were equally favourable to it. The market is almost wholly limited to the British Islands. Curiously enough, no other people share our taste in this respect; and it may be said, almost without exaggeration, that the whole of the currants grown in the Ionian Islands and on the shores of the Corinthian Gulf are destined for English consumers in puddings and cakes. No wonder that Sir Thomas Wyse found the house of M. Papadopoulos, the English vice-consul, in which he lodged, fitted up with English furniture, and showing everywhere indications of new wants developed by English commerce, and met by English productions.

But if the currant-trade and the prosperity resulting from it is always likely to be confined, in great measure, to that part of Greece where it now flourishes, no doubt there are many other productions which only need equal zeal and energy to attain an equal development. The cultivation of silk has been already largely developed, both in Laconia and Messenia, and is capable of almost indefinite increase. A silk manufactory has been established at Kalamata by M. Fournaire, a Frenchman and an old Philhellene, who, after the French expedition, remained in the Morea. It is not, however, probable, that manufactures of this or any other kind will

flourish extensively in Greece, at least for many years to come; the scarcity of water-power—coal there is none—and still more the high price of labour, offer at present insuperable obstacles. On the other hand, the fruit of Laconia and Messenia may compete with that of Smyrna; and the wines of many parts of Greece would doubtless, under a better system of cultivation, resume something of their ancient celebrity.

The plains of Argos and Bœotia are well adapted to the growth both of cotton and tobacco: in point of fact, the quantities actually raised of these articles are already sufficient to supply the internal consumption of Greece itself, and it is scarcely necessary to say that they might be largely increased. Already has the growth of cotton begun to supersede that of the currant-vine in the extensive plain of Elis; and a specimen of Bœotian cotton, sent to the Exhibition of 1862, obtained a prize for its superior quality, though selected merely as a fair average sample. Great part of this extensive plain, notwithstanding its extreme fertility, is now uncultivated, and will probably remain so till roads are made to communicate with the sea that lies only a few miles distant on either hand. Meanwhile a company has been formed, or projected—we know not which—to drain the lake Copaïs; a scheme in all probability feasible enough, but it would seem more natural first to turn to account the thousands of fertile acres lying untilled upon its shores, before proceeding to reclaim those that are covered by its waters.

With regard to agriculture in general, Sir Thomas Wyse bears distinct testimony to the progress it has made, though of course there is still a great want of skill to direct, as well as of hands to labour. 'Small possessions and direct proprietorship 'seem to be the rule. There are no large farms and no scien-'tific agricultural outlays. . . . . The cart is the only material 'improvement in machinery since the days of the Turks; the 'plough and most other implements of husbandry being as de-'ficient as in Attica, which is enough to say.' Strange as it may appear, 'though Attica has the advantage of being the 'seat of government and in direct intercourse through the 'Peiræus with Europe, it is in agricultural progress disgrace-'fully behind most other parts of Greece.' In this respect both Laconia and Messenia have a manifest superiority. Of the latter district especially, and the peasantry that inhabit it, Sir Thomas Wyse speaks in highly favourable terms.

'The praise bestowed on the revival of agriculture, and the unquestioned progress which it has made and is making through the whole of this district, is in my mind not above but below the deserts

of the population. If they have done so much, with such fetters about their legs and hands, what might they not have accomplished, had common sense and administrative justice allowed them to use both freely? The stuff which forms the working instrument is both tough and pliant. The Messenian peasant and people generally are long-suffering, persevering, and simple. Greek frugality is discernible through the entire people. They live on little, spend little, waste little, display little. Household affairs, and above all dress, to which house, living, and all things else are sacrificed in Athens, are here managed temperately and economically. These are great virtues, if they be not spoiled by that false progress, which converts producers into consumers, and estimates the riches of a state by what it sees and exhibits in the drawing-room.' (Vol. i. p. 237.)

The substantial progress actually made, in spite of all disadvantages, 'can be detected by a comparison of the returns 'given by Leake and Gordon of the state of this district be-'fore the war, with its actual position.' 'Dating from the war 'only (observes Sir Thomas Wyse), and contrasting that 'period with the present—not an unusual trait in Greek state 'papers—is much like comparing a house under repair with a 'house the day after a conflagration.'

In this last remark we cannot altogether concur. To adopt Sir Thomas's simile, the burning of their house was the price the Greeks had to pay for a benefit, of which the value cannot be estimated by any statistics—independence and liberty. And it is surely but fair to give them credit for whatever amount of activity and energy they have shown in repairing the damage and restoring the edifice. The Greeks emerged from the revolutionary war in a condition to which no other European nation has for ages past been reduced. The war had been carried on in a spirit and manner of which we have no example in modern times, at least since the ravage of the Palatinate by Louis XIV. The plan adopted by Ibrahim Pasha in 1826, and carried out with unsparing consistency throughout the greater part of the Morea, before the barbarity of his proceedings aroused the indignation of Europe, and called for the intervention of the Western Powers, was that of systematic desolation. He endeavoured not merely to exterminate the population, but to destroy every trace of industry and civilisation throughout the country. Every Greek inhabitant, man, woman, or child, was either to be slain or carried away into captivity; every village, every cottage, was to be burnt or destroyed; every garden laid waste, every vineyard uprooted, every fruit-tree cut down. The injury inflicted by this process is one that cannot easily be estimated by those accustomed only to Northern cultivation. With the olive-trees especially,

—and these supply one of the most important necessaries of life to the Greek as to the Italian,—many long years must elapse before the trees have again attained to their full perfection: hence it was regarded by the ancient Greeks—barbarous as was in many respects their code of war—as an unpardonable offence to cut down the olive and fruit-trees in an enemy's country; and the single word δενδροτομεῖν, conveyed to their apprehension the idea of the most barbarous form of devastation. The plain of Attica and the hill-sides of Delphi can still boast of their groves of secular olive-trees, whose gnarled and twisted trunks rival those of Tivoli or of the Mount of Olives; but few, if any such, are to be seen in the Morea.

In comparing, as the traveller is involuntarily led to do, the present condition of Greece with that of Italy, a comparison almost forced upon him by the general similarity of the conditions both of soil and climate, it should always be borne in mind that in Italy we behold the accumulations of centuries, the effects of a long-continued period of civilisation and industry; in Greece everything dates only from a point less than forty years back, when the besom of destruction swept over the whole land. In Italy many of the picturesque mountain villages have descended from the middle ages almost unchanged, and many a peasant family nestles in a substantial stone-built house as old as the palaces of Genoa or Venice. In Greece the cottages of the peasantry, the more substantial house of the proprietor, the villages, the towns, all are alike new; they have all been built or rebuilt within the last thirty years. With the exception of a few mouldering ruins of Frankish castles, and some traces of Venetian buildings in a few seaports, there are no mediæval remains in Greece: the Byzantine relics are few and scanty: even the Romans have left unusually little trace of their dominion in the country. There is little to record the long series of centuries that has elapsed since Greece sunk into an insignificant province of the Roman empire; nothing to bridge over the interval between the glorious reminiscences of her days of greatness and the feeble struggles of her incipient revival. No wonder that the contrast is unfavourable to the present.

There has, undoubtedly, grown up in England of late years an exaggerated and unfair impression with regard to the condition and prospects of Greece; an impression perhaps purposely promoted by those of our statesmen who are endeavouring to prop up the tottering fabric of Turkish despotism, but which is in great measure the result of disappointment. By a natural revulsion of feeling, 'the ardent Philhellenism

'of thirty years since (observes Mr. Clark) has given place to 'a pettish discontent with the people we have helped to free.' Undoubtedly the result has not corresponded to our sanguine expectations. The Greeks have not 'gone ahead' as Englishmen or Americans would have done under the circumstances. The liberated kingdom of Greece is still a poor and petty state, with a scanty population, a bankrupt treasury, and imperfectly developed resources. There is no denying this. But it is altogether unjust to overlook the amount of progress that has actually been made: it would be equally unjust not to acknowledge the fact that the efforts and energy of the people have as yet never been allowed free scope to develop themselves, and their best endeavours have too often been thwarted by an injudicious and apathetic government.

Upon this point there cannot be a more competent witness than Sir Thomas Wyse; and his testimony in favour of the people and against the Government is emphatic and often repeated. Everywhere he found the same state of things. The Central Government did nothing, originated nothing, in the way of improvement; while it was always ready, by petty vexatious interference, to hamper the spontaneous efforts of the people or local authorities. But in most instances the municipal authorities had taken a lesson from their superiors, and learnt to discourage or repress everything like a spontaneous display of energy. '*Surtout point de zèle*,' seemed to have been seriously adopted as its maxim by the government of King Otho, which continued to be carried on in the same spirit, after it had passed into the hands of native administrators as under the Bavarian ministry. A single instance will show the extent to which this system was carried. A handsome new house had just been completed at Kalamata by a resident physician of the place, and was shown with natural pride to Sir Thomas Wyse, who pronounced it fully equal to those of Athens.

'A small esplanade was in course of formation before the door. Some large holes had to be filled, and other levellings—the great want of all Greek towns—to be accomplished; a task of which our friends talked as something second only to Hercules' improvements in the mews of Augeas. They had been working at this with much zeal and spirit, aided by the Demarch, when he was reined in by the superior powers, and reminded of the old Eastern motto, "*Festina lente*." The work was interrupted, and the holes are still gaping for supplies, like many other such at Athens.' (Vol. ii. p. 233).

The Bavarian system of government, conceived in that

genuine bureaucratic spirit which allows nothing to be done except by the central authorities of the capital, is in itself sufficiently unsuited to a country in the condition and circumstances of Greece; yet if this system were carried out with any vigour and energy, it would not be without its redeeming points; but in practice the government was a singular combination of Western centralisation in its most pedantic form with Oriental apathy and indifference. Everything was to be done *by* the Government *for* the people, nothing by the people themselves; but, in point of fact, the Government did nothing, while the people were not allowed to do anything. Successive ministries produced indeed grandiose and elaborate schemes *upon paper;* but, as in the case of the road to Gythium, they proceeded no further. In several instances Sir Thomas Wyse's earnest representations produced so much effect that he was himself requested to send in written plans, embodying his own views; and several valuable documents were in this manner prepared by him, and delivered to the Greek Government, which received them with apparent gratefulness, deposited them in their archives, and took no further steps in the matter.

There is no more distinguishing characteristic of the modern Greeks than their aptness for municipal government; a quality which they have doubtless inherited from their ancestors, with whom *autonomy*—a word but imperfectly rendered by any of its modern equivalents—was considered synonymous with liberty. The municipal institutions of the Greeks had continued to subsist even under the Turkish rule, often indeed broken in upon by occasional acts of violence and oppression, but acknowledged and even utilised by the ruling powers. But all such municipal freedom was a sore in the sight of the Bavarian bureaucracy. The whole system was revolutionised, and adapted to a model taken ready-made from the examples of Western despotism. Under the high-sounding classical names of Eparchs, Nomarchs, and Demarchs, a regular hierarchy of local authorities was established; all alike absolutely dependent upon the Central Government, by whom they can be displaced at will; all alike fully conscious that 'entire subserviency to 'government views in reference to the management of parlia-'mentary interests is indispensable to their personal advance-'ment.' Here lay in fact the root of all the evil. Compelled by the force of public opinion to adhere to the forms of constitutional government, the one object of King Otho was to obtain a chamber that would be wholly subservient to his views and wishes: all local appointments were made with this view—all local officers were taught that to this end all other objects

must be postponed. The result was in great measure attained: the Government rejoiced in 'a perfect chamber;' but the absence of roads and bridges, and the retardation of every kind of progress was the price that the country had to pay for it.

The experiment has since been rudely interrupted, and King Otho has learnt to his cost, what more powerful monarchs had been taught before him, that when a nation finds itself no longer truly represented by a 'perfect chamber,' it may take its representation into its own hands. Never, we believe, was a national feeling more unanimous than that which drove him from the throne; the spontaneous and almost equally unanimous manifestation in favour of a British prince as his successor was, we believe, the honest expression of a *bonâ fide* desire for constitutional government. It is deeply to be regretted that the jealousies of the great European Powers, and their political exigencies, have rendered it necessary to entrust once more the difficult task of regenerating Greece to the hands of one so inexperienced as their present sovereign. We believe the young King George to be honest and well-intentioned, and we sincerely trust that his system of government will be devised in a very different spirit from that of his Bavarian predecessor.

Sir Thomas Wyse has given an account, by far the most complete and detailed we have met with, of the celebrated convent of Megaspilion, the singular situation of which has attracted the attention of most tourists in Greece, while the active part that it took in the revolutionary war has given it an historical importance in the eyes of all the Greeks. On that occasion the monks had not only to shelter during a period of two years, not less than five thousand persons of both sexes and all ages; but they had to defend the convent itself against the arms of Ibrahim Pasha, which they did with success, though their means of defence were small, 'consisting only of the 'two towers above the monastery on the peaks of the rock, 'where they had planted two pieces of cannon, and the natural 'protection of the smaller caves scattered up and down the 'mountain.' On this occasion, as on many others during the war, the clergy, both regular and secular, bore themselves well, and contributed in no small measure to the success of the struggle. It was at the neighbouring convent of Hagia Laura, in the mountains above Kalavryta, that the cross was raised on March 25, 1821, by the celebrated Bishop Germanos, as the signal for the general insurrection of the Greek people, an event which is annually solemnised as the commencement of the War of Independence. But though Sir Thomas Wyse expresses

his opinion that the Greek clergy of all classes would again conduct themselves with the same energy were a similar occasion to present itself, he can find little to commend in the present condition of the monks of Megaspilion or their monastery. The latter indeed has little to attract the attention of the traveller, except its singular and romantic situation. Although, according to 'the universally received tradition,' it is the oldest monastic institution in Greece, dating from the earliest centuries of Christianity, no part of the existing edifice can boast of any considerable antiquity, or possesses any architectural interest. It has been destroyed by fire at least three times, and the present building was restored after a conflagration which took place eighty or ninety years ago. Indeed, as Sir T. Wyse remarks, the only marvel is, that it is not burnt down every year, or how such a rickety, shaky, and fragile pile can stand the shocks of earthquakes, which are here (as throughout the north of the Morea) of common occurrence. The base is indeed formed by a solid wall of stone built up against the rock, and said to be not less than 65 ft. in height by 12 to 20 in thickness. But all the conventual buildings resting upon this, and rising to a height of nine stories, are 'of wretched woodwork, apparently 'decayed and ready to give way under the tread of the first 'passenger.'

The great 'lion' of the monastery is the cellar, remarkable not merely as a repository of 'huge wine barrels of Heidel-'berg pretensions,' though unfortunately far inferior in the quality of their contents, but because the cave in which it is situated, and from which the convent derives its name, is 'the 'place where the great dragon or serpent was slain by the 'direct influence of the "Sacred Image," a little after its dis-'covery by Saints Theodore and Symeon.' This 'Sacred 'Image' is as usual a portrait of the Panagia or Blessed Virgin ascribed to St. Luke, but differing from the usual black paintings attributed to that artist, by being 'a *relievo* in 'wax, of yellowish-brown, and distinguished by superior ugli-'ness.' The cave has, however, a later and more real glory in the circumstance, that 'it was this large cellar which held the 'greater number of women and children who fled here for 'shelter at different moments of danger during the War of 'Independence.'

The provision made for any intellectual wants of the monks —if indeed they ever felt such—was of the most meagre description. The key of the library 'was found with some 'delay and difficulty;' and the room itself 'might have passed 'for a badly lit and worse ventilated cellar,' while the MSS.

and books it contained proved to be utterly worthless. Notwithstanding the alleged antiquity of the convent, the oldest of their muniments and that which is regarded as the charter-deed of their foundation, is a 'golden bull' of the Emperor John Paleologos. Equally scanty was the attention bestowed on education. 'A sort of school was kept for the novices, 'much on the level of the Hellenic schools; and now and then 'the fathers borrowed a volume of prayers from their library.' Even the services of the church were conducted with that lazy *nonchalant* air of negligence, which cannot fail to strike the traveller in all the churches of Greece, as contrasted with the external decorum and propriety with which the Roman Catholic rites are celebrated in the poorest village of Italy.

When we remember that Megaspilion stands confessedly first among the monastic establishments of Greece, not only in numbers but in consideration, such a picture is discouraging enough, and naturally leads our author to speculate upon the striking difference between the monastic institutions of the East and the West. Sir Thomas Wyse, as a Roman Catholic, was perhaps disposed to look with too favourable an eye upon the latter, but it is impossible to deny their vast superiority to those of the East. The impulse originally given by St. Benedict, and afterwards renewed and repeated in so many varied forms, has been wholly wanting in the monasteries of the Greek Church, which have vegetated for centuries in indolence and apathy, unbroken by any spirit-stirring movement either from within or from without.

The government of King Otho, to do them justice, made some efforts at reform, and not only kept down the number of monasteries, which was gradually lowered from the enormous number of five hundred and ninety-three (!), to which it had attained at the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, to a hundred and fifty-two—a number still utterly disproportionate to the population and resources of the petty kingdom—but made some attempts at the reform and improvement of those which still exist. They obtained the appointment of a young, earnest-minded, and very intelligent monk, as Hegoumenos of the convent of Phaneromeni, on the island of Salamis, who not only produced a marked change for the better in the convent immediately under his rule, but exerted himself to introduce similar improvements in Megaspilion itself. In this attempt, however, though backed by the authority of the Government, he was met by the strenuous opposition of the whole community, the old Hegoumenos at their head, who thought the existing state of discipline and management needed no re-

form; and, shortly after, the promising young abbot unfortunately lost all influence and power by taking an active part on behalf of King Otho in the revolution of 1862. Since that time, adds Miss Wyse in a note, 'all thought of monastic or 'ecclesiastical reform has been put aside for quieter times, and 'Megaspilion, Pentelicus, and many other convents, which so 'much need improvement, continue to enjoy their time-'honoured lethargy.' * It must be borne in mind, that the influence of the monastic institutions in Greece on the general condition of the Church is far more direct and important than in Roman Catholic countries, because in the Greek Church the bishops are always, without exception, chosen from the members of monastic orders. From whatever quarter the improvement and regeneration of Greece may proceed, it is certainly not to the Church that we are to look for its origin. But as long as the ecclesiastical establishment continues in undiminished proportions and unimpaired in its influence over the bulk of the people, it will constitute an element of which it is difficult to calculate the effect. As Sir Thomas Wyse somewhat quaintly remarks: 'A free government, a free press, and 'a free university, existing immediately under the action of 'European education and feeling, and yet in juxtaposition 'with the landmarks of the old Byzantine civilisation, form 'together a force calculated to impel in a very singular 'diagonal.'

Far more satisfactory is the result of Sir Thomas Wyse's observations on the state of education in the parts of the Greek kingdom which he traversed in the course of his tour. This is indeed, in all respects, the brightest spot in the present condition of Greece. The people of all classes are unanimous in their desire for education; and though, as usual, their efforts are very imperfectly seconded by the Government, and sometimes by the local authorities, their spontaneous exertions have secured a satisfactory result. The statistical statement of the number of schools of different classes in Greece is in itself highly creditable to the rising kingdom in this respect; but that which no

* Vol. ii. p. 231. It must, however, be observed, in justice to the Greek convents, that on a subsequent visit in 1861 to that of 'the Taxiarch' (St. Michael), near Vostitza, which is second only to Megaspilion in size and the number of its monks, though little known and rarely visited by strangers, Sir Thomas Wyse found a very different state of things from that which existed at Megaspilion, and was able to bear favourable testimony both to the superior discipline of the monks, and the marked cleanliness of the convent itself—a rare exception indeed among Greek monasteries!

educational statistics can supply is precisely the point to which Sir Thomas Wyse furnishes his distinct testimony—the inherent vital energy that pervades the whole. Sir Thomas himself had always taken a keen interest in the educational institutions of Athens, as he had previously done in those of his own country; and at the places he visited in the Morea, he never omitted to visit the schools in the intervals of his antiquarian researches. The result was almost everywhere the same. Both teachers and pupils were thoroughly in earnest, full of animation and interest. 'The whole thing was vitality itself.' Where this is the case, as Sir Thomas adds, there may be 'details to improve, omissions to supply, but reform is easy 'and certain. The great mainspring of improvement is there '—life.'

We have left ourselves no space to notice in detail any of the more archæological parts of Sir Thomas Wyse's book. They contain, indeed, very little that is new, nor did the circumstances of his tour enable him to carry on any special and continuous researches; and without these it is almost impossible to add anything to our existing knowledge of the ancient remains in Greece. The task of the traveller has been thoroughly fulfilled, and it remains for that of the excavator to commence. Sir T. Wyse has, indeed, devoted a considerable space to the topography of ancient Sparta, concerning which it may fairly be said that we know nothing; but it must be added that, in all probability, we shall never know much more. It may readily be admitted that Col. Leake's conjectural map might in several points be made more plausible—this is Mr. Clark's conclusion as well as that of Sir T. Wyse*; but it will, after all, remain but conjectural, and we are disposed to acquiesce in Mr. Clark's observation, that 'it is hardly worth while to guess at a riddle of which the 'answer can never be known.' If any additional light be thrown upon the subject, it can only be by systematic excavations, and the discovery of foundations still remaining. But we are not sanguine as to the result. A far more promising field for such explorations presents itself in the Vale of Olympia, where some of the localities are clearly marked by the nature of the ground, and the site of the celebrated temple of Jupiter

* Mr. Clark's interesting volume, published in 1858, could not well have reached Sir Thomas Wyse at the time that he actually made his tour; but it is singular that it appears to have been still unknown to him when he drew up the various dissertations upon antiquarian subjects, which must in many instances have been subsequently added.

has been determined beyond a doubt by the partial excavation carried on by the French Commission. Here also we may fairly hope that such labours would be rewarded by the discovery of valuable works of art. When we contemplate the enormous list of such monuments enumerated by Pausanias, who has devoted one-eighth of his whole work to Olympia alone, it is impossible not to indulge the hope that some at least of these countless treasures may still lie buried beneath the depth of alluvial soil, which has been accumulating for centuries upon the sacred site. Unfortunately the circumstances have not been favourable. Desolate as is the site of Olympia itself, there had arisen on the heights above, one of the projecting underfalls of Erymanthus, a Turkish town called Lala, which had risen to considerable importance under the latter years of the Turkish rule, and the agas of which found in the remains of Olympia a convenient and inexhaustible quarry. Much the same thing had taken place at Sparta, from whence the materials of the ancient edifices were doubtless carried away to the neighbouring town of Mistra, which was originally built by the Frankish lord, Guillaume de Villehardouin, and became, throughout the Middle Ages, as well as under the Turks, the recognised capital of the surrounding district.

Various attempts have at different times been made to resume the work of excavation at Olympia, but hitherto without effect. The Bavarian government of Greece can scarcely be blamed for not carrying on extensive operations of this kind on its own account, when its finances scarcely sufficed for the most necessary wants of the state. But with a jealousy like that which formerly prevailed at Naples, while they did nothing themselves, they threw all kinds of obstacles in the way of such explorations being undertaken by foreigners. It was only during the last few years of the government of King Otho that a better spirit prevailed, and the results in certain localities have been such as greatly to stimulate and encourage similar researches elsewhere. All undertakings of the kind have, indeed, been, as Miss Wyse observes, unaided by the Government; but there is no lack of funds to carry them on, if only they are not interfered with. A good summary of these results is given by Miss Wyse in one of her valuable notes.

'At Delphi, the French have been foremost, and in 1861 they discovered an extraordinary number of inscriptions—amounting to a thousand*, it was said—on the front of the temple platform. Their

* This was an exaggeration. The actual number was four hundred and eighty—still a goodly addition to the Corpus Inscrip-

labours, however, came to a standstill in the autumn of that year, shortly before Sir Thomas Wyse visited Delphi. Indeed, further progress at Delphi is almost impossible, as the peasants have, through the carelessness of the authorities, rebuilt their village over every available corner of the ruins, and make fabulous demands whenever the question of removal or compensation is mooted. Nothing else has been attempted in the provinces; but the excavations at Athens have greatly advanced within the last few years. The Archæological Society of Greece has chiefly borne the expense, and the works have been under the superintendence of the late well-known M. Pittakis, so many years Inspector of Antiquities and of the Acropolis, and whose zealous devotion to everything connected with antiquity cannot be easily replaced. Besides the clearing out of the Theatre of Herodes Atticus, a large part of the Bouleuterion and neighbouring buildings has been opened up, although situated in the worst quarter of the town, consisting altogether of Albanian cottages. Moreover, the Acropolis itself has been laid bare to the very rock. Its picturesque beauty cannot be said to have gained in consequence: but, on the other hand, every site of note is ascertained—such, for instance, as that of the Minerva Promachos—and little more information need be there expected. The most important excavation, however, is that of the Dionysiac Theatre, or Theatre of Bacchus, one of the most interesting spots in Greece. It was undertaken partly at his own expense, in the spring of 1862, by the learned German M. Strack, author of numerous monographs on this theatre, and who was then occupied on a larger work upon the subject. Particularly anxious to place beyond doubt the existence of the central stairs represented in the famous coin of this theatre, he, unlike previous explorers, commenced his diggings right in the middle of the site. A few days' labour rewarded him, by the discovery of the stairs exactly in the position indicated on the coin. Continuing his excavations downwards, he at last came to the orchestra, which displayed the marble chairs which the inscriptions on them show to have been assigned to the Archons and to the Priests of Bacchus and various divinities, and which are in an almost perfect state. Originally there must have been sixty-seven of these marble thrones or seats—thirty-three on each side of that of the Priest of Bacchus in the centre. Fifty-three of the thrones in the front row have been found, and of these forty-four were appropriated to priests and officers of temples, and nine to the civil magistrates. Besides these there still exist seven thrones in higher rows.' (Vol. ii. pp. 90, 91.)

The theatre thus unexpectedly brought to light is undoubtedly one of the most interesting relics now existing in Greece, even at Athens. Not only is it one of the most perfect, as well as the largest, specimens of ancient Greek

tionum. They have since been published under the direction of the French Government (8vo. Paris, 1863), but unfortunately present but little interest or variety.

theatres still extant, but it has an interest which no other can possess; it was *the* theatre of Athens in the days of its dramatic glories—the theatre which witnessed the first representations of the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, and of the comedies of Aristophanes. The marble seats are still the same which were crowded with the spectators of the 'Frogs' or 'Birds;' nay, the very marble throne remains which was occupied by the priest of Bacchus, when the mimic god abruptly turned to him from the stage and implored his protection.* It would have been impossible for any one who visited Athens as lately as 1861, to have believed that the matchless group of ancient monuments which then adorned the Acropolis was destined shortly to receive an accession of such surpassing interest.

Very important, too, are the discoveries made near the church of the Aghia Triadha (the Holy Trinity), just outside the modern town, where excavations have brought to light numerous sepulchral monuments, forming part of a 'Street of 'Tombs,' that led up to the gate of Athens on the side of the Piræus. Several of these belong to the best times of Athenian art, and the sculptures that adorn one of them in particular are of especial value in the history of art, from their bearing the precise date (B.C. 394, the year of the battle of Cnidus) in which its occupant fell in a combat of cavalry at Corinth.

All these monuments were buried to a considerable depth under the accumulated soil, and hence there is little doubt that, by continuing the excavations along the line of road up to the gate, many more will be discovered, while the determination of the exact site of the gate will be an important topographical point.

But in proportion to the richness of the treasures, which we believe will continue to be brought to light by excavations at Athens itself and in its immediate neighbourhood, must be our regret at the absence of any adequate provision for their future custody and protection. The want of a proper museum at Athens is a deficiency that is painfully felt by every visitor to the new metropolis of Greece: the Temple of Theseus, which has been for some time past applied to the purpose, is wholly inadequate, and has long been overcrowded. 'Present dis-

* Ἱερεῦ, διαφύλαξόν μ', ἵν' ὦ σοι ξυμπότης. (*Ranæ*, v. 297.) The inscriptions on these marble thrones are of much later date—probably of the time of Hadrian; but there is no reason to doubt that the seats themselves formed part of the original arrangements of the theatre.

'coveries and acquisitions,' says Sir T. Wyse, 'must be con-'signed pell-mell to the lumber-room, to casinos, private houses, 'to the doubtful faith of ignorant or apathetic ministers, and, 'ultimately, all may be lost.' In vain was the duty of remedying this deficiency urged again and again upon the Greek Government by Sir Thomas Wyse, who 'held the opinion, and 'omitted no opportunity of impressing it on all Greeks, that 'the preservation of their antiquities is a duty they owe to 'Europe quite as much as to their own country.' But his representations upon this, as upon so many other subjects, remained without effect. Want of funds was, indeed, the obvious excuse pleaded by the ministers; but there is little doubt, as Miss Wyse, who well knew the real state of things, remarks, that—

'Had the will been there, the means would have doubtless been forthcoming. Proper representations would have easily induced the wealthy M. Sina, of Vienna, to have applied the unlimited sum he has destined for the Academy at Athens to the more essential purpose of a museum. As to this academy, it is idle to dwell on its utter uselessness, as even those professors, who have the ambition to be appointed academicians, acknowledge that such an institution is unsuited to the wants of Athens, at least for another half-century to come; but it is painful that such generosity should be so ill-applied, when a really useful purpose might have been attained in its stead. Moreover, the most eligible spot for a museum has been usurped by this new building. A vacant space remained beside the University, as though in waiting for its satellite—a museum: but this exactly is the ground chosen for the Sinas Academy. The building in itself promises to be beautiful, and the internal decorations are to harmonise with the exterior. A new quarry was opened at Pentelicus in 1862 to supply the marble, and it is proposed to erect the whole without cement, after the manner of the ancients. That expense is no consideration, may be inferred from the fact that 500,000 drachmæ, or about 20,000*l.*, were stated to have been laid out on the walls, when not six feet above ground. Yet the very perfection aimed at will have the drawback of extinguishing the University close by, which is in size and position so well-suited to the wants of Greece. Sir Thomas Wyse never ceased lamenting the fatal choice of this site, and what he considered the uselessness of a building, which, if rightly applied, might have proved a lasting benefit to Greece, and a noble monument to the munificent founder.' (Vol. ii. pp. 93, 94.)

One reason why the project of an academy finds especial favour in the eyes of Greek *savans*, as well as government *employés*, is perhaps to be found in the fact that the scheme includes a provision of liberal *salaries* for the academicians!

The result of all Sir Thomas's exertions, in this and many similar matters, is thus summed up in the words of his editor:

'In fact all Sir Thomas Wyse's disinterested efforts for the 'advancement of Greece proved mere waste of time in regard 'to the Government, no matter who its members. Not so, however, in the moral influence obtained, and in the earnest desire 'for improvement he aroused among the more serious-minded 'portion of the community, with whom he was in constant 'communication. Of the universal esteem he thereby enjoyed, 'and the high respect to his memory shown by every Greek, 'this is not the place to speak, deeply as it may be felt.' The collection and publication of the various instructive memoirs presented by him to the Government, translated into Greek, was repeatedly urged upon him, and would have proved a most valuable boon to the Greek community, but it was considered incompatible with his official position. By the publication of the present volumes his accomplished niece has in some degree, though of necessity but imperfectly, supplied the deficiency: she has at least furnished an enduring record of his untiring and zealous interest in the welfare of the people among whom he resided so long; a record not the less likely to impress itself on the minds of many readers, because it is found in the pages of an agreeable book of travels, instead of those of a ponderous official blue book.

ART. X.—1. *The Principles of Nature: her Divine Revelations, and a Voice to Mankind.* By and through ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Fourth Edition. 8vo. New York: 1847.

2. *The Great Harmonia; being a Philosophical Revelation of the Natural, Spiritual, and Celestial Universe.* By ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS. Fifth Edition. 8vo. 5 vols. Boston (U.S.): 1858–60.

3. *Spiritualism.* By JOHN WORTH EDMONDS and GEORGE T. DEXTER, M.D. With an Appendix by N. P. TALLMADGE. Tenth Edition. 8vo. 2 vols. New York; 1854–5.

4. *Experimental Investigation of the Spirit Manifestations; demonstrating the Existence of Spirits and their Communion with Mortals.* By ROBERT HARE, M.D. Fifth Edition. 8vo. New York: 1858.

ABOUT midway between New York and Albany, on the eastern bank of the Hudson river, stands the pleasant town of Poughkeepsie, containing a population of nearly twenty

thousand souls. A quarter of a century ago the site was occupied by a few miserable cottages and farmsteads, and a solitary building for public worship; it now includes many handsome rectangular streets, sixteen churches, four banks, various large factories, an endowed collegiate school for boys, a corresponding academy for girls, and the PANTHEON OF PROGRESS. Such, at all events, was the grandeur, and such the prosperity of this newly-created capital of Duchess County at the sudden disruption of the United States in 1861. Possibly, that terrible event has changed, as in too many other Transatlantic cities, the whole aspect of its fortunes—possibly, ruined its commerce and decimated its people, or caused many of them to fly from the presence of the detested conscription-agent, or the more dreaded tax-gatherer. We are ignorant, however, of the particular fate of Poughkeepsie during that momentous crisis in the history of the great Republic: on its fall or preservation, not a little, socially and religiously, would seem to depend.

Whether, in our enumeration of the principal edifices adorning this modern capital in the West, we are strictly correct in comprising in it that which bears the high-sounding but anti-Christian title of 'Pantheon' is dubious; because, whilst some people of large faith speak of that surprising structure as if it were a material reality, there are not a few sceptics who profanely treat it as an unsubstantial fabric of the architect's brain. So far as we dare predicate from these conflicting opinions, it has neither a celestial nor a terrestrial basis; but, like the coffin of the Arabian prophet, is balanced in intermediate space on the opposite poles of magnetism. That subtile power, moreover, not only regulates with marvellous effect its whole interior economy, but it likewise influences in an equally wonderful manner every inquirer who ventures to pass its portals, upon the somewhat startling condition, that he leaves his 'corporeal form' outside; for disembodied spirits alone are admitted into it, or those (to quote the gibberish of its presiding genius) who can 'get out of the sphere of their bodies.' Compliance with this indispensable requisition, accompanied by a tractable will and an absolute faith, insures the visitor—be he plebeian or noble, literate or illiterate—temporary possession of all knowledge and of all wisdom, human and divine. No secret of Nature, no mystery of art, is withheld from him; all the truths of philosophy and all the results of science are his, without alloy and without labour; he acquires the whole intuitionally; angelic intelligences, as well as the spirits of departed men, obey his summons and minister to his curiosity;

planets and constellations roll submissively at his feet; the panorama of the whole universe passes before him; and the hidden springs of all things are exposed to his omniscient gaze. These astounding powers of inquisitive mortals, and these revelations of spiritual phenomena, are daily exercised in and proclaimed from that novel chamber of imagery, the Pantheon of Progress. Thither, it is said, countless multitudes of eager pilgrims, from all parts, and of all grades and professions—judges and senators, physicians and clergymen, artisans and day-labourers—continually resort, as to a solitary well in a desert, to slake their insatiable thirst for extramundane experience and wisdom. Neither the Pythian priestesses of Delphi, nor the Selli of Dodona, in antiquity—neither the Hadjis to Mecca, nor the worshippers of Latin shrines in modern times, pretended to higher powers of divination, or to greater sanctity of purpose, than the projector of this eighth wonder of the world, and the composite body of devotees flocking into it. Its foundations were noiselessly laid in Poughkeepsie between the years 1845 and 1847; and the superstructure raised upon them, gigantic as it is already, is still apparently very far from completion. Either a story, or a wing, or some embellishment equally important, is yearly or oftener added to it; so that it really is what its title expresses it to be — a Pantheon of Progress.

To describe the multifarious contents of this vast building, or even to enumerate the principal personages in honour of whom it has been designed, would far exceed our ordinary limits. None, in fact, but the most enthusiastic and accomplished of spiritualists would undertake so laborious a task. The temple is not only a habitation for the most illustrious of the world's teachers, heathen and Christian; but likewise a repository for every moral philosophy and every scientific theory recognised and exploded. In the comprehensive language of its architect, it 'covers an immense field of beautiful concep-'tions; also boundless regions of psychological problems, and 'of scientific discoveries innumerable.' Lest the mind of the visitor should be overwhelmed by the contemplation of this vast accumulation of treasures, ancient and modern, he may turn for instant relief and doubt-subduing instruction to the ever-present guardians of them. There, amongst others, he will meet with Brahma, 'the representative idealist'; with Sanconiathon, 'the divine friend of mankind,' who flourished, it seems, in this 'rudimentary sphere' exactly 3,632 years ago; with Moses, the reputed author of certain 'personal bye-'laws' (vulgarly known as the Ten Commandments) and

'egotistic institutions': 'Whether he lived, or did not,' our architect paradoxically remarks, 'is no question of importance '—he *lives* in the Pantheon of Progress;' with Epicurus, 'to 'whom the world is indebted for some of its sublimest lessons'; with Jesus, of whom, in the spiritualised judgment of our architect, 'too little is really known for any honest man to 'affirm anything as positively *true*'—nevertheless, a place is conceded to Him in this modern Pantheon; with Paul, 'the 'apostle and believer,' whose 'whole soul went down on its 'knees before the altar of a special incarnation;' with Luther, 'the self-sufficient leader'; with Swedenborg, 'the inspired 'writer'; with Ann Lee, or 'Ann the Word,' as she styled herself, the illustrious foundress of the sect of the Shakers—'She unfolded,' says our architect, 'a principle—an *Idea*—'which no man, not even Jesus, had announced, or perhaps 'surmised'; with John Murray, 'the founder of Universalism'; with Joanna Southcote, 'who came forth about the year 1804 'with a full-blown double-rose of typical experiences'; and with Theodore Parker, 'the noblest politico-theological and 'spiritual reformer that ever breathed.'*

The projector, builder, and arch-flamen of this modern temple of the 'gods' is Andrew Jackson Davis, universally known on the Northern Continent of America as 'the Seer 'of Poughkeepsie.' The personal history of this remarkable individual corresponds with the marvels of his creation. Born in the year 1826 of humble parents, his early youth was spent in tending cattle at Blooming Grove, Orange County, New York, the scene of his birth. Owing to the straitened circumstances of his father, whose occupation was that of a cobbler, the boy's school tuition was limited to five months; during which time he was shifted from one village pedagogue to another, with the vain hope of developing any latent talent within him. But, as he confesses in his autobiography, he had 'an inwrought repugnance to the compulsiveness of 'studying in a book,' and no wonder, therefore, as he presently adds, his 'perpendicular position at the foot of the class became 'a fixt fact.' Both tutors and relatives despaired of making anything of him; he was the laughing-stock of his little brothers and sisters, who nicknamed him 'a dummy;' whilst his father averred, that 'he would never earn his salt, for he 'had not gumption enough to make a whistle!' Dismissed from the village academy as a confirmed 'blockhead,' the lad

* A. J. Davis' 'The Great Harmonia,' 5th edit. vol. v. pp. 198, *et seq.*

betook himself once more to the fields. There, day after day, communing alone with his own vexed spirit and with Nature, he 'frequently heard a pure and bird-like melody floating 'dreamily through the heavens,' and sometimes voices addressing him. At other times he saw transparent forms—

'Their fluid bodies half-dissolved in light'—

hovering about his path. The first of these ecstasies, or 'memories,' as he calls them, was realised when he was only 'three years and a few weeks old.' He kept his own counsel for a long time, and none in the meanwhile suspected him of having a care, or of harbouring a thought above the simple agricultural duties required of him. One day whilst walking alone, as usual, in a cornfield, a voice distinctly whispered into his ear, 'To-Pough-keep-sie!' Thither, accordingly, after much persuasion, he induced his parents to go. Upon the whole, the change proved beneficial to his father; from a village cobbler 'he graduated (says his son) to the more pro-'ductive and respectable position of a journeyman shoemaker.' After a little while, too, the youthful visionary himself was bound an apprentice to the same trade. He was fortunate in falling into the hands of a kindly disposed master, who treated him as one of his family. The same mysterious occurrences happened to him in his new sphere of action; the visions increased in number and distinctness, as well as in interest and importance; the 'voices' became more familiar and outspoken, and coming events were foretold by them. Amongst other things, they forewarned him of his mother's death, and that circumstance corresponding in every particular with the prediction, determined the religious belief, if not the immediate career, of the future seer. Thenceforward he was a 'spiri-'tualist'—the first of that innumerable company which, like a flood, has since inundated every State in America, north and south of Dixie's land.

Some time elapsed, however, before young Davis fully comprehended the meaning of these repeated experiences. As yet, the conduct of his aërial visitants was provokingly inexplicable; they were always invisible when they chose to address him, and obstinately silent when they revealed themselves to his gaze. He was being gradually prepared, as subsequent events showed, for the reception of the fundamental doctrine of the Spiritualists—namely, that the disembodied spirits of mankind were capable of maintaining a direct personal correspondence with their grosser brethren on earth. This

interesting fact was thus partially disclosed to him for the first time:—

'Being allowed (says he) the freedom of the house, my master's children would frequently unite with and aid me in trying to sing Washingtonian-Temperance Songs. One Sunday while singing

"Where are the friends that to me were so dear,
Long, long ago," &c.,

there happened a pleasing mystical circumstance of which I was the sole recipient. When we sang the words

"In their graves laid low,"

I heard the word *No!* distinctly and emphatically shouted in my ear.

'"Don't do that, Russel," said I to the eldest son.

'"Do what?" he inquired with a look of surprise.

'"Don't holler *No!* when 't aint in the song," I pleadingly exclaimed.

'"I didn't," he quickly replied: "I didn't hear it neither."

'The younger children, Austin and Freddy, also denied any participation. So we proceeded with our singing; but whenever we sang the affirmative, that our friends are

"In their graves laid low,"

I would hear the negative *No!* as clear and positive as any word pronounced by ourselves. At the time, I could not comprehend it.' (*Magic Staff.*)

Whilst pondering these strange matters in his mind, as he steadily pursued his sedentary occupation, a sublunary circumstance happened that suddenly caused the shoemaker's apprentice to look *ultra crepidam*, and changed the whole tenour of his life. In the autumn of 1843, an itinerant mesmerist, named Grimes, visited Poughkeepsie, and there delivered a brief course of lectures on psychometry, or animal and human magnetism, with accompanying illustrations—a subject which was then exciting as much attention in the United States as in this country. Most of the villagers flocked to hear him; and some, including young Davis, freely submitted themselves to the lecturer's tests. To the disappointment, however, of his rural patrons, and much to his own annoyance, Mr. Grimes' experiments were not very successful: in the instance of Davis they utterly failed. But shortly after the retirement of this discomfited lecturer, the subject of mesmerism was reopened, under happier auspices, by a Mr. Levingston, the village tailor. It was discovered by this *dilettante* professor of the fashionable science that young Crispin, when properly manipulated, possessed most astonishing powers of clairvoyance. Old and young beset the successful tailor's doors morning, noon, and night, in order to see and overhear the extraordi-

nary phenomenon within; who, whilst in the abnormal state, not only revealed all the wonderful secrets of his infancy, and very much more besides; but also described, with almost too painful exactness, 'the interior condition' of not a few of his visitors. These strange revelations, instead of repelling, attracted multitudes to him from the adjacent counties, the majority of whom were suffering from real or imaginary ills.

After submitting for two or three months to every species of examination, for no other purpose than that of satisfying local inquisitiveness, and of establishing the reality of the clairvoyant state, the lad, on a certain occasion when in it, vehemently protested against being longer subjected to any tests, 'except such 'as might involve matters of practical utility;' at the same time informing his magnetiser, that the great object of his powers, in the stage of development to which they had then attained, was to enable him to examine and prescribe for 'the sick.' There was no disputing such a prudent and charitable impression as this: Mr. Levingston, as a matter of course, immediately perceived and acknowledged the full purport of it, and both he and his *protegé* agreed, the one to abandon his goose, and the other his last, and to take to—what in American parlance is called—'stumping the provinces.' Their success was very great indeed, especially in the state and capital of New York. For the moderate fee of five dollars, the youthful clairvoyant would look through the body of an invalid, dictate a diagnosis of the complaint, and suggest the most appropriate remedy.

When Davis quitted Poughkeepsie for New York, he was in the twentieth year of his age. His education at that time, we are told by those who were particularly interested in his success, barely amounted to a knowledge of reading and writing, and the rudiments of arithmetic. All who then came in contact with him, it is added, 'were irresistibly impressed 'that he was a young man of very little school education,' a statement which perfectly accords with what he has himself expressed in his 'Magic Staff.' Yet, six months later, we find this 'uneducated and unsophisticated child of nature,' as he is described by another of his admirers, dictating a book, relating to all the vast questions of the age—to the physical sciences, to Nature in all her infinite ramifications—to Man in his innumerable modes of existence—to God in his unfathomable abysses of wisdom and power—and revealing unknown worlds, and bringing a new life and a new immortality to light. In that brief space of time, this inquisitive youth had travelled the

circle of nearly all knowledge, and penetrated the mysteries of the whole material and spiritual universe! Surely, there can be no other way of accounting for this prodigiously rapid advance of the human understanding—in comparative infancy withal—than by taking for granted that primary maxim in 'the new philosophy' of the fortunate recipient, namely, that the gateway of the Pantheon of Progress 'denotes the first step 'on the royal road to knowledge.' That road which has been so industriously sought for since the age of Roger Bacon has been discovered at last—in a locality, however, where the precocious friar may well be excused for not looking for it! To the hard-plodding and weary student, in this eastern hemisphere of ours, who has neither the time nor the means at his command to visit that Transatlantic improvement upon the Academy of Lagado, it cannot but be consolatory to know, that its 'intuitional system' of instruction may be as readily and successfully adopted here as there. If he would but believe it, every mortal is a Prospero, and has at his beck a legion of spirits more tricksy than Ariel. Moreover, their chief enjoyment is derived from the exercise of their intellectual faculties in his service. They live only to give effect to that old philosophical proverb, *Nil proprium ducas quod mutari potest.* 'Spirits,' says Mr. Warren, the most popular writer on supernal theology, 'enjoy whatever they desire.' All, therefore, our student has to do is to act on the *sic-volo-sic-jubeo* principle, for to wish for anything is to instantly possess it! Such is the very simple theory and practice of faith, according to 'the new dispensation 'of spiritualism.'

The discoverer of such a transcendental system of acquiring knowledge as this was not likely to remain very long in obscurity. Albeit he shunned, rather than courted, 'the 'society of scientific men,' and even avoided the haunts of the studious, for 'he was never known to frequent public libraries,' it was impossible for him to hide his light under a bushel. No doubt many had marked the singular brilliancy, and not a few of them had profited by the peculiar virtue, of that mystical flame; but it was reserved for a Dr. Silas Smith Lyon and a Mr. William Fishbough—two gentlemen as yet unknown to fame—to increase its volume and to spread its beams from the Bay of Hudson to the Gulf of Mexico. They chanced to meet with the youthful clairvoyant whilst practising his healing art in the petty town of Bridgeport, Connecticut, of which they were denizens; and being struck no less with the admirable skill with which he handled his patients, than with the extraordinary professional knowledge he displayed in each instance,

they immediately concluded, with that speculative determination and foresight, so characteristic of their nation, to possess themselves exclusively of the person and talents of the industrious phenomenon. The only obstacle in their way was Mr. Levingston, who had hitherto acted as his sole προστατης. The enthusiastic tailor was loth, of course, to part from one whose latent genius he had discovered and partially developed, and for whom moreover he had unhesitatingly ventured his all. But there was no help for him, the separation was inevitable; *nolens volens*, he must submit to it. Accordingly, he turned his back upon them, and in no kindly spirit. In their too great eagerness, probably, to secure the prize on which their joint hopes were fixed, the intruders overlooked the importance of conciliating the only individual necessary to establish, beyond all cavil and suspicion, the real value of it. Whether justly or not, Levingston made no scruple to dispute the genuineness of many of the clairvoyant's subsequent 'revelations,' and to publicly charge his new directors with being the only authors of them. Prudence sealed the angry accuser's lips with regard to those which had been previously imparted, whilst the lad was in his company, and under his management. Maybe, after all, he deemed it supererogatory to allude to his own experiments, inasmuch as, under the tuition of his new masters, the pupil made, as we have already remarked, such prodigiously rapid advances in universal knowledge, as to throw deep into the shade all his former acquirements and practices. In the race of wisdom, the young student not only distanced every competitor, but surpassed himself. Heretofore, his magnetic vision had been restricted to terrestrial objects, such principally as were associated with suffering humanity, whereas now it penetrated infinite space, careering through 'centres and spheres,' and bringing unknown creations to light.

To account for this sudden and enormous development of his visual and intellectual faculties, as well as to counteract in some measure, no doubt, the adverse criticisms of the offended tailor, Davis alleged that, after uniting himself with Messrs. Lyon and Fishbough, he entered for the first time, permanently, on what he calls 'clairscience,' or 'the superior condi-'tion.' The difference betwixt this and ordinary clairvoyance is—to use his own illustration—the same as between sight *with* understanding, and sight *without* it. In further explanation of this difference, he incidentally makes an admission which wholly upsets all his former pretensions to the healing or any other art, whilst under the influence of mesmerism; for, says he, 'the clairvoyant is *more or less liable to mistake the locality*,

'*properties, nature, and relation of whatever he may perceive;*' whereas the proficient in 'clairscience' is only '*liable to err in* '*three directions—viz., in quantity, time, and magnitude*'! These discrepancies, however, are immaterial as compared with others to be found in his published 'revelations,' and in certain passages of his singular history. But this by the way: he had no sooner committed himself to the guardianship of his two Bridgeport friends, than they hurried him off once more to New York; where, presently, he announced his intention 'to 'dictate a book,' or rather to deliver a series of lectures on every branch of philosophy, whilst in the clairvoyant state.

Notwithstanding what has been urged, from time to time, by many of his admirers, in vindication of these astounding prelections, or so-called 'Divine revelations of Nature'—and more especially by those immediately concerned in the delivery and publication of them—neither party, we have just reason to complain, has considerately informed us *how* they were originated. What little has been declared on this equally curious and important head is quite as indefinite as the title prefixed to the lectures in their collected form. In the very elaborate introductory essay by Mr. Fishbough, the editor of them, that gentleman is more prone to dilate on the scientific acquirements and idiosyncrasy of the youthful philosopher, in his visionary moods, than to explain psychologically or otherwise how he was moved or 'impressed,' as it is euphemistically called, to undertake so comprehensive a theme. This omission is the more remarkable, because, amidst the superabundant technical phrascology of Spiritualists, no idioms are in such constant requisition, and of such unlimited significance, as 'impression' and 'impressed.' They meet us at every turn. The whole superstructure of modern spiritualism is, in fact, based upon them. They also supply the place of argument. 'My im- 'pression is,' or 'I am impressed to say,' so and so, cuts short every impertinent inquirer, and settles every interesting question—to the satisfaction, at least, of those who employ them. For example: our seer informs us, in reference to an early passage in the history of our Saviour, that 'a necessary cir- 'cumstance compelled Mary to lay her child in a manger; in 'which place, *I am distinctly impressed*, he lay not more than 'forty minutes.' The use of the expression here determines, in the spiritualised judgment of Davis, 'the vexed question' of our Lord's miraculous birth. Now, there is no assailing such an aërial position as this; it securely defies the most persistent of critics; disarms him of his logic, and hopelessly involves him in a sort of spiritual mirage. Being completely baffled, he

abandons the attempt in despair. Either expression, in fine, is infinitely more puzzling to him than that 'rectilinear spiral 'line,' about which our youthful philosopher elsewhere fluently discourses.*

Even in his masterpiece, Davis seems quite as much at a loss as his followers to define, at least with anything like perspicuity, what 'a spiritual impression,' or 'state of im-'pression,' really is. He frankly admits, that it is 'impossible 'by *words* to convey a full and adequate conception of the 'manner in which I arrive at truth. My information *is not* '*derived from any persons* that exist in the sphere into which 'my mind enters; but is the result of a law of truth, emana-'ting from the Great Positive Mind.' But, at the close of his ponderous tome, he tell us, 'I can *converse* with the spirits 'distinctly, and learn from them the peculiar impressions and 'affections of their souls.' And again, 'It is a condition which 'the mind *assumes;* in which condition impressions are *in-'stantaneously received* of all things desired.' He then goes on to say, that 'it is impossible for any one to enter *voluntarily*' into this state ('were such a thing to take place,' he observes parenthetically, 'that moment death would necessarily and in-'evitably ensue!'); and when in it, 'I know not what I shall 'say the next moment, but must pass off *in search of thoughts* 'and truths,' which smacks very much of the ordinary mundane process of reasoning. The final conclusion of our seer is, that he obtains his information '*by a process of spiritual* '*analysis*'!

'I pass from the body (says he) *with a desire for a particular kind of information.* This desire attracts the particular kind of truth of which I would be informed, separates it from all other things, and causes it to flow into the mind.' (*Principles of Nature.* Conf. pp. 43–46, and 660.)

Hence we gather, partly from these somewhat conflicting extracts, and partly from the 'revelations' of other scientific spiritualists, that 'a state of impression,' or 'abnormalness,' as it is sometimes most barbarously styled, is of spontaneous origin; that the patient exercises no volition whatever in the matter; that it continues for longer or shorter periods—for minutes, for hours, or even for days together; that while in it he is influenced by some occult principle, power, or 'law,' and pours forth his sibylline utterances as if he were merely a passive machine, like the harp of Æolus, or the head of Memnon. However difficult it may be to account for or

* *Vide* Princ. Nat. p. 123.

define this fundamental attribute of the spiritualist, we are left in no uncertainty as to its results. *Causa latet, vis est notissima.* In the instance of Davis, we are assured by the editor of his book, that he is enabled—

'To associate familiarly with the inhabitants of the spirit-world; and the diversified knowledge cultivated by them is rendered accessible to his mind. . . . The associated angels and spirits of the Second Sphere are as ONE GRAND MAN in sympathetic communication with him, to transmit knowledge to mankind on earth, which they perceive the latter are, for the first time, prepared to receive.' (Introd. p. xvii.)

The lectures of our seer amounted in all to one hundred and fifty-seven, and nearly fifteen months were occupied in the delivery of them; that is to say, he 'entered the sphere of 'wisdom' on the 28th of November, 1845, and did not finally quit it till the 25th of January, 1847. The audience before whom they were spoken was strictly limited to *three* individuals, who were chosen because they severally represented in their persons 'the principles of love, will, and wisdom.' An equally odd reason is assigned for fixing on that particular number:—

'I was impressed (say Davis, in his Prefatory Address to the World) to select three witnesses, who should be present at the lectures, so that the world through them might know from what source these revelations flow. *The number corresponds to a Trinity everywhere manifested in Nature and her productions'!*

He was 'impressed' at the same time to nominate a 'scribe,' to report and prepare his lectures for publication; and likewise a 'manipulator,' to superinduce the necessary moods during the delivery of them. In these instances his choice fell upon Messrs. Fishbough and Lyon, because the former thrice-happy individual combined in his single person *all* those 'principles' or graces before mentioned; and the latter, because 'he was 'physically constituted so as to be able to impart a congenial 'influence to the system of the speaker.' This preference, we are required to believe, quite as much 'surprised' as it gratified the objects of it. The doctor actually abandoned a lucrative and increasing practice in his native town in order to discharge the distinguished functions demanded of him! How completely both of these fortunate gentlemen identified themselves with, and were rewarded by, their oracular friend, will shortly appear.

Our aim, on this occasion, being to sketch the origin and progress of American Psychomancy—by far the most extraordinary chapter in the history of popular delusions—we shall not therefore criticise at any particular length this chaos of

unarranged matter, ostentatiously styled 'The Divine Principles 'of Nature;' a book that extends to no less than 782 closely stereotyped large 8vo. pages, including, as already intimated, a survey of all the moral and physical sciences—'cosmogony, 'astronomy, geology, ethnology, archæology, mythology, theo-'logy, psychology, history, metaphysics, &c.;' besides 'soaring 'flights of mind into regions not previously explored by any 'earthly being;' or revelations of strange spheres, as well as their stranger economies, the existence of which was never suspected by the most inquisitive, nor conceived by the most whimsical, of mortals in this or in any other age. Excepting so far as relates to the 'regions not previously explored by any earthly 'being,' the book has no claim whatever to the character of originality. Its facts and its fictions, its creeds and its theories, all alike have been systematically plagiarised, and gravely reproduced, oftentimes with barely a verbal disguise, as the authentic teachings of disembodied spirits, and of higher intelligences, 'impressed' upon the sensorium of an illiterate cowherd. It is a mad jumble of Spinozism, Fourierism, St. Simonianism, Swedenborgianism, and Rationalism. Davis, or rather his unscrupulous guardians—for that docile youth was as yet unequal to the task ascribed to him—have laid under tribute every pantheistic and infidel writer, from the age of Bruno to that of Strauss, in order to build up their own monstrously paradoxical scheme of spirito-materialism. Their literary appetite, moreover, appears to be as undistinguishing as it is voracious; for, besides collecting the *deliramenta doctrinæ* or speculative garbage of long since forgotten philosophers, principally of the Rosicrucian and other mystical schools, they have not disdained to embellish their composite work with many of the nonsensical conceits to be found in the lucubrations of Martinus Scriblerus, and in the travels of Munchausen and Gulliver! Nothing, in fact, has come amiss to their insatiable maws. It is almost superfluous to add, that a compilation so grotesque as this, even in its graver divisions, abounds with contradictions and absurdities. But for the unquestionable 'solemnity' with which it is ushered into the world by its authors, the volume might well pass for a ponderous satire on those pretentious reformers who, from the dawn of history, have alternately influenced and amused society with their impracticable crotchets. Even the personal prejudices of some of them have been occasionally adopted; but for what object, unless to denote the particular source of inspiration, it is vain to conjecture; whilst all their most extravagant theories have been reproduced—not unfrequently in manifest ignorance of their meaning and tendency—with merciless exaggeration.

To make anything like an intelligible analysis of 'The Prin-'ciples of Nature,' would be an equally difficult and profitless task. There is little method and less reasoning to be found in the volume. It abounds with errors as well grammatical as logical; whilst its literary style is alternately sentimental and bombastic: in short, both its language and contents most completely belie its title. So far as we can divine, the object of its erratic compilers is twofold: first, to furnish a solution of the old and fundamental problem of the origin of things; and secondly, to adapt this solution to the assumed requirements of 'this rudimentary sphere,' which, according to their spiritually enlightened views, is 'existing on wrong foundations;' or, in other words, is in a 'more disorganised state' than is commonly conceived, and yet not so 'disorganised' as to be past reparation. On the contrary, it now is, *and ever has been*,—they proceed to argue, in flat contradiction to their primary postulate,—'progressively developing' itself into a better condition; 'universal progressive development' being, as they pretend, 'an inherent and eternal law of matter.' Having laboured this corollary to their satisfaction,—i.e. demonstrated that 'every-'thing is the result of progressive development,' from 'the 'most inert particle of matter to the spirit of man,'—our candid philosophers then address themselves to the second, or practical part of their subject, and 'reveal' how the existing mundane confusion (the contemplation of which afflicts infinitely more than it perplexes them) may be effectually remedied, and a 'reign of harmony' immediately and for ever established. Such is the twofold object, as nearly as we can discern it, of 'The Principles of Nature,' and the manner in which it is discussed by its authors. In order that our readers may judge for themselves how far 'the associated angels and 'spirits of the Second Sphere' are in advance of their benighted terrestrial brethren in natural philosophy and the physical sciences generally, we will first condense their theory of creation out of self-existent matter, and afterwards cull at random a few passages illustrative of their peculiar terminology. They thus describe the origin of things:—

'In the BEGINNING, the Univercœlum was one boundless, indefinable, and unimaginable ocean of LIQUID FIRE! The most vigorous and ambitious imagination is not capable of forming an adequate conception of the height, and depth, and length, and breadth thereof. There was one vast expanse of liquid substance. It was without bounds—inconceivable—and with qualities and essences incomprehensible. This was the original condition of MATTER. It was without forms, for it was but one form. It had no motions, but was

one eternity of motion. It was without parts, for it was a whole. Particles did not exist, but the whole was as one particle. There were not suns, but it was one eternal sun. It had no beginning, and was without end. It had no *length* [*vide supra*], for it was a vortex of one eternity. It had not circles, for it was one infinite circle. It had not disconnected power, but it was the very essence of all power. Its inconceivable magnitude and constitution were such as not to develop forces, but omnipotent power! Matter and power were existing as a whole, inseparable. The matter contained the substance to produce all suns, all worlds, and systems of worlds, throughout the immensity of space. It contained qualities to produce all things that are existing upon each of these worlds. The power contained wisdom and goodness, justice and truth. It contained the original and essential principle that is displayed throughout immensity of space, controlling worlds and systems of worlds, and producing motion, life, sensation, and intelligence, to be impartially disseminated upon their surfaces as ultimates. This great centre of worlds—this great power of intelligence—this great germ of existences, was *one world!*—corresponding to a globe visible; for it was but one, containing the materials and power to produce all others. It [i.e. *power*] had wisdom equal to matter (!) to plan them and direct their infinite movements. It had goodness equal to the extent of its substance to give perfect harmony and distributive usefulness to all parts of this infinitude (!!). It had justice, *but only to be manifested in proportion to developments of suitable mediums upon these subordinate spheres,* or forms of the Great Sphere (!!!). It had mercy, unity, and forbearance, *to be developed as corresponding with like developments in sensitive and intelligent beings!* It contained truth eternalised, like its own nature. So the whole of these principles are joined in *one vast vortex* of pure intelligence.' (*Princ. of Nat.* pp. 121, 122.)

The 'Great Sphere of spheres,' or original mass of matter, our philosophers proceed to inform us, 'was a substance con-'taining within itself the embryo of its own perfection. It 'became *pregnated by virtue of its own laws,* and was controlled, 'guided, and perfected by its own omnipotent power'! (*Ib.*)

Around this liquid mass of self-existent matter was 'an at-'mosphere extending infinitely in all directions.' The mass itself began to evaporise light, heat, and other '*materials*' 'adapted to the formation of suns and worlds.' The substances thus evaporised were borne up by the atmosphere referred to, and became at length *a nebulous zone surrounding the immensity of space*'! (P. 128.)

'By constant action and development of the particles subjected to the motions of attraction, repulsion, and the laws of condensation—by a repelling of that which was averse to the process of condensation, and an attracting of that which was of like affinity, and suitable

to become part of the same mass—the formation of worlds was first instituted.' (*Ib.*)

Suns, however, were first formed, and *from these* planets, &c. Thus one circle or ring of suns and worlds was commenced and perfected; or, in the language of our physicists, 'the first great 'ring of converging formations was thus commenced and com- 'pleted.' Subsequently, 'after an unimaginable length of time,' by a process similar to that just mentioned, *another* nebulous zone was formed, and from it another 'circle of systems of suns 'and worlds' was 'instituted.' Thus five such circles have been instituted already, and a sixth is now in process of 'institution' or formation, but is not yet complete.

Such is our authors' theory of creation out of self-existent matter—a theory, however, which has been subjected to so many modifications at the hands of succeeding spiritualistic cosmographers, of equal credit with themselves, that it is hard to affirm what particular doctrine prevails amongst the general body of their confiding dupes at this moment. Their principles, in the main, are alike, they differ in comparatively minor particulars. All boldly advocate, with more or less ability, pantheistic materialism in its most extravagant form: —

'Matter is the substance of everything in the universe (p. 227). It is a law of matter to produce its ultimate, mind (p. 50). All ultimates are matter (p. 47). The first power of motion contained all forces known to exist. So, likewise, did matter contain the specific essences and properties to produce man (p. 69). Man is the highest and most perfect combination of organised matter (p. 597). Man, spiritually, is the perfection of motion! (p. 604). The universe is animated by a living spirit, to form the whole—ONE GRAND MAN. Therefore, there are two principles only existing —one, the body; the other, the soul —one, the divine Positive Mind; the other, the Univercœlum. Man is a part of this great body of the Divine Mind. *He is a gland,* or minute organ! (p. 463) [at page 309 we are informed that '*the earth is a stomach*'!]. Sound of everything conveys to the mind a peculiar vibration—imperceptibly, yet irresistibly, undulates *the portion of the mind* with which it comes in contact: *this vibration is the idea!!* (p. 39). Man has but *three* distinct senses — touch, hearing, seeing (p. 368). The original inhabitants of the earth were black; the subsequent nations were brown; the branches of these were red; from these spread the yellow: and from these the white' (p. 366).

As our readers, no doubt, will have inferred, this development-theory is not restricted to the mere integument of man, it is applied to his whole composition. We are told in one place, that 'he was originally an oyster or clam,' from which he has happily 'progressed' to his present condition; and in another

this rather humiliating idea or 'revelation' of his origin—albeit an improvement upon the electrified granite-dust theory of a celebrated French *savant*—is thus expanded; the 'oyster' or clam' produced a tadpole; the tadpole a quadruped; the quadruped a baboon; the baboon an orang-outang; the orang-outang a negro, and the negro a white man! Those who have never been initiated into the physiological mysteries of modern spiritualism will conclude, most probably, that, at this stage of their being, the law of 'progression,' having fulfilled its eternal purpose—namely, developed a monad into humanity—is now suspended, at least for a season. But no! there is no such thing as a physical dissolution; death is merely an apotheosis or 'spiritual birth,' 'an awakening from a pro-' found sleep:' that 'unprogressing' poet was grievously mistaken who spoke of death being the *last* boundary of human affairs, and more enlightened personages than the Mantuan bard have inconsiderately repeated the same 'mythological 'fable.' Man, as yet, is only *half* developed! There are still six gradations through which he has to pass before he becomes a 'perfect mortal,' or attains to that Brobdignagian stature which characterises the blissful inhabitants of the Seventh Sphere. For, according to a diagram, with which our seer illustrates the fifth and concluding volume of his 'Great Harmonia,' the human form proportionately increases in size as it successively scales the six celestial heights: what its dimensions will ultimately be—bearing in mind the inevitable 'law of progres-' sive development'—it is impossible to conceive. On this portentous subject Davis himself appears indisposed to hazard an opinion. Finally, whether the whole human family is destined, after another 'unimaginable lapse of time,' to become a very superior sort of monad—i.e. to be 'developed' into that '*one Grand Man*,' to whom our philosophers so frequently refer in the course of their lectures—is not distinctively announced, but their reasoning inevitably leads to such a conclusion. Maybe, in mercy to our limited capacities, mental and bodily, whilst in this rudimentary stage of our existence, the broad fact has been withheld from us. There are some truths, our seer intimates, which may not be prematurely disclosed to the world; supernal knowledge, it would seem, is only to be obtained by the vulgar in homœopathic doses. Davis, at all events, is not at liberty to pursue any other course, 'inasmuch 'as it would be revealing (he says) *that which the human race* '*should not know*'! (p. 160). That rather extensive body of clients, it must be confessed, has no just reason to complain of his occasional reticence, seeing he has abundantly provided for

their curiosity and instruction in spiritual thaumaturgy in many other books besides that entitled 'The Divine Principles of 'Nature.'

Citations from the last-mentioned strangely-compounded volume, similar in effect to those we have made, might be multiplied to any extent. Contradictions and absurdities, sometimes mingled with matter too gross for repetition, characterise almost every page of it. There is hardly a department of science or knowledge which these prurient and self-constituted and spiritualistic teachers have not invaded rather than explored, and travestied rather than explained. They tell us, *usque ad nauseam*, that they have been divinely commissioned 'to reveal the truth' (as it is in spiritualism) to their benighted fellow-creatures in this so-called 'rudimentary sphere;' but their egregious vanity renders such a supposition incredible, even if their invincible ignorance did not betray the lying assertion. In their meddlesome hands, the most sacred fare no better than the basest of secular things. Like the whole herd of impudent impostors who have preceded them in the paths of infidelity and fanaticism, they arrogate to themselves a paramount authority in matters of religion, which they affect to consider harmful and criminal in all other ages, and in all other persons, without exception. Their own theology, which, they tell us in grandiloquent language, 'is written on the 'wide-spread scroll of the heavens, in which every star is a 'word, and every constellation a sentence,' is at variance with the creed of the whole Christian world. All the cardinal doctrines of the Bible, as well as its chief historical relations, are scoffed at and contradicted. That Book is, in their spiritualised judgment, the most polluted of springs—the source of every error and abomination in the world, *since the day when its contents were canonically affirmed by the Council of Nice!* To support this arbitrary selection of a period, and this monstrous conceit, all ecclesiastical history is perverted, and a special 'revelation' as usual, invented for the nonce.

Having thus summarily disposed of the obnoxious volume, our modern revelators experience less difficulty in banishing spiritual wickedness from this confessedly 'disorganised' world.

'*Sin* (they contend), in the common acceptation of the word, *does not exist* (p. 521). The innate divineness of the spirit of man prohibits the possibility of spiritual wickedness, or unrighteousness (p. 413). The interior principle, which is of divine origin, *cannot be made evil, nor can it be contaminated.* All evil is of external and superficial origin, and is felt by all as *external;* and hence to banish

evil from the world, a change must occur in the social condition of the world.' (P. 410.)

It is a very ancient observation, that the strongest things are not so well established as to be out of danger from the weakest—a truth which has been signally exemplified in the sudden development of psychomancy in the middle of the nineteenth century of the Christian era: 'Believers in spiri-'tual intercourse,' says Judge Edmonds, 'are now numbered 'by millions on earth; . . . . and there stands now prominent 'before the eyes of the world, the fact of the spread of a new 'faith, whose rapidity of progress has no parallel in the annals 'of mankind' (*Spiritualism*, vol. ii. p. 37). 'Upon its testi-'mony (adds another), thousands upon thousands rely for the 'soul's immortality' (*Tiffany's Reply to Sig. Monti*). These, we believe, are no exaggerated statements, notwithstanding 'the mighty fact' in question has no better foundation than certain subjective illusions of so many distempered minds. But for the purpose of exhibiting the literary abilities of young Davis in their true light, as well as the moral insanity of the millions—including in that indefinite number not a few of the most distinguished names in the United States—who have blindly accepted him as 'the Guide and Leader' of the age, and deliberately placed themselves without the pale of Christianity, we should not tax so severely as we are now about to do the forbearance of our readers. Whilst perusing the following doggrel lines, which constitute, so to say, the rubble on which the foundations of modern psychomancy rest, they will bear in mind that the author of them had just risen up from the cyclopædic labours attributed to him. His connexion with Messrs. Lyon and Fishbough was now at an end; those disinterested gentlemen had taken their final leave of him, with mingled feelings of gratitude and 'surprise' at the unexpected fact of his having, whilst in the clairvoyant state, and 'in the 'presence of a witness,' voluntarily surrendered to them the entire copyright of his lectures, 'simply claiming a reasonable 'compensation for the time he had been employed in their 'delivery.' Being thus left to himself, and feeling, no doubt, a little anxious as to the future, he 'was moved (he tells us) 'in the stilly depths of one warm spring night to rise from 'bed and take pen to a vision which was unrolled before my 'eyes, like a scroll of morning light.' The night, he adds, 'was pitchy dark,' and neither lamp nor candle was at hand. Fortunately, however, 'the scroll of morning light,' to whic he refers, enabled him to dispense with both. The 'vision' vouchsafed to him was no other than 'the progressive cre-

'ation of this rudimentary sphere.' One extract from it will suffice:—

'My spirit grew up and seemed to expand
Beyond books of men, and creeds of the land. . . .
A wild terrific grandeur spread around;
Seas of lava gurgled up from depths profound;
Lightnings waltzed with lightnings o'er the sea;
Thunders vied with thunders in frantic glee;
Motion was married to motion, with one consent,
And atom wedded atom, with one intent;
Motion and atoms in nuptial pairs appeared,
And Method was to Matter more endeared.
Yet swiftly rolled the blazing orb along,—
Less eccentric daily—more sedate and strong.
Its fierce, fiery-face was cooled by the air;
Passion had less reign—the scene grew more fair.
Among the stars, 'twas decided by a vote,
That young Earth should wear a granite coat.
But, heaving with hidden fires, and angry yet,
He fretted and frown'd like a demon's pet;
Still his face seemed cold, and bare, and grand—
But water quickly form'd, and cover'd all the land!
A bath so cold, soon chill'd the fiery swain,
And, quaking at the centre, he burst in twain!
Earth's coat, tho' granite, was "tatter'd and torn,"
And his face, tho' rough, was "shaven and shorn."
But, like the wound which God the Devil gave,
The opening closed, yet left an open grave!
In plung'd the waters from the vast profound,
And here and there exposed a little ground.
He bellow'd and quaked, and clank'd his chain,
And vomited forth both mounts and main.
I saw hills on hills, alps on alps arise,
And a marriage betwixt all seas and skies. . . .
A carbonic air, encircling all the main,
Shut out the spangled skies from peak to plain.
The world-wide storm swell'd the sea-lord's breast,
And the thunder-bolt forger felt all the rest.
Old Neptune's trident shook both land and sea,
And Vulcan telegraph'd Venus down to tea'!!

(*The Great Harmonia*, vol. v. pp. 366–370.)

And so our seer is borne along, in numbers free from law, whilst describing animated nature, till his vision culminates, as usual, in that grand doctrinal belief of his numerous followers:—

'I saw that "Progress" was *not* as a line,
But waves *down* and *up*, like the waves of Time.'

The italics, as well as the rhyme, in this last pregnant couplet,

are his own. Mystical literature contains much that is original and curious in its way, but this dithyrambic is quite unique. Our readers will probably agree with us, that his own words will afford the best comment upon it — words which he used in reference to similar effusions by his too servile imitators, the 'impressional mediums:'—'From this source '(he complains) there is now flowing into the world a mass of 'literature—a strange combination of prose and so-called poetic 'verbiage—*which, it seems to me, the world might easily pro-* '*gress without receiving.*'* A Mercury is not to be carved out of every wood.

If our pantheistic philosophers had limited their speculations to the origin of things, and abstained from 'soaring flights of 'mind into regions not previously explored by any earthly 'being,' their physical notion of the universe, notwithstanding its amusing extravagance, would have attracted little attention, in all likelihood, beyond the immediate circle of their own acquaintance; but by boldly drawing aside, as they pretend to do, that impenetrable curtain which divides the future from the present, and revealing all the mysteries within, they have pandered to the two most fatal passions of our nature—*curiosity* and *pride*. In this portion of their gratuitous labours, they have practically illustrated the argument which Raphael, the archangel, addressed to our first parent in Paradise:—

> 'The Great Architect
> Did wisely to conceal, and not divulge
> His secrets to be scann'd by them who ought
> Rather admire; or, if they list to try
> Conjecture, He his fabric of the heavens
> Hath left to their dispute, perhaps to move
> His laughter at their quaint opinions wide
> Hereafter; when they come to model heaven
> And calculate the stars, how they will wield
> The mighty frame; how build, unbuild, contrive
> To save appearances; how gird the sphere
> With centric and eccentric scribbl'd o'er,
> Cycle and epicycle, orb in orb.'

This, we repeat, is just what our spiritual philosophers of the nineteenth century have done. As Ptolemy improved the physical theory of Brahma, so they have improved that of Ptolemy. The Indian philosopher conceived a system of fourteen spheres, the earth being one, with seven below and six above it; the former full of fabulous monsters, the latter

* Present Age and Inner Life, p. 196.

a series of gradually ascending representations of celestial bliss. The Egyptian philosopher, on the contrary, taught that the earth was surrounded by eight crystalline spheres, in which the sun, moon, and stars were severally distributed, whilst he placed his elysium in the eighth. Our modern philosophers, also commencing at the earth's centre, and proceeding outwards in all directions, divide the surrounding space into seven concentric spheres, at unequal distances the one from the other. Each of these seven spheres or spaces comprises seven secondary spheres or 'circles,' which, like the larger or outer ones, also rise on a graduated scale—the whole typifying, of course, the grand theory of 'Progress.' Heaven, in the ordidary acceptation of the phrase, if it has any existence at all in the scheme of the Spiritualists, must be beyond the highest of their visionary 'spheres.' 'Each of them,' remarks the author of Supernal Theology, 'is but one beautiful step in the ladder 'that *reaches* to heaven, and the seventh is the most beautiful 'of all.' Other spiritual writers, but of less authority, perhaps, than him we have just cited, hold the seventh sphere to be the summit of bliss; whilst Davis, in his later publications, with more consistency than the majority of his followers, considers heaven not so much a locality as a condition (*vide* his Philosophy of Spiritual Intercourse, p. 31). Thus, the whole spirit-world consists of an immense globe of ether, divided into seven spheres and forty-nine circles, the centre of which is our rudimentary earth. Neither the locality nor the extent of all the primary spheres has as yet been fully determined. The second, which exists somewhere 'above our atmosphere,' is generally supposed to be 'about six miles in height;' the third 'occupies about thirty miles in height;' and the seventh 'is about five or six thousand miles off.' Spiritualistic teachers are mute respecting the boundaries, &c., of the fourth, fifth, and sixth, notwithstanding they have been as often visited as any of the others.

The idea of peopling these several spheres with the disembodied spirits of men, who had once flourished *here*, did not immediately suggest itself to the mind of Davis. Of all the assumptions of Spiritualists this is by far the most gratuitous. We shall search the seer's ponderous tome in vain for any enunciation of that cardinal doctrine in the system of modern psychomancy. The seer professes to have made a personal survey of the planets Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury; and relates in circumstantial detail what he observed and overheard in each. Their inhabitants, although resembling or belonging to the *genus homo*, in no age had any con-

nexion with this earth *as denizens of it;* on the contrary, their alleged organisation, physically and mentally, forbids such a supposition. Thus, he informs us, those of Saturn are in every respect superior beings to ourselves, 'they are morally and 'intellectually perfect' (p. 183); those of Jupiter, in 'size, 'symmetry, and beauty of form, exceed those of the earth's 'inhabitants;' they walk, moreover, like quadrupeds; 'by a 'modest desire to be seen only in an inclined position, they 'have formed this habit, which has become an established cus-'tom among them' (p. 189); the people of Mars, 'are in a 'much more exalted state than the inhabitants of the earth;' and their hair, instead of growing on their heads, envelops their necks (p. 198); the principal inhabitants of Venus are described as 'a barbarous, savage, and giant-like community,' and are much given to cannibalism (p. 205); whilst those of Mercury more nearly resemble orang-outangs than human beings. It was not until the rapping-manifestations were referred to the agency of invisible spirits, that special abodes for the latter were appropriated to them. Undoubtedly, the seer, in his Principles of Nature, anticipates the time when the spirits or the inhabitants of the planets just mentioned shall communicate freely with mankind on earth, but he nowhere remarks, we say again, that *those* spirits were the disembodied spirits of men who had once sojourned here.

Across the North Atlantic Ocean there was nothing very original, much less startling in the announcement of human and animal existences having been discovered in the planets. That scandalous and very generally received fiction of the moon, in which the author depicts the Vespertilio-homo, or Bat-man, and the still more extraordinary inhabitants of the Vale of Triads, as well as the equally curious descriptions of lunar animal life, had prepared the American mind for any subsequent extravagances of the kind. Nor were these long wanting: gullibility is the mother of fraud. Almost at the time when young Davis was dictating his divine revelations of Nature, and satisfying the inordinate craving of the vulgar with the marvels of stellar creation,—describing, amongst other things, that 'animal of surpassing beauty' in Saturn, with flexible but unjointed limbs (p. 178), and that single vegetable production in Mars, which supplied the whole of its people with food, raiment, and shelter (p. 198),—Professor Bush, of New York, was editing a series of Swedenborgian tracts, in which the prince of mystics spiritualises the physical theory of Ptolemy, and rehabilitates his spheres. The season, therefore, was singularly propitious for exciting revelations, and the

supply of thaumaturgists was fully proportioned to the multitude of fools. It became a race between so many miracle-workers for the suffrages of the credulous. Davis and his coadjutors made the most of the occasion; and, it must be conceded, far outstripped their competitors, and fairly bore away the bell. Thenceforward, their superiority in this peculiar line of romancing has never been contested. As in other portions of their composite lectures, so likewise in that pertaining to the spheres, they drew most extravagantly upon the labours of those who had preceded them in the same mystical flights. To the infinite annoyance of Professor Bush in particular, they were not content with laying his favourite Scandinavian philosopher under the heaviest tribute, but at the same time usurped his authority, and even questioned his infallibility, as a spiritual guide. For this presumptuous and heretical proceeding of theirs, the followers of the illustrious Swede have ever stood sullenly apart from, and persistently refused to be incorporated with them. Like the two great Mahommedan sects, the Soonees and Sheahs, both parties take delight in honouring the same prophet, whilst they differ as well in the interpretations of his canons as in the significancy of his dreams. A few sporadic efforts have been made, by the more zealous advocates for union on either side, to bridge the narrow strait that separates them, but hitherto in vain: the religion of mystics, notwithstanding its 'seven times exalted 'origin,' is as impotent as any other for the purpose of enforcing the observance of those golden rules — charity and prudence.

In the month of March, 1848, when the fourth edition of Davis's lectures was issuing from the press, and all classes of Americans were eagerly speculating on his wonderful exploits in the clouds, one Michael Weekman (an ominous name), an inhabitant of the little town of Acadia, Wayn Co., New York, was so much disturbed by mysterious rappings in his dwelling-house, that he quitted both it and the town in disgust. The house was almost immediately afterwards occupied by a Mr. Fox (a still more ominous name), who was subjected to the like annoyances. He and his neighbours searched the premises in vain in order to discover the cause of the disturbances; they could only satisfy themselves that the mysterious rappings proceeded from *within*, and not from without the house. At length one of the daughters of Fox, a child twelve years of age, whilst lying in bed with her younger sister, amused herself by endeavouring to imitate the sounds which had occasioned so much anxiety in the place, and was greatly surprised to find that each of her

attempts was repeated from the walls of her bed-chamber. 'Now do as I do,' exclaimed the younger of the children, as she began to clap her hands violently together. Again the blows were duly re-echoed. The girls now called for their mother, who, on entering the apartment, witnessed several repetitions of these curious trials. Mrs. Fox presently requested that ten knocks might be counted on the walls, which were immediately given. Also, upon request, the respective ages of her children were promptly and accurately expressed in the same fashion. To the question, 'Are you a human being?' silence was preserved; but when asked, 'Are you a spirit?' the answer was two loud raps. It was finally ascertained that the knockings proceeded from the 'spirit' of a pedlar, who had been robbed and murdered on the premises several years before. It further transpired that his age at the time of his death was thirty-one, and that he had left a wife and five children behind him. The neighbours were now introduced, and the 'spirit,' in answer to the questions demanded of him, obediently rapped out his story again and again. The news of this strange visitation spread fast and wide; hundreds flocked to the 'haunted 'house,' in order to hear and judge for themselves; and the 'spirit,' so long as the Foxes continued to occupy it, gratified the prurient curiosity of all. When his intelligent discoverers and ardent sympathisers removed to Rochester — an event which happened very shortly afterwards—he followed them, and brought a host of other 'spirits' in his train. But he never more revealed himself in Acadia.

Before those at a distance from the scene of this wonderful occurrence could satisfy themselves of the true nature of it, they were overwhelmed by similar reports flowing in from all parts of the state of New York. It seemed as if all the disembodied spirits of mankind had suddenly broken loose from Hades, and laid siege to this sphere. First Acadia succumbed to them, then Rochester, then Auburn, and so gradually onwards until the whole of the United States and Lower Canada were completely overrun and bristled with Jacob's-ladders, each indicating where a breach had been effectually made. How spirit-beings, consisting of mind and imponderable matter (of matter, as it has been said, 'so light, that human ingenuity 'cannot weigh it'), and possessed, moreover, of 'brains, nerves, 'and lungs,' could enter our atmosphere and breathe a medium vastly more dense than their own bodies, is a complex problem in spiritual philosophy which no believer in it, so far as we are aware, either then or since has attempted to solve. To investigate any isolated instance of reported success on the part

of these strange invaders of human domiciles was utterly useless; for the inquirer, more especially if he were sceptical, or suspected of being so, was peremptorily silenced by the ready assertion of his informer, that if in any particular case a few elements of probability were lacking, they were multiplied beyond his utmost requirements in scores of others! And thus the rule of logic was as conveniently dispensed with as the law of gravitation.

Now that the spirits had succeeded in regaining admission to the primary scene of their existence, they next set about establishing a regular correspondence with their brethren in the flesh. It was soon perceived by the latter, that not everyone who willed it was acceptable as a medium of communication with the outer world. Only 'susceptible persons of medium-'like physique,' says the author of 'Supernal Theology,' were available for the purpose. These, it was found, possessed in their composition the requisite amount of electricity, which enabled the attendant-spirit to operate upon them. A little further experience showed that, unhappily, by far the larger portion of mankind was destitute of this vital power, and consequently 'non-conductors of spirit-messages.' Although necessarily excluded, as mediums, from directly participating in the active correspondence which was carried on between the living and the dead, the 'non-conductors' were competent, nevertheless, to aid both parties (for the spirits at first, it would seem, were either unwilling to do, or incapable of doing as much for themselves or the cause) with seasonable advice and ingenious contrivances for improving and expediting the various methods of intercourse. As we have seen, the earliest mode of communication was by 'rapping' against a wainscot, and, concurrently with this, by 'tipping' articles of furniture, especially tables; but both of these processes being found 'very slow, tedious, and imperfect,' the letters of the English alphabet were printed on a card, and the medium pointing with the finger at each in succession, was apprised of the right one by a gentle 'touch' from the spirit. Thus words and sentences were patiently spelled out. 'Touching,' although an advance on the somewhat vulgar practices of 'rapping' and 'tipping,' was, excepting in the very rare instance of an exquisitely sensitive medium, still a laborious system. Communications, moreover, from the Spheres were hourly multiplying and growing in importance and interest. The spirits, gentle and simple, were quite as eager to impart their supernal knowledge as their friends and relatives here to receive it. The spirits of Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun announced an immediate social

revolution in the States; or, as it is more concisely expressed by the former, 'many great and mighty men, who have passed 'away from the earth, are coming again in strength to help the 'redemption of man.'*

These, and similar communications from the spirits of William Penn, Elias Hicks, Isaac Hopper, and others, were addressed to the circle over which Governor Tallmadge of Wisconsin presided. The spirits of Lord Bacon and Swedenborg, Henry Clay, and Fennimore Cooper, chose for their medium Judge Edmonds of the Supreme Court of New York.

'Brother Edmonds (whispered the confiding spirit of Henry Clay to that distinguished magistrate), you will do more good with your spiritualism than ever I did in politics. Go on!' (*Edmonds' Spiritualism*, vol. i. p. 48.)

It was at this supreme moment that Dr. Hare, Emeritus Professor of Chemistry in the University of Pennsylvania, by his mechanical skill, did much to relieve the more pressing requirements and anxiety felt in all spiritual circles. His ingenious invention of the Spiritoscope enabled them to conduct their increasing correspondence with comparative ease, as well as with greatly accelerated speed. This instrument was in the form of a disc, on the margin of which was engraved not only the whole of the English alphabet and sundry symbols, but likewise the digits, and notes of music, with a movable gnomon or index attached to the centre. The latter was worked by a series of pulleys under the hands of the medium.

'It is surprising (exclaims the enraptured doctor) with what readiness the spirit, *even when unused to the apparatus* [the italics are his own], will, by moving the lever, actuate the index, causing it to point to the letters, words, or figures distributed on the face of the disc.' (*Spirit Manifestations*, 5th ed. p. iii.)

The doctor further assures us, that his apparatus was originally contrived for the purpose of determining whether the manifestations attributed to spirits could be made without mortal aid; and, finding that such was really the case, it led to his own conversion. Apart from any mundane benefit he may have derived from this most timely and interesting invention, the author of it was abundantly recompensed by the filial messages he received from two of his infant children, comfortably provided for in the Spheres, and aged respectively thirteen months and five months, who instantly availed themselves of

* Edmonds' Spiritualism, vol. i. p. 413.

its use. Theodore, the *younger* of the two, thus addressed him from the Seventh Sphere: —

'My life here (remarks this interesting little cherub) has been a charmed one; enrapturing scenes of beauty being constantly presented to view, like the ever-varying landscapes delineated on the canvass of a skilful artist. Now is seen a beautiful silvery lake, on whose transparent bosom floats the graceful swan, bending his pliant neck, as if proudly conscious of his surpassing beauty; and anon, among the lilies of this lake, which appear like gems placed on a virgin's brow, shoots a tiny barque, freighted with angelic children. Then is presented a bolder view of towering mountains and wide-extended plains, with the accompanying characteristics of hill and dale.' (*Spirit Manifestations*, p. 98.)

The fact of an infant, aged five months only, being capable of manipulating the Spiritoscope with so much dexterity and effect placed its merits, of course, beyond all debate. It was a decided success, and the prototype of many such instruments before the use of them was finally abandoned.

From the pointing out of letters printed on a card, or indexed on a dial, the transition to writing off-hand is very natural and easy. This method wholly originated with the spirits, and was the first proof of their all-restraining influence. They suddenly paralysed, or seized upon, the hand and arm of the medium, and compelled him or her, will-ye nil-ye, to write down whatsoever they chose to dictate. Mediums have thus been forced to scribble not only in every earthly but also in many unearthly languages.

'Ream after ream of paper has been covered with curious hieroglyphics that are perfectly useless to either the medium or circle —or, in fact, to any one else—for the excellent reason, that we have not thus far any Champollion and Layard to interpret for us.' (*Spirit. Telegr.*, No. 182.)*

Sometimes the spirits, belonging, we suppose, to 'the rowdy 'or mischievous class,' would possess themselves of the *entire person* of the medium; in which case the result, however

* We have inspected many specimens of spirit-chirography, none of which, however, can be properly called 'hieroglyphical.' Those epistolary communications which have been produced, as alleged, in the presence of circles are generally written in the ordinary Italian cursive hand; but by far the greater number which have been mysteriously dropped from the Spheres are compounded of characters having a marked resemblance to medical symbols and the letters of Psalmanazar's Formosan alphabet. A few stenographic examples are composed of Roman capitals, slightly modified, and algebraic symbols.

diverting to the spectators, was anything but a joke to the helpless subject of their sport: —

'Mr. Henry Gordon, the well-known spirit-medium, now residing in Philadelphia, was recently entranced at his residence, and slid *up* stairs upon the banister of the stair-way, and then turned and *slid down head foremost*, in the same manner, all by an invisible power. This occurred in the presence of several credible witnesses.' (*Cridge's Epitome of Spirit Intercourse*, p. 54.)

But by far the most curious and astonishing results produced simply by possessed hands are the occasional sketches in pencil and paint of birds and flowers. Both, it is true, are very much at variance with the structures hitherto known and examined; but then, being of spiritual origin, and confined of course to the Spheres, they may be, for aught we can say to the contrary, exceedingly just and life-like. To our simple imagination, however, the flowers appear to be oddly compounded of ordinary specimens on earth. For example, we have seen the meadow-saffron flaunting its broad petals on the stalk of the pansey, and the damascene rose hanging on the prickless stem of the tulip. The fashion of the birds is equally strange; each has the body of the sparrow, with the tail of the dove, and the plumage of the Australian paroquet. Their eyes, moreover, are placed, not in their heads, but in the middle of their necks. But much as our readers may marvel at these anomalous specimens of floriculture and ornithology from the Spheres, they will be perfectly amazed when we intimate to them the rapidity with which they are sketched by the spirits. In this respect, the most dexterous photographers cannot approach, much less compete with, them. The earth, it is said, moving at a rate of nineteen miles in a second, would take three months to pass through a distance which a ray of light would dart over in eight seconds: with a velocity hardly inferior to that ray of light are these strange pictures produced! Indeed, we have inspected an elaborately-finished water-colour drawing of half-a-dozen flowers or more, with accompanying foliage, and a gaily-plumaged bird in the midst, *all limned in eight seconds.* If our readers are sceptical, we hasten to assure them that the genuineness of this astonishing production is vouched for by a judge of the Supreme Court of New York, the governor of a neighbouring state, and four other gentlemen of equal respectability.

If the spirits could thus appropriate and use at their pleasure one human organ, it was likely—nay, certain—they would presently possess themselves of another. And having this power, what was more natural than to seize upon that most unruly

member of all—the tongue? This was their next acquisition, and, as might be expected, they made, and are still making, as well on this as on the other side of the Atlantic, the uttermost use of it. Some mediums are compelled to speak whilst in a trance-state, and some in their normal condition.

'The invisible intelligence (says Judge Edmonds) takes possession of the mind of the medium, and compels his utterance of its ideas, in defiance of the will of the mortal through whom it is talking. The medium simply repeats what it hears.' (*Spiritualism*, vol. i. p. 38.)

Not a small portion of the literature of spiritualism has proceeded from this obviously fertile source. The disembodied spirits of philosophers and teachers, of various ages and of various climes, have manifested themselves in the persons of their chosen mediums, and considerately revised, and in some instances added to, their principal literary works. Thus, the apostle Paul, through his medium, a Mr. Hoar, has favoured the Presbyterian Church in the States with a commentary, not only upon his own sacred writings, but also upon several of the books of the Old Testament; the spirits of the four Evangelists have corrected their gospels, and adapted them to the wants and opinions of the present age; Swedenborg has illustrated the darkest passages in his mystical lucubrations, and retracted some of the opinions which he had too hastily adopted whilst a denizen of earth; Thomas Paine, through his medium, the Rev. Charles Hammond, has recounted at large his glorious exaltation to the Seventh Heaven, and reaffirmed his celebrated 'Age of Reason;' and the Swan of Avon has dictated a new and original comedy, which, it is said, has been received with rapturous applause on more than one stage in the States. Mundane poets have been afflated in a manner quite unknown to the ordinary votaries of the tuneful Nine, and have poured forth their numbers in perennial streams. We can do no more than barely mention by the way 'The Epic of the Starry Heavens'—in which the spirits of Byron, Shelley, Keats, Campbell, and other illustrious bards in modern times resume the lyre—and 'Spiritual 'Songs for Spiritual Worshippers,' all from the gushing muse of the Rev. Thomas L. Harris of Philadelphia.

Spiritualists are prone to boast of the fact, that the various phenomena of psychomancy, instead of having been presented collectively to the notice of mankind, were, on the contrary, accommodated gradually to their presumed necessities, or, in other words, to their nascent strength; they point, moreover, to the same fact as a beautiful illustration of their grand law of progressive development; and, in order to sustain this popular theory, have ransacked all history, divine as well as

secular, from the days of king Saul to those of Anne Lee, for every recorded example of illumination or foreknowledge, and prevision or second-sight. That old, old fallacy of *post hoc, ergo propter hoc,* has never been more strangely exemplified—we might say, more impudently asserted—than in this instance. For of all the miraculous powers to which our modern Spiritualists lay claim, that of rambling through the Spheres at their pleasure, or of clearly discerning the disembodied spirits of their relatives and friends, when the latter are supposed to descend to this earth, was the *latest* to be acquired. The extravagant use which they have made of this newly-discovered faculty in man (completing, by the way, Davis's odd triad of the senses) nobody disputes with them. In this particular line of divination they have far outstripped their precursor, the much-abused (it seems) witch of Endor, who affected to see persons only, not things—to raise the reluctant spirits of the dead, not to reveal their several places of abode. The exercise of these enhanced thaumaturgical powers was reserved for her bolder and less incommoded descendants in the nineteenth century of the Christian era. How all this is effected has not as yet been made very intelligible, at least by the workers themselves. We have searched their publications in vain for an explanation of the mystery. Judge Edmonds, who is a pre-eminent authority in their schools, and enjoys the privilege of passing several 'cosy evenings' in each week with the emancipated spirits of Lord Bacon and Swedenborg, thus defines, or rather attempts to define, the ecstatic trance, or pre-visionary faculty of the so-called 'seeing mediums:'—

'They are (says he) those who see, or seem to see, the objects presented to their consideration. I do not mean that they actually see with their physical sight; but the objects are so presented to them, that precisely the same effect is produced on their minds as is produced by the habitual exercise of their physical organ of sight.' (*Spiritualism,* vol. i. p. 38.)

Other seeing-mediums commonly speak of using their 'internal eyes' for 'external purposes;' and one in particular informs us that 'a life strictly in harmony with natural laws is 'the best preparation for such mediumship;' adding, '*a life few can or would live!*' (*Cridge's Spirit Intercourse.*) Judging, however, from the number of 'revelations' made during the past ten years, very many individuals must not only have attempted, but succeeded in accomplishing this arduous task. A visit to the Spheres has become an every-day occurrence; the several routes thitherward are now as well defined as the most public highways on earth, and jubilant spirits and mortals,

all equally active and inquisitive, jostle each other whilst travelling to and fro.

Life in these aërial regions, as depicted by all classes of seeing-mediums, differs in no essential respects from the carnal paradise of Mahomet: it is a mere type of this world, the union of sensual and intellectual enjoyments. According to the generally received notion of the spiritual birth or apotheosis, spirits, as soon as emancipated from their corporeal tenement, enter the Spheres, and are entitled to a station, says the ingenious Dr. Hare, 'higher in direct proportion to their morality, wisdom, knowledge, and intellectual refinement'—'Onward and upward for ever,' being both their destiny and watchword. The time which each one remains stationary in the Sphere 'varies (adds the author of 'Supernal Theology') as much as 'the duration of life on earth. The average term for the Second 'Sphere'—(the abode of those who have sins to atone for, and where they are detained until 'the most flagrant' of them have been 'forgiven')—'is twelve years; for the Third, nine years; 'for the Fourth, six years; for the Fifth, six years; for the Sixth, 'five years; and for the Seventh, three or four thousand years' (*Ib.* p. 74). None are exempt from this rule. Nevertheless, it is subjected to occasional modifications, as we gather from the case of Swedenborg, 'who will only stay in the Spheres one 'hundred years in all;' he went direct to the Sixth, whither the disembodied spirits of little children wing their flight. What then will become of him appears not to be, at least as yet, a matter of revelation. Thus man's 'preparatory existence,' as it is termed, though preparatory to what, it is vain to conjecture, is prolonged to an almost indefinite period. The course of each is like that of the poet's wanderer through the ages of eternity,

'Whose bark drives on and on, and anchor'd ne'er shall be!'

The earliest stage of this life, as we before remarked, is by no means an unpleasant one. It is a repetition of this world's enjoyments greatly enhanced, and *minus* all its sorrows and cares. There the blissful inhabitant, growing in bodily stature as well as in carnal wisdom, is not only surrounded by his dearest relations and friends, but also by his favourite domestic animals—his horse, his dog, his bird—which have ministered to his convenience here. Nor is this all: there he will find, provided against the happy hour of his advent, the *easy-chair* in which he was wont to solace himself on earth, and even his old *carpet* and *rug!* Whether the material effects last mentioned are identically the same, or merely representations of them, is

a disputed question. But on the first point there exists no doubt at all; for the spirits of defunct animals have been summoned frequently to attend the inquiring circles of Spiritualists, and obediently responded to the call. Thus it is recorded in the 'Spiritual Telegraph' (No. 41), that

'Miss Ahies Cowles, in Augustinburg, called up the ghost of a horse, "Old Pomp," and he tramped like a horse on the table. Dogs also have scratched upon the table, as audible and as loud as ever came from the claw of the canine race. And a cat revealed the secret that it had been drowned, whilst at a very tender age, in a cistern, by a young lady who was present.'

How the poor kitten made known its hard fate on earth to its sympathising interrogators is not stated. It was on the same occasion, we believe, that a member of the circle undertook to raise the spirit of a zorillo or skunk—a proposal which most effectually destroyed that 'harmony of mind' said to be so indispensably necessary to the exercise of the higher functions of the spiritualist. The circle broke up in confusion, everyone fleeing as if pursued by the angel of pestilence.

No terrestrial country has been more thoroughly explored than the 'spirit-land,' or the condition of its subjects more completely exposed. What with the personal observations of adventurous mortals who have penetrated it, and the gratuitous disclosures of emancipated spirits who have returned to their primeval haunts, there is absolutely nothing for the most curious to desire. From the first tremulous motions of the disembodied soul in intermediate space to its final glorious assumption into the Seventh Sphere, the blissful experience, not of one, but of thousands, has been detailed with an enthusiasm by no means disproportioned to the dignity and interest of the theme. Notwithstanding the oft-repeated assertion that each of the Spheres is but one beautiful step in the ladder that reaches to heaven, and the Seventh the most beautiful of all, we have failed to discover, in the reports of each respectively, any difference whatever between them, their names only excepted. True, a few authors have spoken of the Second as a kind of Lago d'Averno, where the spirits of the malevolent or incorrigible find a temporary abiding place, or till such time as they 'voluntarily' aspire to a better state, as some say; or are charitably relieved by the intercession of mortals, as others report; but these contradictory 'revealments' have received, of course, no very general credence; on the contrary, the vast majority of Spiritualists describe the second receptacle for the disembodied spirits of human and brute nature to be quite as desirable a sphere for occupation or 'progress' as any of those

which nominally rank higher. The interior economy of the seven, as well as the distinguishing characteristics of their occupants, is the same. An archangel is said to preside over each; everyone speaks in 'musical tones,' whilst the better sort are adorned with crowns of 'solidified light'—the predominant colour of which is, as we can readily imagine, 'green.'

The amusements and occupations of the spirits differ only in degree from those followed below. The graver studies of 'history, geology, botany, physiology, and other sciences' (*Supernal Theology*, p. 28) are relieved by dancing and singing, card-playing, and 'sketching from nature.' Whist-playing and saltation are decidedly the two most popular pastimes. There is too much reason to conclude that some of the spirits carry their love for these apparently progress-hindering accomplishments to excess. Of one in particular we read, that

'On a certain occasion a whist party was formed (here), and one of the four being disinclined to play, a spirit (who chanced to be present) volunteered to take the hand. Little Mary was therefore seated, and though she could not herself play the game, it was well played, through her hands, by the spirit. *In the course of it he remarked that he frequently played whist in the Fifth Sphere'!* (*Supernal Theology*, p. 55.)

But of all the revelations concerning this strange renewal of our existence in the Spheres, none can compare with those of Judge Edmonds of New York. This gentleman, who is (we are informed) as highly distinguished for his unimpeachable integrity as for his professional sagacity, has made, like the Seer of Poughkeepsie, a personal survey of the universe, and held direct communication with some of the choicest spirits both here and in their extra-mundane abodes. Apart from his exalted position as a magistrate, his great intelligence would necessarily make him a personage of mark and influence among Spiritualists. No secret of Nature has been withheld from him: partly by his own unaided visual faculties, and partly by means of a spirito-telescope, which he found on the premises of his disembodied wife, and which, we need scarcely add, has no counterpart on earth—not even excepting Lord Rosse's—he was enabled to take in at a glance

'All the dread magnificence of heaven,'

and to understand the divine economy of the whole by that 'intuitional process' of acquiring knowledge to which we have before referred. The spirits, he informs us, are the instruments of God in controlling and governing the elements; and in support of this assertion he thus describes their guidance of a comet through illimitable space:

'I saw (says he) the spirits performing this duty; some of them following along *outside* the nucleus watching, and others *inside* exceedingly busy. I saw some in the very centre of it very active, as if something was out of order, and they were in the task of putting it to right. I saw, too, that occasionally they required help from others, and immediately received it from those who at the moment were not occupied. I could not help reflecting what a magnificent fate it must be to career through space and survey the myriads of worlds that filled it.' (*Spiritualism*, vol. ii. p. 177.)

The Judge's manifold and marvellous adventures are recorded in the two volumes included in the list at the head of this paper. The details of all he witnessed, overheard, and performed in the celestial heights are related so minutely, and so vividly withal, that his readers, whilst being hurried from one enchanting scene to another, speedily become forgetful of the fact that the story which engrosses their attention concerns, not this, but another state of existence. The Judge is both a keen observer and a pleasant gossip; nothing comes amiss to him; he describes everything, from the gambols of a kitten and monkey among the branches of an orange-tree to the process of world-making from collections of matter. Yet, unlike the great majority of his fellow-spiritualists, he never suffers his enthusiasm to get the better of him; a judicial sobriety pervades the whole of his literary labours. It would far exceed our limits to give a condensation of his chief visions, flights, travels, or by whatsoever name they are to be called; whilst the task of selection from so many diverting histories becomes almost as difficult as that which devolved on the hapless son of Priam. All are equally strange, and all are characterised by the same show of candour, and the same genial spirit. Among the most curious 'revealments' of our Judge are those which refer to the spirit-abode of his wife. This was situated on the margin of a beautiful lake, whereon steamers, large and small, were continually plying.

'It seems (says he) that she had taken great pains to recall many of the scenes and things of earth which were associated with me, and with pleasing remembrances; even her old rocking-chair, in which she had nursed all our children, and whose screaking they yet remember so well; and her work-table, which was one of the first articles of furniture I ever got her. . . . She called my attention to my military sash, gloves, and spurs, which she had hanging by the head of her bed. . . . While I was looking at these things, a carriage and four horses drove up to the door. It was a beautiful turnout. The carriage was light and tasty, with a high seat for the driver, and one seat behind for two persons. It was painted yellow, and on its panels was my seal! The harness was light and airy,

and the horses were superb animals, of the true Arabian breed, with long sleek bodies, clean limbs, and a springing motion to every step. They were well groomed, high-spirited, and well broke, and of different colours, being matched rather for quality than for looks. The presiding spirit and my wife entered the carriage, while I ascended the driver's seat, and took the reins from the coachman. It started for a ride. . . . As it passed rapidly along, I ever and anon turned to speak to my companions of the beauties around me; and he who sat beside my wife *seemed a little uneasy*, as if I was not attending as I should to my driving. My wife reassured him, and told him she was used to it, and he might rely upon it, *that I was at home where I was*, and knew what I was about.' (*Spiritualism*, vol. ii. p. 134.)

Such is life in the Spheres as portrayed by one whose station and character afford us a sufficient guarantee for his good faith in the matter. Indeed, the simplicity and candour which characterise every page of his writings are abundantly calculated to propitiate the most sceptical, or disarm the most truculent of critics. But reasoning with our voyageur is out of the question; there is no limit to his credulity, no relaxation of his stubbornness. A materialist, as well as a believer in a plurality of existences, and having no better foundation for his opinions than 'spiritual intercourse,' the Judge yet confesses his inability to explain the rationale of it.

We are as little disposed to doubt the accuracy of his portraitures as the sincerity of his convictions, notwithstanding the peculiarity of the one and the inconsistency of the other. But whilst believing that Judge Edmonds has really seen every object he has depicted, and heard every word he has reported, there is no necessity to borrow his wings in order to reach the true source of either. His periodical visions of celestial nature, and the supposed communications made by spirits, are simply the results of self-induced somnambulism, or hypnotic sleep. Such mental phenomena are perfectly reconcilable with well-known and established physiological and psychological principles. The powers of hypnotism over the deranged nervous system, like those of mesmerism, are almost limitless. That late eminent surgeon, Mr. James Braid, of Manchester, demonstrated by numerous experiments, that in the primary or lucid stage of this nervous sleep, there is an extraordinary revivification of memory, which enables the subjects of it to recall persons and things dormant or forgotten in the waking condition; that hypnotic patients can throw themselves into it, and manifest all the usual phenomena of mesmerism through their own unaided efforts; that the oftener they are hypnotised, from association of ideas and habit, the more sus-

ceptible they become; and in this way they are liable to be affected through the imagination. But it is out of our province to dilate upon these curious psychological facts. We merely refer to them incidentally, in order to account for the particular experiences of this too willing captive of

> 'Dull Melancholy;
> Whose drossy thoughts, drying the feeble brain,
> Corrupts the sense, deludes the intellect,
> And in the soul's fair table falsely graves
> Whole squadrons of fantastical chimeras,
> And thousand vain imaginations.'

This melancholy fact is placed beyond all dispute or doubt by the Judge himself:—

'It was in January 1851 (he tells us), that my attention was first called to the subject of spiritual intercourse. I was at the time withdrawn from general society; I was labouring under great depression of spirits. I was occupying my leisure in reading on the subject of death, and man's existence afterwards. I had, in the course of my life, read and heard from the pulpit so many contradictory and conflicting doctrines on the subject, that I hardly knew what to believe. I could not, if I would, believe what I did not understand, and was anxiously seeking to know if, after death, we should again meet with those whom we had loved here, and under what circumstances.' (*Spiritualism*, vol. i. p. 71.)

Such was his peculiar frame of mind at the moment when Judge Edmonds was invited by a friend to witness 'the 'Rochester knockings,' and such, as we have briefly shown, the result of his inquiries regarding them. That result does not surprise us in the least. He has explained the immediate cause of his infidelity as clearly as the progress of his conversion to spiritualism. The two issues are distinct, but not inseparable. Perplexed, on the one hand, by the extravagances of enthusiastic preachers, and betrayed, on the other, by the fervour of a religious imagination, the Judge has learned by actual and too common experience, that from scepticism to fanaticism the road is both short and easy.

'We have to contend [said he, when lecturing in public on his favourite theme, in the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, on the 19th February, 1855] against our own fanaticism; for, I assure you, from my own experience and observation, that the fanaticism of this intercourse is so great, that its tendency is to lead men away from their proper judgment, and instil a fanaticism most revolting to the calm and rational mind.'

If any of his friends looked on this public avowal as a symptom of returning rationality in the speaker, they were

doomed to disappointment; for, he who could thus openly caution his co-spiritualists, and at the same time repel the inquisitive, has since approved the enthusiasm of the most ignorant of his admirers, as well as endorsed the most extravagant of their 'revealments.' *Domini pudet, non servitutis.* Whatever secret misgivings he may entertain regarding the origin of his thaumaturgical powers, he still glories in the habitual practice of them. Neither the manifold contradictions of the 'spirits,' nor the fabrications of their alleged mediums —and it is hard to say which are the more glaring—create the smallest doubt or suspicion in his breast. His credulity is omnivorous. The 'revealed facts' of Lord Bacon's disembodied spirit being in two distinct spheres at once, and of his always conversing in the American idiom, are as readily accepted by this inquisitive judge as spiritual communications in the Hebrew character written from left to right. In the whole range of spiritual literature there is nothing, to quote his own language, 'more revolting to the calm and rational mind' than the following example of fanaticism. We should premise that the various orders of spirits, happy and unhappy, who periodically visit him are wont to make known their presence by sundry preconcerted signals:—

'As I sat by the medium's side (says the Judge), I felt it was the spirit who had been with us on Saturday night, and had called himself "Misfortune." I noticed that his right hand was clenched, and remarked, "Your fist doubled again?" He instantly opened his hand, and baring his arm, raised it before me, and said, "Do you know that sign?" I told him, right well, and now I wanted also the word. He answered, "The Truth." He then added, "*Do you know you have redeemed me?*" I told him how deeply I rejoiced to hear it, and reminded him that I had told him that such a result would give me happiness that would last for ages. . . . "*I am redeemed from the curse of sin by your aid: you have saved me.*" Nay, I replied, that the Truth had saved him, the Truth against the world. . . . "Man of God! labour faithfully in this sin-subduing work. It takes hold even down in the dark regions where I have dwelt; it reaches down there, *and will bring up the fallen to realms of light through your action.*"' (*Spiritualism*, vol. ii. p. 216.)

Whilst conceding that some of the phenomena of spiritualism are as yet unaccounted for by the recognised laws of matter and mind, and therefore deserve investigation at the hands of competent men, we conclude that by far the greater part of them are referable to monomania and fraud. It is an indisputable fact that spiritualism has either produced or developed a tendency to insanity in innumerable instances; the Bedlams in America are overcharged with its victims; and

it is equally undeniable that enormous fortunes have been speedily realised by professional mediums who have practised on the weakness and credulity of their clients. The advertising columns of the American daily press betoken the prevalence of an epidemical madness on the one hand, and of a mercenary agency on the other, unexampled in the history of a civilised people. Very much of that which Judge Edmonds describes as religious enthusiasm, both in connexion with and apart from the practice of psychomancy, would be called by a very different name by less partial critics on this side of the Atlantic. Excepting himself, and a very few more, the illustrators of 'this new and better gospel,' as they vauntingly style it, cannot lay just claim to that privilege which was the boast of Cæsar's wife. Their conduct and proceedings in support of it have rarely been other than doubtful and suspicious. The habitual practice of mediumship as surely blunts the moral sensibilities as it weakens the understanding. The Seer of Poughkeepsie, whose wonderful discoveries and excellent personal qualities have been trumpeted by a thousand throats, has been detected on more than one occasion plagiarising the literary and scientific speculations of others and impudently palming them on his multitudinous dupes for 'revealments from 'the spirits.' He has practised in his manhood the lessons inculcated in his youth. Even if Judge Edmonds belongs to that limited class of practitioners who involuntarily deceive themselves, and seek no pecuniary advantage from the hands of their neighbours, yet he must be held responsible for much of that fanaticism which characterises the conduct of his co-religionists, as well as for the propagation of those atheistical tenets which have found a too congenial soil for their growth in the States. His exalted position and acknowledged sagacity have proved fatal stumbling-blocks to thousands upon thousands of his countrymen. Whether he recognises the distinction or not, he has become, in all spiritual matters, their principal authority and guide. According to the latest computation more than *two millions* of Americans have embraced his doctrines and adopted his views. Nor is that vast number entirely composed of uneducated people. On the contrary, it is confidently maintained by the New England Spiritualists' Association, that half the members of Congress and the State Legislatures, as well as half the scientific and literary men of America, are Spiritualists. And the same Association further informs us, in one of the latest of its periodical addresses to the public, that 'every day, 'and much more than daily, lectures upon Spiritualism are 'given in presence of audiences quite respectable as to both

'numbers and character;' and that 'circles are held by day 'and by night in nearly every city, town, and village through- 'out our country;' and that 'no less than twelve or fourteen 'periodicals are devoted exclusively to the publication of its 'phenomena, and the dissemination of its principles.' Those phenomena are the same with the sorcery and witchcraft of former times. Spiritualists, indeed, boast themselves of this identity. 'If,' says Professor Brittan, in his prospectus of the 'Spiritual Telegraph,' of which he is the editor,

'If Modern Spiritualism is to be rejected because some of its illustrations are wanting in interest, dignity, and truth, or for the reason that they are imitated by cunning impostors, the Ancient Spiritualism must go with it. This is strictly legitimate, for the old Jewish phenomena were at least quite as disorderly as ours, and Simon Magus was, of all men, Prince among the workers of spiritual miracles.'

Well may the sober in the States stand aghast at such professions and practices as these, and despond for the future of their country! The unclean spirit of Mormon had scarcely been expelled from their midst, when he suddenly returns with seven other spirits more potent than himself. No class has been able to withstand him. The educated and refined, as well as the illiterate and vulgar, are among his victims. The weak have seized upon the strong, and both have sunk under the waters together. Truly said Bacon, 'in all superstition 'wise men follow fools.'—That humanity should be betrayed by its passions, and cast off all restraints for a season—that the multitude should go mad, and play fantastical tricks—that a whole nation should deny a Providence, and embrace Atheism, might occasion us less surprise; history is too full of such examples: but that large bodies of people, priding themselves upon their superior civilisation and intelligence, and aspiring to political and moral ascendency in the world, should deliberately exchange a divine for a human religion, re-erect the ancient temples of deceit, and practise the arts of divination; that Christians, in a word, should relapse into vulgar heathenism—are facts which would be too monstrous for credence but for the overwhelming evidence to the contrary. In vain—'in 'vain we cry that oracles are down; Apollo's altar still doth 'smoke. Nor is the fire of Delphos out unto this day!'

No. CCLI. will be published in January, 1866.

INDEX.

A

Alps, the tunnel through the, 123—old passes and new roads, 123–4—origin of the tunnel, 125—length of the gallery, 133—the *modus operandi*, 135.

B

Berry, Miss, her Journals and Correspondence, reviewed, 297—Horace Walpole's first introduction to her, 297—her early life, 301—her first visit to the continent, 303—her engagement with General O'Hara, 308—death of Walpole, 313—Miss Berry's life from this period, 315, *et seq.*—considered as an authoress, 330—her sister, 331—the last years of their lives, 332.

Bible, revision of the English, 103—new editions of the Scriptures, 103—faults of the Authorised Version, 104—living Biblical students, 106—Cardinal Mai's work, 108—condition of individual books of the New Testament, 111—reasons for objecting to a revision of the English Bible, 115—specimens of its shortcomings and errors, 116–119.

C

Campbell, J. F., review of his 'Frost and Fire,' 422, *et seq.*—motions of currents of air, 430—and of water, 434—glacier action, 442—icebergs, 443—rock-substance molten by the earth's primæval heat, 448—course of polar and equatorial currents, 452—the author's ingenious devices, 455.

Carpenter, Miss, Our Convicts, reviewed, 337.

China and Japan, works relating to, 175—advance of Russia and France on the East, 176—Civil War in China, 176—future condition of the Asiatic world, 179—review of events of the last twelvemonths in China and Japan, 180, *et seq.*—peace-at-any-price policy, 199.

Criminal Class, life in the, 337—Miss Carpenter's book on the subject, 337—different kinds of criminals, 338—causes of crime, 347—life of the criminal class, 350–3—means of regeneration, 354—results of our system, 361–2—women convicts, 363–5—incorrigibles, 369.

Crowe, J. A., and G. B. Cavalcaselle, review of their History of Painting in Italy, 74.

F

Fergusson, J., review of his Rock-cut Temples of India, 371.

G

Gordon, Lady Duff, review of her Letters from Egypt, 217—our acquaintance with Egypt sixty years since, 217—Egypt during

the last twenty-two centuries, 218—the modern Egyptian, 221—rebellions, 223–5—want of sympathy between Europeans and Easterns, 226–7—life at Thebes, 231—Cairo, 236—the Copts, 237.

I

Idiot asylums, review of works relating to, 37—formerly how regarded, 38—new systems of treatment, 39—Earlswood and other asylums, 44.

Ireland, the Cromwellian settlement of, 518 — the Newry massacre, 522 — Cromwell's severity, 522 — establishment of the Cromwellian settlement, 524.

L

Lewis, Lady Theresa, review of her Journals and Correspondence of Miss Berry, 297.

Lucretius, edited by H. A. J. Munro, 238.

M

Munro, H. A. J., his edition of Lucretius reviewed, 238 — Lambinus' edition, 239 — Mr. Munro's, 239, *et seq.* — analysis of the poem itself, 245 — its translators, 253.

P

Painting in Italy, review of Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle's History of, 74 — the early Italian painters, 75 — the Bolognese school, 76 — A. W. von Schlegel's essay, 80 — the Crucifixion and the Passion in art, 81 — early art at Pistoia, 83 — Cimabue, 85 — Duccio, 86 — Giotto, 87 — Senione di Martino, 92 — Ghiberti, 94 — Donatello, 95 — Masolino and Masaccio, 95 — Fra Angelico, 97 — Fra Filippo Lippi, 98 — Ghirlandaio, 100.

Palgrave, W. G., review of his Central and Eastern Arabia, 482 — his reserves, 484 — the central provinces of Arabia, 489 — the deserts, 490 — the maritime provinces, 492 — the inhabitants, 493 — their religious condition, 499 — destruction of the Wahhabee capital, 511 — Wahhabee rule, 516.

Parliament, dissolution of, 257 — condition of England in 1823, 259 — and in 1865, 260 — the true principles of the Constitution, 266 — present state of opinions of the Liberal party, 268 — question of Parliamentary Reform, 269, *et seq.* — Lord Russell's judgment in the matter, 279 — suggested improvements, 281.

Psychomancy, American, review of works relating to, 565 — Pantheon of Progress at Poughkeepsie, 566 — Andrew Jackson Davis, 568 — character of American psychomancy, 577 — rappings, 588 — writings and drawings of the spirits, 592 — seeing mediums, 593 — amusements and occupations of the spirits, 598 — revelations of Judge Edmonds, 598.

R

Russell, John, Earl, review of his Essay on the History of the English Government and Constitution, 257.

S

Spain, Gothic architecture in, review of Street's work on, 143—facilities for visiting Spain, 144—Spanish cathedrals, 146—the Escurial, 162—Toledo, 163—the Catalan district, 167—the Moorish *ajimez* windows in Seville, 172—materials of which the buildings were constructed, 173—influence of the Moors on Spanish architecture, 173.

Street, G. E., review of his Gothic Architecture in Spain, 143

Swinburne, A. C., review of his Atalanta in Calydon, 202—the argument of the poem, 204—its character, 213—its purely literary defects, 215.

T

Temples, the Rock-cut, of India, 371 — Deogurh, 372 — Ellora, 374 — Bhuvanéshwárá, 381 — Raja Grihar, 383 — the Karli Chaitya, 383 — other cave temples of interest, 383 — two kinds of Buddhist caves, 384 — Major Gill's illustrations, 387.

Tocqueville, A. de, review of Posthumous Works of, 456—his Correspondence, 460—the Syrian question, 465—revolution of 1848, 466 — the coup d'état, 470 — De Tocqueville's retirement from society, 471—signs of the times in France, 480

W

Warburton, William, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester, review of Watson's Life of, 1—Warburton's birth, early life, and parentage, 3, *et seq.* —his literary life, 9—churchmen and dissenters, 13—the Divine Legation, 15—Warburton's intimacy with Pope, 23—his hostility to Bentley, 28—Bishop Lowth, 30—Warburton's edition of Shakspeare, 31—his church preferment, 33—his friendship with Hurd, 35—close of his life, 35–6.

Watson, Rev. J. S., review of his Life of Warburton, 1.

Weber, Carl Maria von, life of, 396—period at which he lived, 399 —his wanderings, 401—Caroline Brandt, 402—character of the German opera in Weber's boyhood, 405—Der Freischütz, 408—Euryanthe, 412—Oberon, 413—his last years, 414—character of his compositions, 419.

Wyse, Sir T., review of his Excursion to the Peloponnesus in 1858, 533—modern explorations of Greece, 533—the peasantry, 536—vale of Sparta, 540—Messenia, 541—temple of Bassæ, 543—Greece as she is, 545—trade and agriculture, 550–1—the modern Greeks, 555—state of education, 559—archæological discoveries, 560

THE END OF VOL. CXXII.

PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE, LONDON.

81375

P Edinburgh Review.
LE Vol. 122. July-Oct. 1865.
E

University of Toronto
Library

DO NOT
REMOVE
THE
CARD
FROM
THIS
POCKET

Acme Library Card Pocket
LOWE-MARTIN CO. LIMITED

BROWN BROS. LTD.
BOOKBINDERS,
STATIONERS, ETC.
TORONTO - - CAN.